THE

CHRISTIAN PIONEER;

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

ISSUED IN NUMBERS, ONE HALFPENNY EACH.

EDITED BY JOSEPH F. WINKS.

VOLUME X.

1856.

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SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.
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THE CHRISTIAN PIONEER.

No. 115. JANUARY 1856. Vol. 10.

GOOD TIMES AND BAD TIMES:

OR, PROVERBS ABOUT WORK.

DURING the winter of 1854—55, the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown delivered a Sunday afternoon Lecture to the working classes of Liverpool. As it contains some very sound and timely remarks we publish it in the hope it will do good among the class to which it was addressed.

"I am very happy to meet you again my friends. The subject which I announced for to-day, when I last had the pleasure of addressing you, was '*Proverbs about Work.*' Of such proverbs I have collected a large number, something more than sixty, I believe, and there are many of them that contain such lessons of wisdom and encouragement as inspire the hope that, addressed to working men, they may be found of some good service. I know I have often found some of these proverbs valuable to myself, and I trust that they may prove equally serviceable to you all. But I cannot enter upon this topic without adverting to a fact which I contemplate with great sorrow and concern. From all that I can gather, I fear that I am only too correct when I say that very great numbers of working men in Liverpool, and in other towns too, are now out of employment. Some trades, perhaps, are not yet much affected, but others feel very bitterly the pressure of these critical times, and hundreds, indeed thousands, of working men, and especially of labourers, in this town, are in a sad state of destitution, and dont know where to turn to provide food and clothing for themselves and their families at this inclement season of the year.

I desire to express my sympathy with all such. I wish it were in my power to do more, but more I cannot do than offer a few words of counsel and encouragement. I know it may be said that 'fair words butter no parsnips;' but still, my friends, if one could speak some wise, and encouraging, and cheering words, they might help you in some measure to butter the parsnips for yourselves; and this, I take it, is a great deal better than to have them buttered for you by me or by anybody else.

It seems to be a pretty well ascertained fact that, in this country at least, we have periodical depressions of trade, seasons of stagnation, panic, bankruptcy, and ruin. For a time things go on swimmingly, but at last even the boldest and the best swimmers are seized with cramps, and sink in a stormy ocean of disaster. These commercial crises seem to recur, with a remarkable regularity, every few years. Perhaps it would not be difficult to explain how this is, and to trace these reverses to their origin. Probably many causes conspire to bring about such a state of things. It may be defective legislation; it may be unwarrantable speculation; it may be men's mad haste to be rich, reckless of all consequences; it may be the unsatisfactory character of our relationships with foreign powers—any, or all of these, may tend to produce that panic which always follows closely upon the footsteps of the mania. Possibly a time may come when men, taught by many bitter experiences, may succeed in obviating such disasters, and in giving to the commercial world that regularity and precision which are apparent in the natural world. But bad times, I am afraid, are to a great extent the consequence of the abuse of good times. Whenever there is a very great revival of trade, a roaring state of trade, enormous wages, excessive demand for labour, such a state of things is to be suspected, and wise men will say, 'Things cannot long continue thus;' but, as after a very fine summer there is often a very hard winter, so there will most assuredly be a tremendous alteration in the state of commercial affairs.

But whatever may be the philosophy of bad times, I am very much afraid that we have to grapple with bad times now, as a stern and stubborn fact. Many, it is true, do not feel the pressure yet; but it is to be feared that things have not yet got to the lowest point of depression; they may become worse before they begin to improve. In the hard experience of many

in this town, however, the state of things is already bad enough. Provisions are high; the weather is and has been very severe; and labour is, in very many departments, scarce. Multitudes who are not altogether out of work have only two or three days' employment in the week; and just at the period of the year when abundance is most required, the people find themselves on very short allowance. Now that these hard times have come upon us, I cannot but remember that not long ago we were favoured with remarkably good times. No man was out of work, excepting through his own choice or his own folly. Working men had nearly every thing their own way; they arranged about all manner of work, the hours in which, the prices at which, the persons by whom, the work was to be done; how many apprentices there should be; how much overtime was to make a quarter—all these and many other matters were determined by the men, and the masters were compelled to bow, or, at all events, did bow, at their dictation. We heard of artisans getting even a guinea a day, and being carried to and from their work in spring vans—perhaps in Hansom cabs, for aught I know. If the employer complained, if he even ventured to suggest anything, it was no uncommon thing for the men to throw down the tools and walk out of the shop. Now, mark, I do not say that such independence as this was more than the men had a right to; I say a workman has a right to be as independent as ever he can make himself, and has as good a right to dictate terms to the employer as the employer has to dictate terms to him. People said, 'Oh, how monstrous! 10s., 15s., even a guinea a day!' Well, what if it had been five guineas a day, if people will give so much; if the workman found that men would give that price for his work, he had a perfect right to do it. The corn merchant sells his corn at the highest price he can get for it; the iron merchant acts on the same principle; so does the draper; so does the grocer; and why should not the artisan sell his skill, and the labourer his strength, as dearly as they may? It is all nonsense to say that men were too well paid; they were paid what they could get, and so was everybody else. Well, for many persons those were glorious times; but they were intended to be so used as to enable us to stand these bad times; and workmen who acted wisely then have not been distressed much this winter. 'Make hay while the sun shines.' This is a very good old proverb, peculiarly applicable to working men in good

times. The sun did shine; I do not know when it had shone so brightly before, and it shone for a long time too. That was your chance. Well, did you make the hay, or did you waste your time in folly? Did you consume all the grass, or, as another proverb has it, 'Did you spend the Michaelmas rent in the Midsummer noon?' The man who acted thus, who lost time, and did not work more than four days a week when he ought to have wrought six—the man who spent on himself and his companions ten, twenty, forty, fifty per cent. of his wages, who for so many glasses of gin swapped all the advantages of these times, and, after receiving perhaps 35s. a week, had the audacity to go home to his wife and children with 15s.—that man, unless he is a born fool, cannot be surprised if now he finds himself very hard up. Very few men in many trades can say that they never had the chance of preparing, in some measure at least, against hard times. Are there not multitudes of poor fellows now shivering and shaking, living in the utmost discomfort, and unable to feed their children as they ought to be fed, who are ready to curse their folly, and to say, 'Would to God I had not acted so madly; there for weeks and weeks and months and months I spent, certainly, 10s. a week in such a manner as did me no good, did my family no good, did nobody but the publican and the brewer any good; 10s. a week, something more, something less, perhaps! Many a time have I ordered drink for the good of the house; fool that I was, I ought to have thought of the good of my own house! And while I professed and really thought that I was acting liberally among my companions, and cherishing a companionable spirit, I was wronging, robbing, ruining my own family! If I could only have that money now, and instead of going off for half days and whole days, and losing morning quarters, I had, like a man of sense, worked six days as I might, why, I should have had pounds in this pocket, where now I find it very difficult to discover pence, and I might now be enabled to look the frosty weather, and the east wind, and stagnation of trade, and the bad times—to look them all in the face, and say, 'You cannot hurt me much, you cannot strip my bed, you cannot send my watch to the pawnshop, you cannot starve my children, you cannot empty my cupboard, or distress that tidy, economical, thrifty wife of mine; my home, though humble, shall be cheerful and happy; and, instead of begging, I will bear a hand and help poor fellows who have not had so good a chance of getting on.'

It must be a miserable thought this, that the opportunity is gone by, and that, as the Chinese say, 'The gods themselves cannot help the man who loses opportunities.' No; 'as you make your bed, so you must lie;' we might have made it soft, and snug, and warm; we know we might, and we might have been very comfortable in this cold room. If we have not bought blankets, but gin, if we have made our bed bare and hard, we must shiver and starve, I suppose. In the majority of instances this terrible pressure of extreme poverty is the result of our own idleness, improvidence, extravagance, and folly. Last year, and for several years past, every bird had the 'chance of feathering its own nest,' and feathering it well. I say every bird, or, at all events, every bird except a goose. All metaphor apart, there are thousands of men who might easily have prepared themselves for bad times, and who, having seen bad times before, ought to have known and remembered that good times are not to be trusted—that the longest and the brightest day comes to an end, and is followed by the darkness and inactivity of night. I say it deliberately, that multitudes of those poor fellows who are half-starved and who hang about the town with their hands in their pockets, not knowing where to get a hand's turn of work to do—many of them might this day have had a right good dinner, warm clothing, a cheerful fire, a comfortable home, and a contented, buoyant, and hopeful mind. This might have been their portion now if they had used those good times well. But if we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and left undone those things which we ought to have done, what wonder that there is no health, no happiness, no power, no comfort in us or around us? It is a miserable thing to reflect upon. There is a strong and striking proof now—perhaps, rather, I should say, many a ragged, shivering, starving proof—of the truth of that proverb, 'The devil's meal is all bran.' Men thought that last year when they went to the public house to read *Bell's Life*, when they went on pleasure excursions, and left their work to go to Chester or Aintree races, or to have a quiet game of bowls at some village tavern, or when they met at the singing saloon and smoked their pipes and drank their beer at the counter—they thought, as they took their money from their pocket and threw it down to the waiter, they thought that then they had paid for their enjoyments. A great mistake, my friend. You are paying for those enjoyments now. To say

that they cost you 2s. 6d. here and 5s. there; that in one place you lost 10s. at cards, and in another won a wager upon the anticipated winner of the Derby, but spent it as soon as won, adding something to it; to say that one week your amusements cost you a sovereign, and that in another you paid 25s. for them—this is not the true way of reckoning at all. You poor, half-starved man, who might have been so much better off, I tell you your amusements and your follies are being paid for now. You are paying for them with the hunger that makes you faint, with the wretched apparel which gives the north wind a chance of perishing you to the bone, with emptiness of your fire grate, with bareness of your table—with these you are now paying for those transitory and not elevating pleasures. Perhaps, further, you have been to the pawnshop with your watch, with your Sunday coat; perhaps your wife has been there with a gown, and a shawl, and a bed. Perhaps the 'hunger which breaks through stone walls' has compelled you to open your chest of tools, and one by one you have pledged them. I see no foot rule by your side! No, that's gone. I look in at the pawnbrokers, and I see compasses, callipers, dividers, straight edges, smoothing planes, jack planes, and moulding planes, gimblets, augers, and bracebits, saws and chisels, tops and dies. There also are the shoemaker's last in one corner, and the tailor's goose in the other. Whence all these? Some working men have been here, and these, the contents of the pawnshop, which very generally comprise the implements used by almost all sorts of handicraftsmen, these are what you have paid for the pleasures of good times.

Now, surely experiences such as these should teach a man to be provident and thrifty; yet I am very much afraid they do not; for the men who are now suffering to so great an extent in consequence of their own folly are not suffering for the first time—not they, indeed. They have seen hard times before now, and if experience have any power to teach them, they ought to have learned many a valuable lesson. But in the case of many we find that it won't do to trust to the proverb, 'experience makes fools wise.'. This is not the first time of suffering with many, and I fear it will not be the last. This time of depression will pass away. There will be good times again, and with good times will come extravagance, recklessness, and folly as before, to be followed by another period of poverty and misery like the present. I speak not thus in a spirit of harsh-

ness or severity; my desire is to make such a use of facts as to convert them into a source of instruction, and by the wretchedness of bad times to lead men to a proper and rational use of good times. And I would fain indulge the hope that you have prepared for this storm, for, as Solomon saith, 'the prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished.' 'He that is forewarned is forearmed,' or if he is not, he ought to be. I will hope that the lessons which many are now reading, to their sorrow, may have good practical results, so that in the next reverse of prosperity all working men may turn to with a right good will, and do their best to prepare themselves against future reverses—reverses which are as certain as the ebbing of the tide, as the waning of the moon, as the departure of the summer glory, followed by the sterility of winter.

But you will say, perhaps, You make no allowance for a poor man; what you say is true enough of mechanics and skilled labourers who happen to belong to trades that can command good wages; but there are many of us who, even in the best of times, have little or nothing to spare. Suppose we got a guinea a week last summer—why, what is that to keep a wife and family with? It is only just enough; we could not lay by a sixpence. All very well to say we ought to have 'made hay while the sun shone,' but then our lot was cast in such a barren spot that there was no hay to make; it was very scant herbage at the best. Have you no compassion for us? You perhaps get more in a day than we do in a week, and you can afford, perhaps, to talk in this manner: but if you had to job at the docks and the warehouses you would not be one bit better off to-day than we are. Well, I dare say that is true enough; I know we do not make such allowances as we ought, and that some gentlemen are mighty wise in determining how far 3s. a day ought to be made to go, and how far they would make it go. No, I dont want to be harsh; I desire to speak, as I certainly feel, in a spirit of kindness; and I believe that, while many of those now in poverty are just exemplifications of the proverb, 'wilful waste makes woful want,' there are many others struggling hard who have struggled nobly all along, that are not to be accused of wastefulness and extravagance, who are poor but cannot help being poor, and I earnestly hope that ere long they may find things better.

Have I a word of encouragement for poor fellows out of em-

ployment, out of pocket, out of bread, and in deep distress? I do think that trouble, even of this sort, is not without its advantages. Bad as adversity may be, uninterrupted prosperity perhaps is worse, making a man proud, hard hearted, forgetful of God, and miserable. There is in trouble that which, with God's blessing, may make a man in all respects more manly; which will practise him in the exercise and discipline of fortitude, patience, submission, faith, and hope. A seaman must encounter many a storm before he becomes an able navigator. A soldier must fight in many a battle and endure many hardships before he is a veteran in the service. And if we are to be men worth calling men, we must be made perfect through suffering of some sort. This life is a warfare—not a parade, not a review, not a sham fight, but a real earnest battle against want, against temptation, against sin, against misery; and it is this fighting against the troubles of bad times and the temptations of good times that makes us men worthy of the name. Sufferings of this nature bring out a man's energy; for, as the proverb says, 'a man in distress or despair will do as much as ten.' The blacksmith's arm is strong because it's always hammering, and the frequent effort to subdue and conquer difficulties, to bear calamity, to rise superior to trouble—this is what gives a strong will, a strong heart, a strong good sense, and fits us for all the stern realities of life. Now, do not say that this is a mere vapid sentimentalism and an illustration of the sarcastic proverb, 'it is good going on foot while you hold a horse by the bridle,'—that is to say, you who are not in extreme want can very easily praise the virtues of poverty and the excellence of trouble. No, to some extent I speak my own experience. To have been most in want has been a blessing to me, and thousands more who have raised themselves above want will make the same confession. It is true that 'sweet are the uses of adversity, which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head.'

There is a well known proverb which has often cheered me when things were dull and louring. I remember well, on one occasion, a friend said to me in my despondency, 'It's a long lane that has no turning.' Simple as the saying is, it was like cold water to a thirsty soul. Yes, 'it is a long lane that has no turning,' and the turning may be nearer than you think. Bear up a little longer, and march bravely along this narrow and rugged and miry lane of trouble, bating no jot of heart or hope;

you will come to the turning, you will yet come out upon the great wide thoroughfare of prosperity. But dont stay there in the lane; for, as another proverb says, 'he that remains in the valley, will never get over the hill;' or as another teaches us, 'we must not lie down and cry God help us.' No, for again a proverb say, 'God helps them that help themselves.' Stand up and cry, God help me! Go forward and cry, God help me! and then you may expect God's help! Be hopeful and cheerful, and though no sign of improvement yet appear, still remember, it's a long, long lane that has no turning.

The Jews had once, and I suppose have still, a very beautiful proverb on this subject, and none have needed encouraging proverbs more than the Jews, who, for many centuries, were hunted and persecuted by all the world, and especially by those who called themselves Christians. You know that when their fathers were in Egypt, some thousands of years ago, they were very harshly and unjustly treated by the Pharaohs, and made to work very hard in the brickfields. But just when their strength was taxed to the very uttermost, God sent that great and glorious man Moses to deliver them! So afterwards there arose this proverb, 'The task of bricks is doubled, and then comes Moses.' This proverb, indeed, reminds us of another and a better—'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' To convince us of our dependence upon Him—a fact which in prosperity we are so prone to forget—God may permit us to suffer until every ordinary source of relief has been exhausted; then is His opportunity, and in His own way, and often a very marvellous way, He opens a door of escape. Finally, let me quote one proverb more, 'Cheer up, God is where he was!' Among all the political and commercial changes which so embarrass and perplex us, it is a strong consolation to know that the Father of Light, with whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning, rules over all supreme. If, indeed, we were dependent upon human statesmanship for our prosperity, I should be ready to despair; for I see neither the ability nor the honesty which profound and successful statesmanship demands; I see intrigues, ambitions, party spirit, selfishness, contests for power, scrambles for office, on all sides; but a trustworthy, able, far-seeing, and unselfish patriotism nowhere. I am happy to be able to confide in quite another Power from those which are wrangling and disputing within four walls at Westminster. Certainly, if there were no God, mere human management, or

rather mismanagement, would long ago have driven us to utter ruin, for each man seems to aim at getting to the wheel and keeping there, rather than at steering the ship. But our interests, after all, are not the playthings of politicians. Enthroned above all potentates, and powers, and parties, is ONE who stands to us in the relationship of a Father as well as of a King, who cares as much for the poor as for the rich, for day labourers as for emperors, and who will not suffer ambition and injustice to assume a world-wide sway, or for one to usurp the rights of man and trifle with the well-being of peoples. By what instrumentalities He may restore peace to the world and prosperity to us I know not, but I believe that only through His kind providence, that never fails the world, will they be restored. Some may call this superstition. Well, I am content. Call it what you please; but consider whether it is not a far more preposterous and grovelling superstition to repose confidence in statesmen, and politicians, and parties, excepting so far as they may be the chief causes under the omnipotent control of the great Father of mankind, the Source of all wisdom, and justice, and truth, and love."

Poetry.

SELF-REFORM.

ADDRESSED TO WORKING-MEN BY A WORKING MAN.

REFORM, reform, ye working-men,
Lay down the pot, take up the pen;
Give up the tap-room and the drink,
And now begin to act and think.

Reform, reform, nor longer roam
Away from wife and all at home;
Take there your cash to clothe and feed;
Save what you can for times of need.

Reform, reform, if you would be
More happy, virtuous, wise, and free;
Forsake the wrong, and do the right,
So shall your future be more bright.

Reform, my brethren, upward rise,
The step is sure, the thought is wise,
Break from the chains that keep you low,
Resolve at once to strike the blow.

Birmingham. R. C.

Anecdotes and Selections.

WHERE ARE THEY? Where are the Nebuchadnezzars, the Alexanders, the Napoleons, those mighty conquerors who once made whole nations to tremble and kingdoms to fall? Where are our Chathams, and our Cannings, and our Peels, those brilliant statesmen upon whose lips admiring senates once hung with wonder and delight? Where are our Miltons, our Shakspeares, our poets, our historians, our generals, and our preachers, who each in their day were the theme of general conversation, and were lauded with the tribute of a country's praise? All, all, are gone as the "baseless fabric of a vision," and others occupy their places soon to succeed to their oblivion. Nay, not only so; as a leaf is frequently withered long before it falls from the tree, so is it with men; for many of them survive their usefulness and their senses. The famous Sir Isaac Newton lived long enough not to comprehend his own mathematics; Marlborough till he trembled at a drum; and Southey till he could no longer read his own poetry. "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity." Men are but like a swarm of insects sporting in the summer's sunbeam for a day and then gone.

To contemplation's sober eye,
  Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
  Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay,
But flutter through life's little day.
  In fortune's varying colours drest;
Brushed by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age; their airy dance
  They leave in dust to rest.

"For all flesh *is* as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away: But the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you."

THE FORMER CONDITION OF ENGLAND.—If we look into England's past history, and compare its present condition with any portion of that history, we shall find that a marked and important change for the better is visible; while the comparison will yield fresh encouragement to the lovers of and believers in progress to continue their labours with redoubled zeal. For instance, some 400 years ago, the people of this country were no better than serfs; political freedom was unknown, education was confined to the priests; the very nobles of the land—the proudest and the wealthiest—were unable to read or write, and there are numerous records extant which shew that they had to substitute a cross or mark for their signature. The books in existence were in the possession of the monks, or chained to the pillars in the churches. In matters of

opinion, no man was allowed to have a mind of his own; freedom of speech was denied; the man who raised his voice against the errors and abuses of a corrupt religion, was hurried to the stake; the faggot and the inquisition were the reward of the reformer. The strong man ruled—"might was right;" every privilege had to be won by fear and force, and, when obtained, guarded with jealous care against the designs of the monarch and the aristocracy.

A Company of Friends dining together, one of the party observed, "It is a question whether we shall all go to heaven or not!" This produced instant reflection. One thought if any one of this company should go to hell, it is I; and so thought a second, and a third; and, through the Divine blessing, the question proved instrumental in the conversion of many of the party, and even of some of the servants that waited at table.

The Fireside.

THE MOTHER AND HER FAMILY.

Philosophy is rarely found. The most perfect sample I ever met with was an aged woman, who was apparently the poorest and most forlorn of the human species—so true is the maxim which all profess to believe, and none act upon invariably, viz.:—that happiness does not depend upon outward circumstances. The wise woman to whom I have alluded, walks to Boston, a distance of twenty or thirty miles, to sell a bag of brown thread and stockings, and then patiently walks back again with her little gain. Her dress, though tidy, is a grotesque collection of "shreds and patches," coarse in the extreme. "Why don't you come down in a wagon?" said I, when I observed she was wearied with her long journey. "We haven't got any horse," she replied; "the neighbours are very kind to me, but they can't spare them, and it would cost me as much to hire one as all my thread would come to." "You have a husband, doesn't he do anything for you?" "He is a good man—he does all he can; but he is a cripple and an invalid. He reels my yarn, and mends the children's shoes. He's as kind a husband as a woman need to have." "But his being a cripple is a heavy misfortune to you," said I. "Why, ma'am, I don't look upon it in that light," replied the thread woman, "I consider that I've great reason to be thankful that he never took to any bad habits." "How many children have you?" "Six sons and five daughters, ma'am." "Six sons and five daughters! What a family for a poor woman to support!" "It's a family, ma'am; but there ain't one of 'em I'd be willing to lose. They are all healthy children as need be—all willing to work, and all clever to me. Even the littlest boy, when he gets a cent now and then for doing an errand, will be sure to bring it to me." "Do

your daughters spin your thread?" "No, ma'am; as soon as they are big enough, they go out to service, as I don't want to keep them always delving for me; they are always willing to give me what they can; but its right and fair that they should do a little for themselves. I do all my spinning after the folks are a bed." "Don't you think you would be better off if you had no one but yourself to provide for?" "Why, ma'am, I don't. If I hadn't been married, I should always have had to work as hard as I could, and now I can't do no more than that—my children are a great comfort to me, and I look forward to the time when they'll do as much for me as I have done for them." Here was true philosophy! I learned a lesson from that poor woman which I shall not soon forget.

MISS SEDGWICK.

The Penny Post Box.

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER AND FORMS OF PRAYER.

DEAR SIR,—I send you the following lines, written by a poor Irishman, on seeing a family prayer book which contained these words in the preface: "This book is intended to assist those who have not yet acquired the happy art of addressing themselves to God in scriptural and appropriate language."—

Prayer's a sweet and noble duty,
Highest privilege of man;
God exalted, man abased,
Prayer unites them into one.

God alone can teach his children
By his Spirit how to pray;
Knows our wants, and gives the knowledge
What to ask and what to say.

Where's the book, or school, or college,
That can teach a man to pray?
Words they give from worldly knowledge;
Learn of Christ, He is the way.

Those who seek shall surely find him—
Not in books—He reigns within;
Formal prayers can never reach him,
Neither can he dwell with sin.

Words are free as they are common;
Some in them have wondrous skill;
Saying "Lord," will never save them,
He loves those who do His will.

Words may please the lofty fancy;
Music charm the list'ning ear;
Pompous words may please the simple;
But the Saviour is not there.

Christ is the true way to heaven,
Life is ours if him we know;
Those who can pray, He has taught them,
Those who can't should words forego.

When a child wants food and raiment,
He will ask his parents dear;
Ask in faith, then, God's our father,
He's at hand, and he will hear.

Prayer's an easy simple duty,
'Tis the language of the soul;
Grace demands it, Grace inspires it,
Grace receives and crowns the whole.

God requires not various postures;
Neither words arranged in form;
Such a thought just presupposes
That with words we God can charm.

God alone must be exalted,
Earthly 'maginations fall;
Every thought must be subjected
Unto Christ the Lord of all.

Every heart should be a temple
Where the Spirit dwells within;
Every day should be a sabbath;
Every hour redeemed from sin.

Every place, a place of worship;
Every time, a time of prayer;
Every sigh should rise to heaven;
Every wish should centre there.

Heartfelt hopes and heaven-born wishes,
Or the broken speechless sigh,
These are prayers that God will answer,
These will reach His throne on high.

Facts, Hints, and Gems.

Facts.

CHIEF POWERS OF EUROPE.

Country.	Name of Sovereign.	Title.	Age.	Accession.	Population of Country.
Austria	Francis Joseph	Emp.	25	Dec. 1848	37,662,486
Belgium	Leopold	King.	65	July, 1831	4 337,196
Denmark	Frederick VII.	King.	47	Jan. 1848	2,202,074
France	Louis Napoleon	Emp.	47	Dec. 1852	35,400,486
Bavaria	Maximilian II.	King	44	Mar. 1848	4,440,327
Brunswick	William	Duke	49	April, 1831	270.090
Hanover	George V.	King	36	Nov. 1851	1,759,440
Saxony	John	King	54	Aug. 1854	1,750,800
Wurtemburg	William	King	74	Oct. 1816	1,761,813
Great Britain	Victoria	Queen	36	June, 1837	30,410,595
Greece	Otho	King	40	Oct. 1832	956,000
Naples	Ferdinand II.	King	45	Nov. 1830	8,400,000
Papal States	Pius IX.	Pope	63	June, 1846	2,914,115
Sardinia	Victor Emanuel II.	King	35	Mar. 1849	4,001,132
Tuscany	Leopold II.	G. Duke	58	June, 1824	1,699,940
Netherlands	William III.	King	39	Mar. 1849	3,414,374
Portugal	Pedro V.	King	18	Nov. 1853	3,412,500
Prussia	Frederick William IV.	King	60	June, 1840	16,112,948
Russia	Alexander II.	Emp.	33	Mar. 1855	62,257,700
Spain	Isabella II.	Queen	25	Sept. 1833	13,176.480
Sweden	Oscar	King	56	Mar. 1844	4,300,000
Turkey	Abdul Medjid	Sultan	3 2	July, 1839	12,200,000

People's Almanack.

Hints.

DOING WRONG is never at a stand still. If we do not withdraw from it, we must go on in it; and the further we go, the further we shall have to come back.

AFFECTATION in a woman spoils her fair face more than the small pox would.

TRUTH AND ERROR.—Set it down as an everlasting and unalterable fact, that all Truth is beautiful, and all Error ugly.

AN ENVIOUS MAN will sometimes go so far as to endanger his own reputation in order to ruin that of another.

INDULGENCE OF PASSIONATE TEMPER may make a man look stronger for the time, but it always leaves him weaker afterwards.

GRATITUDE AND GENEROSITY are close relations, and fond of each others company. If you find a poor man truly grateful, you may take it for granted that he would be as generous if he were rich.

LET NO MAN THINK HIMSELF SO insignificant that his conduct has no influence for good or for harm upon others. No man ever lived yet who did not make others better or worse by his example.

WERE WISDOM TO BE SOLD by auction in the public market, we fear there would be a small attendance and little competition. Most men think they have enough.

SEEING OURSELVES. Burns, the Scotch poet, wrote many silly things, and but few good ones. This was not amiss,—

"O that some one the gift would gi'e us,
To see ourselves as others see us."

Gems.

DESIRE OF HAPPINESS is natural and common to all men. Desire of holiness is supernatural and must come from God.

IF WE ARE WILLING to be saved, God will save us. Why? because he has said so; and he cannot deny himself. But he will do so for Christ's sake, not ours.

IF YOU FORGET GOD he will not forget you. Dont think his memory is like yours. He never forgets. He will bring every work into judgment, and every secret thing.

WHEN WE THINK of the infinite love of God in Christ, we wonder that it does not make every heart leap for joy; but when we think how depraved all men are, we wonder that any welcome the good tidings.

FOUR THINGS we should labour after — to be humble, thankful, watchful, and cheerful. Having these we should be happy.

BE CAUTIOUS; for if you would not fall in the way of doing things unlawful, you must sometimes deny yourself of things that are lawful.

SALVATION always draws nearer *to us*, when we draw ourselves nearer to it. It is now nearer than when we first believed.

NOTHING GREATER can be said of faith in Christ, than that it is the only thing which can bid defiance to the accusations of conscience.

FAITH IN CHRIST can do more than remove mountains; it can still a clamorous conscience, make a bad conscience good, soften a hard heart, bend a stubborn will, and bring God and man together.

IF SIN WERE WORSE ten thousand times than it is, and I had ten thousand times more sins than I have, I would look beyond them all to Christ, for His blood cleanseth us from all sin.

Poetic Selections.

THE CHRISTIAN WHEN DYING.

His steady eye surveys the happy shore,
Where grief, and pain, and sickness are no more.
He counts the mighty ransom that was given
To waft the sinner's soul in peace to heaven,
Dwells on the promised bliss to lost mankind,
While praise exalted fills his humble mind;
Not to himself, but to his Saviour flies,
And in his boundless love exulting dies.

"DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS."

"LIVE while you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasure of the present day."
"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

THE INTERCESSOR.

JESUS is pleading
His own precious blood,
Pour'd out for the sinner
Whose surety He stood;
That blood has bought pardon
Abundant and free,
For each poor believer—
For thee and for me.

Jesus is pleading
At heaven's high throne,
The Father is heeding
The voice of His Son;
And soon His bright glory
Our glad eyes shall see,
That glory is waiting
For thee and for me.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S EPITAPH.

HERE lies an old soldier, whom all must applaud,
Who fought many battles at home and abroad;
But the hottest engagement he ever was in
Was the conquest of *self* in the battle of *sin*

HONOURABLE MARRIAGE.

WHAT a delicious breath marriage sends forth;—
The violet bed's not sweeter! Honest wedlock
Is like a lovely house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours: when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and vain pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch side.

The Children's Corner.

WINTER, SNOW, FROST, SLIDING, SKATING.

Yes! old dark Winter has come again, and brought with it, as usual, these things. But boys and girls are somehow or other fond of Winter when it brings snow and frost. They like the snow because it is such a wonderful change to see everything covered as with a white sheet, and because they can run about over it, and feel it sink under their feet softer than a carpet, and they can make snow-balls of it. They like a frost to come, for then they can slide or skate on the ice. This is why boys and girls like winter to come.

Here in the picture are two boys skating. One has got his skates on, and he is cutting along like a good skater; the other has not got his on yet. He means to be after him when he has got them on fast.

Well: skating is a healthy exercise, and so is sliding. But little folks should always mind where they go to slide or skate. They should never go where the water underneath is deep; and they should never go on a sabbath-day. If they mind these two things, they will then keep out of danger and out of sin. Almost every winter some boys are drowned by going on ice over deep waters; and it is a sad thing to think of, that more are drowned on the sabbath-day than on any other day. Remember, God has said that his day must be kept holy, and—

"We must neither work nor play,
Because it is the sabbath-day."

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THE FAULTS OF CHRISTIANS.

An American minister, Dr. Spencer, of Brooklyn, New York, in his "Pastor's Sketches," says:—

Among my parishioners, at one time, there was a very industrious and respectable man, a mechanic, for whom I entertained a high esteem. I thought him a man of talents, and of much good feeling. He was about thirty years of age, was married, and his wife had recently become a christian, as she believed, and had made a public profession of her faith in Christ. I had now the more hope of being useful to him, on account of his wife's experience of Divine goodness, and the uniformly happy state of her mind. He had also some other relatives who were members of my church, and were exemplary christians. He was himself a constant and attentive hearer of the gospel every sabbath-day, and whenever I met him (which was very often) he was free to speak of religion, and confess his obligation and his anxiety to be a christian. I had no small hope in his case. I had noticed the increasing depth of his seriousness. Besides, I knew him to be a personal friend to myself, very much attached to me, and on that account I had the more expectation of being able to influence his mind upon the subject, which now occupied, as he said, "all his thoughts."

It was in one of those conversations, which I was accustomed to have with him, that he surprised me by expressing a thought which I had never heard from him before. I had just asked him, "What hinders you, my dear sir, from being a christian indeed, since all the grace of the gospel is so free,

and since you are so sensible that you need it?" His answer was,—

"I think a great many more of us would be christians if *professors of religion were different from what they are.*"

"That may be," said I; "but you know each one shall give account of himself unto God. You are not accountable for professors of religion, and they are not accountable for your irreligion."

"I know that," said he. "But how can we believe in the reality of religion when members of the church, and the elders too, are dishonest, will lie and cheat, and make hard bargains, a great deal worse than other people?"

"Have you any doubt of the reality of religion?"

"Oh, no, I believe in the reality of religion. I believe in a change of heart as much as you do."

"Then," said I, "you can believe in the reality of religion somehow or other. In that respect you have not been misled by our 'dishonest elders and church members,' who drive such 'hard bargains, a great deal worse than other people.' As to the accusation, that our elders and church members are such dishonest and hard men; I deny it: the accusation is not true. There may be some bad men in the church. There was a Judas among Christ's disciples. One of the chosen twelve was a thief. But that was no good reason why other people should reject Christ. The general character of our church members is not such as you have mentioned. You ought not to condemn Matthew and the other disciples because Judas was a villain."

"Well," said he, with some hesitation, "I know some church members who are no better than other people, not a bit better than a great many of us who make no profession."

"Perhaps you do. But what of that? Will their imperfections do you any good? Will their sins save you, or excuse you?"

"Why (hesitatingly) they ought to set us a better example."

"No doubt of that. And allow me to say you ought to set them a better example. You are under as much obligation to set me a good example as I am to set you a good example. You and I are under the same law. God commands you to be holy as he commands me. It is quite likely that those church members of whom you complain, would be better men

if it was not for such persons as you, persons who set them no holy example."

"Well; I believe many members of the church are great stumbling-blocks; I know they are."

Said I, "I believe many who are not members of the church are great stumbling blocks; I know they are. You are one of them. You are a stumbling-block and a hindrance to many impenitent sinners, to your partner in business, to your neighbours, to your sisters, and other acquaintances. I am sorry for it, but so it is. If you would become a truly pious man these persons would feel your influence constraining them to seek the Lord, and your example would be a stumbling-block to them no longer."

"I make no profession of religion," said he.

"That is the very thing," I replied. "You stand aloof from religion entirely, as if you disbelieved in it; and your example just encourages others to neglect it as you do. You once told me yourself how greatly it affected you, when you saw your wife come out to be baptized in the presence of the great congregation. If you would set such an example it would probably affect others."

"My wife is a good woman; she lives as a christian ought to live."

"Then you have at least one good example."

"If all professors of religion were like her I should not find fault with them."

"And if you were like her other people would not find fault with you. Your example would commend religion."

"Well, the example of a great many professors does not commend it to me."

"Why do you look at the bad examples? Look nearer home. Look at your wife's example. You are very unwise to let your thoughts dwell upon the faults of christians at all; and when you do so you hunt up a few professors of religion, who are not by any means a fair specimen of our church members, and you take them as samples of all the rest. That is unfair. I am sorry you have run into this way of thinking. It will only lead you into error, and call off your attention from the eternal interests of your own soul. The faults of others cannot save you. I beg of you to think less about other people's sins and more about your own."

"Well I will. I know I have had my mind turned away from religion many a time by thinking of the conduct of professors."

A few days after this I met my friend in the street, and asked him if he thought he had gained the "one thing needful." He replied,—

"No, I dont think I have. But I believe I am as good a man as a great many who took the sacrament yesterday in your church."

"I am sorry to hear you talk of others again," said I; "you promised me that you would think of your own sins, and let the sins of other people alone. And now the very first sentence you utter is a reflection upon some who were at the Lord's table yesterday. I am surprised at this. Your hard thoughts about other people will lead you, I am afraid, farther and farther off from religion."

"Very likely," said he, "but I can't help it. The members of the church set such examples, that my mind is turned away from religion by them many a time."

"Yes," said I, "the old prophet knew how that was; 'they eat up the sin of my people, and set their heart upon iniquity; they have left off to take heed to the Lord.' You are one of that stamp. You seize upon 'the sin of God's people' as if it were bread to you, and then you forget to pray,—you 'have left off to take heed to the Lord.' After you have eagerly fed yourself upon the 'sin of God's people' for awhile, then you have no inclination 'to take heed' to anything God says unto you. I advise you to eat some other sort of food. 'The sin of God's people' is a bad breakfast. It is very indigestible. The wicked seize upon it as if it were bread to the hungry; and the worst of it all is, that after they have eaten such a breakfast they have no family prayer; they do not 'take heed to the Lord.' That is your case precisely; you complain of christians instead of praying for yourself. You never pray after finding fault with members of the church for half an hour."

"How do you know I dont pray?"

"I know by the text which I just quoted. You 'eat up the sin of God's people,' and for that reason I know that the other part of the text belongs to you. You 'have left off to take heed to the Lord.' Is it not so? Have you not left off, ceased to pray, since you began to find fault with christians?"

"Yes; I own it. I am not going to deny it."

Said I, "I am very sorry you take such a course. You yield to a temptation of the devil. The best christians are imperfect, very imperfect. They do not profess to be sinless. You may see their faults, but you cannot see their penitence, and tears, and agony of spirit, when in secret they mourn over their many imperfections, and beg forgiveness of God, and grace to be more faithful. If you felt so, if you had done wrong in public through thoughtlessness, or were overcome by some temptation, and then in secret should mourn bitterly over your fault, would you think it generous, would you think your disposition well treated, or even had any kind of justice done to it, if your neighbour shall be going around complaining of your faults as if you were a bad man?"

"No, I should not think I deserved that."

"Very well. These imperfect christians have such secret mournings. And if you will go to them and kindly tell them their faults, you will hear things from them which will alter your feelings about them; you will have a better opinion of their hearts than you have now, and a more just opinion too. Did you ever mention to these people the things you complain of?"

"No, I never did."

"I think you ought to do it. Certainly you ought to do it, or cease to make complaints about them to others. Jesus Christ has taught us our duty in such a case. 'If thy brother trespass against thee, go to him, and tell him his fault betwixt him and thee alone.'"

"That applies to christians."

"It applies to you. You ought to be a christian. And your neglect of one duty cannot excuse your neglect of another. You must not plead one sin as an excuse for another. If one of your neighbours had a bad opinion of you, surely you would much rather he should come and tell you what he had against you, and hear your explanation, than that he should tell it to other people."

"Yes, I should. But I have called nobody's name."

"I know it; and I complain of that. Instead of pointing out the guilty individuals you complain of christians in general, and thus you make the innocent suffer with the guilty. You make religion suffer (at least in your estimation) by the faults of a few, who profess to be religious people. How would you

like it if I should speak of the men of your trade as you speak of christians, and say, 'Blacksmiths are villains, dishonest men?'"

"I should want you to name the men."

"And I want you to name the men. Come, tell me who they are, and what they have done; and I promise you I will have their conduct investigated. They shall be tried before the proper tribunal. You shall be a witness against them. And if they are found guilty they shall be turned out of the church; and then they will be complained of by you no longer, and the good name of religion will no more be dishonoured by them."

"Oh, I can't be a witness against anybody."

"Why not? Can't you tell the truth? Will you make religion suffer rather than bring bad men to justice? Will you injure the good name of all of us, 'church members and elders too,' as you say, instead of lending your assistance to purify the church from unworthy members? Will you let this thing go on, and let it hinder (as you say it does) a great many of you from being christians?"

"It is not my business to bear witness against church members."

"Why do you do it then? You have been doing it every time I have met you for the last three months. And though I have tried to persuade you to cease you still keep on, bearing witness against 'church members and elders,' every time I meet you."

"Well, I dont mean to injure anybody."

"No, sir, I dont think you do. The only one you injure is yourself. The general imputations which you so often fling out against professors of religion are slanders. They are not true. You may think them true, but they are not. I affirm them to be utterly unfounded and false. There may be indeed a few persons in the church who are as bad as you declare them to be, but your general accusations are falsehoods. But suppose all you say, or even suspect, were true, suppose half of our church members to be bad men, in the name of all that is common sense, I ask you, what has that to do with your religion? If half the money that is in circulation is counterfeit, does that make the good money in your pocket valueless? or will it lead you to refuse to take all money?"

"I dont want to have counterfeit money?"

"And I dont want you to have a counterfeit religion. The very fact that you complain of counterfeit money is full proof that you believe there is such a thing as good money some where; and your complaint of counterfeit religion is full proof that you believe there is such a thing as good religion."

"Yes, I believe all that."

"And you believe that you have not attained it."

"I suppose I haven't."

"And are you striving to attain it, or are you as anxious and prayerful about it as you were a few weeks since?"

"No, I dont think I am."

"Will you answer me one more question? Has not your seriousness diminished, and your prayerfulness ceased, very much in proportion as you have had hard thoughts, and made hard speeches, about the faults of christians?"

"I can't say no to that question."

"Then I wish you very seriously to consider, whether your fault-finding has not provoked God to withdraw from you the influences of the Holy Spirit! You do know that your regard for religion, and your attempts after salvation, have never been promoted by your complaining about christian people. Thinking of their sins you forget your own, as I have told you before. You foster in your own heart a spirit of self-righteousness by your miserable and foolish way. I have warned you against it before, and I will now warn you again, if you will permit me. If you will go on in this way God will leave you to your deceptions and your impenitence; you will live without religion, and you will die without it! I beseech you, therefore, as a friend, as a neighbour, as a minister, dismiss your thoughts about the faults of a few (for they are only a few) professors of religion, and seek from God the forgiveness of your own sins, and the salvation you so much need."

I left him. But he never sought me again. Fifteen years have since passed away, and he is still as far from God as ever. Often when I have met him I have endeavoured to draw him into some conversation upon religion, but he avoids the subject, and commonly shuns me.

Such things as these are often said in England as well as America. No doubt they are paltry, and often hypocritical, excuses for neglecting religion altogether. But God, who searcheth all things, knoweth that their heart is not right in his sight.

Poetry.

GOD CALLING YET!

"Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men."

God calling yet! and shall I never hearken,
But still earth's witcheries my spirit darken?
This passing life, these passing joys all flying,
And still my soul in dreamy slumber lying!

God calling yet! and I not yet arising!
So long his faithful, loving voice despising;
So falsely his unwearied love repaying;
He beckons still, and still I am delaying!

God calling yet! loud at my door is knocking!
And I my heart, my ear still firmer locking!
He yet is willing, ready to receive me,
Is waiting now,—but, ah! he soon may leave me.

God calling yet! and I no answer giving!
I dread his yoke, and am in bondage living:
Too long I linger, but, not yet forsaken,
He calls me still: oh, my poor heart, awaken!

Surrender all, all to his care confiding;
Where but with him are rest and peace abiding?
Unloose, unpose, break earthly bonds asunder,
And let this spirit rise in soaring wonder!

God calling yet! I can no longer tarry,
Nor to my God a heart divided carry:
Oh, vain and giddy world, your spells are broken!
Sweeter than all the voice of God has spoken!

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE LEVER-POWER TO LIFT MEN UP.—Schools, libraries, reading rooms, savings' banks, popular lectures, public baths, better houses for the working classes, everything that can be effected in the way of social improvement and sanitary reform—we are for them all. But what we maintain is this, that even if we had no other end in view but to get these agencies and improvements introduced among the outcast population, the christian missionary is by far the most effective pioneer we could employ. For elevating sunken humanity, there is no lever-power to compare with the gos-

pel of Christ; there is nothing else that ever did, or ever will, awaken man to a just and realising sense of the dignity of his own nature, and of the responsibilities under which he lives. To assure him, as the gospel comes on very purpose to do, that poor and miserable though he be, the occupant, perchance, of some wretched hovel hardly fit to be the shelter of a beast—a being no more accounted of by his fellows than the mire they tread beneath their feet—to assure such a man that the Son of God came down from heaven to seek after him, and deemed the saving of his soul a sufficient reason for shedding his own infinitely precious blood—to assure him of this, and to get him to believe it, is to make him another man. It is to establish between him and that which is best and highest in the universe a link of lasting sympathy. The man begins to feel that he may venture to stand erect, and to look his fellows in the face, when he comes to know that he is an object of interest to the God of heaven. It is a new view of things that has broken in upon his mind. As his eye now lights on the filth and squalor that surround him, the thought arises in his breast, Why am I here? there is surely something better for me than this! the rags he wears, and the swinish husks he has been wont to eat, content him no longer. He will arise and go to his Father!

A Specimen of its Power.—Eighteen months ago, —— —— was living in the interior of a *close* in —— Street. He was a shoe maker, and a good workman, and had some lads who wrought with him at his trade. He frequented no church, and was often drunk. His house was filthy in the extreme, and all but utterly destitute of furniture; the lads slept on the floor. His wife was ragged and miserable; his children ill-fed and worse clothed; three of them died in swift succession. The missionary's first visit to the family was on the occasion when one of them was to be buried. The father, when he came to ask his attendance, was so drunk that he could hardly deliver his own message. The missionary's visits were repeated while the other two children were dying; and the father all the while was seldom sober enough to be spoken to. The scene was one of unmingled wretchedness and misery—sickening to look upon. But the missionary persevered, and the Son of Peace came to that house; and now what a change! Everything that Lord Palmerston's heart seems to be set upon has been long ago secured, and a great deal more besides. The filth is gone; the lads no longer sleep on the floor; the house is decently furnished, clean and comfortable; the family prosperous; the father and mother are members of a mission church, and the drunken shoemaker is now one of the most zealous sanitary reformers in the district where he lives, giving his neighbours no rest till the nuisances of the place are removed.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE LOVE-SPIRIT.—Christians and christian ministers are to live in an atmosphere of love. I recollect an anecdote of a very good old man who has gone to his reward. A young man who was accustomed to come to him for advice, had received some ill-treatment at the hand of a professed christian brother, and he sat down and wrote a letter of remonstrance. He meant to make it sharp enough to cut, but he meant also to preserve a christian spirit. When he had prepared the letter to his satisfaction, he read it to his friend, and asked him if he thought it was not about right. The old man told him he believed it contained nothing untrue. "But the spirit of it," said the young man, "does it breathe a christian spirit?" "Well, as to that," replied the old man, "you, perhaps, are able to tell better than I. What you need to be sure of is, that every expression was dictated by the spirit of love. Perhaps you had better keep it a day or two, and then go over it carefully, and strike out such passages as you are not sure were dictated by a spirit of love." The young man did so, and cancelled the whole letter and wrote another, which the old gentleman advised him to send. The effect of it was to call forth a humble confession from the person to whom it was addressed.

RUDE WIT VIOLATES LOVE.—There is a way in which some christians violate the law of love in speaking, which ought to be noticed. It is sometimes not regarded as a sin, because it passes under the name of wit. Persons possessed of the power of making witty observations are very apt to be sarcastic, and thus to wound the feelings of those with whom they have intercourse. Because they have no malice aforethought, they often do not suspect they are doing wrong.

THE PREACHER AND THE PUBLICAN.—In a small town in Hampshire, there is living the pastor of a dissenting congregation who has been much persecuted. Some persons spread abroad scandalous and false reports concerning him, to injure his character as much as possible in the eyes of the world. In the same town there lived a man who kept a beer-shop, where a party of infidels assembled in the evening, who to shew their contempt of the bible, tore leaves from it to light their pipes. The reports concerning the minister were often the subject of their conversation. These reports were so many, and of such a base character, that one evening the landlord of the house, who was a professed infidel, said, "I really do not believe they are true; if they are, I am sure such a man will not be allowed to stand in the pulpit. I am resolved to go and hear him, that I may be enabled to form my own opinion concerning him." He went, and when coming out of the chapel he said, "I dont know what is the matter with me; I never felt so strange in all my life before. I am downright wretched." "What about?" was the reply. "Because something that man has said has

taken such a hold upon me that I cannot get rid of it. I am sure he is not such a man as many have represented, or anything he could have said would not have taken such a hold upon me; however, I shall go again to hear him." The next sabbath he went to the chapel again, and his wife with him; the word came with power, and both were brought under its saving influence. The change wrought was soon visible; the man gave up the beer shop, abandoned his companions and their amusements, and has since worked at the trade of shoemaking to obtain a livelihood for his family. The minister was delighted and much encouraged at witnessing such a proof of the power of the gospel. The man and his wife not long since were publicly baptized and received into the church, and their four children attend the sabbath school. The man has joined the bible class, and the family are constant in their attendance on the means of grace during the week as well as on the sabbath-day. This once professed infidel having obtained the pardon of his sins, peace and joy in believing, and the love of God being shed abroad in his heart, he is now a happy man, for "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

A Friendly Question.—Will you permit one who has your best interests at heart to say a few words to you on a subject which immediately concerns you? We are both travellers to eternity; and to each of us it will be one of endless bliss or woe! You and I, my friend, have only one short life to live here, and if, at its termination, we should discover that it has been all along one grand mistake, O how sad a discovery! Life gone, gone for ever, never to be recalled! How unspeakably important, then, that we should choose a right course for ourselves; one that will cause no regrets at last, but that will approve itself to the better principles of our nature when the solemn realities of eternity are about to burst upon our view. It is under the influence of these feelings, and as your friend and brother, that I would ask you to sit down and ask yourself calmly and quietly this one question,—"Shall I go to heaven when I die?" If you cannot answer it to your own satisfaction depend upon it there is something wrong. But dont stop. Go on to get to know the worst of yourself, and when you have, then go to the Saviour just as you are, for he will in no wise cast you out.

Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I., once the darling and hope of the country, was one day hunting. A butcher's dog seized the stag, and killed it, and put a stop to the sport. Some of the company endeavoured to excite his anger against the owner of the dog, and told him that his father would, on such an occasion, have sworn so that nobody could have borne it. But the young prince meekly replied, "All the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath."

The Fireside.

THE CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

BY A WORKING-MAN.

YES: he was once a stupid sot, as many knew too well;
With staggering steps he stumbled on—but all I will not tell;
For one day he was brought to stop, and think upon his fate,
And round he turned another way before it was too late.

Now she, who once had battled hard with want and dreadful fears,
Rejoices that before her eyes a brighter dawn appears;
And now she blesses the good day her husband quite gave up
The place and thing he loved so once—the ale-house and its cup.

His children once were barely clad, no shoes upon their feet;
From day to day they wildly ran uncared for through the street;
But since their father saved the price of many a drowsy pot,
Well clothed and fed, to school they're led—how changed is their lot.

The household things, which once I'm told, were only old and few,
Have disappeared, and in their place are many nice and new;
The walls are now with pictures hung that once were black and bare,
And the inside of the cupboard, too, betokens better fare.

The tongue that once would curse and swear, when oft it knew not why,
Is now employed to speak kind words—Oh! what a change, thought I;
That gospel, too, he once did scorn, is now his chief delight,
And the sad ways he once so loved are hateful in his sight.

Both in the man and in his house a mighty change is seen,
And he himself is happy now, and his wife, too, is I ween;
And so are all the children, too; and now I think its plain,
That he who drops the drunkard's cup a happy home will gain.

Birmingham. R. C.

The Penny Post Box.

ON HELPING SUCH AS WOULD HELP THEMSELVES.

THIS terrible war has brought its old plagues along with it—want of work, low wages, and high-priced food. Some of us said it would when it began; but few believed us. We said it would because we knew that it always had, and always must. Well, here we are in the midst of it, with a cold winter all round us, shivering young and old. Those who are very poor must either submit to go into the poor house—I do not call it *bastile*, for that is all nonsense—or else they must starve and shiver on the stinted allowance of out-door

relief. But even this out-door relief many cannot get; and I fear that this winter many a honest and willing-to-work couple have been put to it sadly to keep off their parishes, by selling some of the clothing and furniture that they had, after many years labour and pinching, got together. But it seems that many of them would rather sacrifice these than submit to wear a pauper's badge. I honour them for the spirit of independence which such conduct displays; but I think it is a burning shame in a country like our's, that our legislators, who are all rich men, do not make that stiff rigid poor law bend a bit in very hard times like these, that it might help such, either by loan on security given, or in some other way, so that the honest poor should not be compelled to part with one thing after another until they have nothing left. Indeed, that stiff law, by being so rigid, creates the very evil it pretends to restrain. It compels a man to part with all he has before he can have help; and what is he then, with his wife and children, to do, but become paupers altogether. That man will be disheartened, and he will have very little spirit left to try to set up house again. He would be a great benefactor to honest hard-working men, who would sit down and draw out some reasonable and well-digested plan by which such people could be helped just when they need a little assistance to prevent selling their goods, and save them from going to the parish. I should like to see this done somehow; and I think, *Mr. Pioneer*, if you would invite some of the men, with hard hands and clear heads, who understand the matter, to send their thoughts about it to your *Penny Post Box*, you would render good service to many of the families in which your pages are read. Let us show these men that we care for their bodies as well as their souls. Our Saviour did so, and I think we ought. However, I have said a few things to begin with, and I shall be glad to hear what others think about it. I am an old working-man myself; and though, thank God, I have as much as I want, yet I often feel sorry for those who have not. Mind, I have not said a word about the idle scamps who wont work, or the swinish sots who spend all they get in pouring muddy beer down their throats till they make fools of themselves—I am not pleading for them—if they will not work neither should they eat; and if they will swig till they are silly, why who can help it. I would leave the one till hunger made him work, and the other without the means of making himself worse than a hog—but I am pleading for men, women, and children, who are willing to work, and make the best of what they get. Such, I think, deserve our sympathy and help.

THREESCORE.

[We shall be very glad to receive some letters from working-men and working-women on this subject. We know it is a very difficult question to deal with. What is wanted is some plan that should avoid imposition, and more efficiently aid the needy and helpless.]

Facts, Hints, and Gems.

Facts.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA OR AUSTRALIA.

CANADA.—*Cost of Passage.*—To Quebec, including provisions, cabin, £12 to £20; intermediate, £7 to £10; steerage, £5 to £6. Children under fourteen, half the price of adults. Infants under twelve months, no charge. Length of passage, forty days. The month of May is the best time to arrive in the colony.

Sale of Lands.—Crown lands range from 1s. to 7s. 6d. per acre. Emigrants desirous of purchasing these lands in Upper or Lower Canada, may obtain the fullest information as to the price and quality of the lands for sale by applying to the Government land agents, appointed for the several municipal districts in Canada.

Wages.—Labourers, not less than from 3s. 6d. to 4s. sterling per day. Masons and carpenters from 6s. to 8s. sterling per day; bricklayers, 4s. to 6s.; tailors and shoemakers, about 4s. In Upper Canada the wages are about 10 per cent higher.

AUSTRALIA.—*Cost of Passage.*—Varies from £35 to £50, according to accommodation required. Length of passage about four months.

Wages.—Agricultural labourers at New South Wales and Western Australia, £25 to £30 per annum, with board and lodging; Victoria, £50; South Australia, £45 to £70. Bricklayers, 20s. a day; carpenters, 14s. to 26s.; tailors, 9s. to 12s.; shoemakers, 12s. Domestic servants, £15 to £40 per year.

Persons who contemplate emigrating should obtain the "Colonization Circular" issued by her Majesty's Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners. It may be had of the booksellers, price 3d.

Government Emigration Officers.—Officers of great experience are appointed to give gratuitously information as to the sailing of ships and means of accommodation, and to see that all agreements between ship-owners and emigrants are duly performed. They also see that passenger vessels are sea-worthy, that they have on board a sufficient supply of provisions, &c.

They attend at their offices (London, 70, Lower Thames Street; Liverpool, Stanley Buildings), on every week day, and afford all the assistance in their power to protect emigrants against imposition, and to obtain redress where oppression has been practised on them. Government Immigration Agents are in the colonies to render every assistance in their power to emigrants on their arrival.

Hints.

LIFE IS A VOYAGE, in our progress along which, both we and the scenes around us are ever changing; first, we have childhood behind us, then youth, and then manhood. Happy he whose old age sees the port of everlasting peace.

HONEST LABOUR is a sure defence. It feeds the belly and clothes the back; and it keeps out the constable with his summons to the county court.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Sometimes they fly and settle where they were not expected. Sometimes they start off, like the swallows in autumn, no one knows where. Well may Paul call them "uncertain riches."

HE WHO HAS MOST of this world's good may be stripped of all, and his

worldly comforts, like so many withering leaves, may all drop off one after another. So very uncertain is all earthly good.

A GREAT TALKER is a great bore; and he generally talks the most who has the least to say that is worth hearing.

THOSE PARENTS act wisely who bring up their children in habits of industry. This will do more for them in after life than a stock of money.

SOME VAIN PEOPLE make themselves ridiculous, not by shewing what talents they have, but by pretending to have what they do not possess.

WE ARE SUBJECTS OF FITS sometimes, of anger or joy, which sorely puzzle us. They come we know not how, and go we know not where. This should teach us to be patient with others, who are men of like passions with ourselves.

Gems.

DESIRE OF HAPPINESS is natural and common to all men. Desire of holiness is supernatural, and must come from God.

IF WE ARE WILLING to be saved God will save us. Why? because he has said so; and he cannot deny himself. But he will do so for Christ's sake, not ours.

WHEN WE THINK of the infinite love of God in Christ, we wonder that it does not make every heart leap for joy, but when we think how depraved all men are we wonder that any welcome the good tidings.

IF YOU FORGET GOD he will not forget you. Dont think his memory is like your's. He never forgets. He will bring every work into judgment, and every secret thing.

FOUR THINGS we should labour after — to be humble, thankful, watchful, and cheerful. Having these we should be happy.

BE CAUTIOUS; for if you would not fall in the way of doing things unlawful, you must sometimes deny yourself of things that are lawful.

SALVATION always draws nearer to us when we draw ourselves nearer to it. It is now nearer than when we first believed.

HE THAT HAS A BLIND CONSCIENCE which sees nothing, a dead conscience which feels nothing, and a dumb conscience which says nothing, is in as miserable condition as a man can be on this side hell.

Poetic Selections.

ON LOOKING AT A WATCH.

SWIFTLY see each moment flies,
See, and learn, be timely wise;
Every moment shortens day,
Every pulse bears time away.

Thus thy every heaving breath
Wafts thee on to certain death;
Seize the moments as they fly,
Learn to live! prepare to die.

BLESSED BE THY NAME FOR EVER!

BLESSED be thy name forever.
Thou of life the guard and giver!
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of silence and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever!
Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest.
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom and dawning day,
God of life! that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

IF ask'd what of Jesus I think,
Although my best thoughts are but poor,
I say, He's my meat and my drink;
My life and my strength, and my store;
My shepherd, my brother, my friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall,
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my "ALL,"

A PRAYER.

AND still, O Lord, to me impart
A contrite, pure, and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal day! Amen.

The Children's Corner.

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

For Boys and Girls to commit to Memory.

First, William the Norman; then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry; then Richard and John;
Next, Henry the third; Edwards one, two, and three;
And again, after Richard, three Henrys we see;
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess;
Then Jamie the Scotchman; then Charles whom they slew;
Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too;
Next, Jamie the second ascended the throne;
Then William and Mary together came on;
Till Anne, four George's and William, all past,
God bless Queen Victoria—long be she the last!

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THE LAST HOURS;

OR, LIGHT RISING OVER DARKNESS.

There are thousands and tens of thousands of people who, though living where the way by which their souls can be saved may be fully known, never ask what they must do to be saved, or perhaps never, or very seldom, think about their souls being saved at all. Though lost in the wilderness of sin, they wander on, until at last they fall into endless ruin.

There are also some who, feeling they are lost, are very anxious to be saved. But they blunder in finding the way. In fleeing from the wrath to come, they tumble into the "Slough of Despond." There is no harm in their knowing the worst of themselves; but there is much in their not knowing enough of the rich and boundless mercy of God in Christ. Here is a case of this kind related by a minister of the gospel in the United States:—

One of the most distressing instances of religious darkness and despondency that I have ever been called to witness, was that of a poor girl, whom I first knew when I was called upon to visit her in her last sickness. She was not twenty years old, her health had departed, she seemed to be doomed to an early grave. A seated pulmonary affection deprived her of all hope of recovery, and she had no hope in God. From her earliest childhood she had had excellent religious instruction. Her parents were pious people; and, though they were poor, they had carefully educated her. She had been a scholar in the sabbath school from her childhood, under the weekly instructions of a teacher who loved her, and who had taught

her with assiduity, kindness, and skill. But though she had been long the subject of religious impressions, and had carefully studied her bible, and earnestly prayed to be directed into the path of life, she had never found peace with God.

When I first knew her, none but herself had any special fears that her life was near its end. She was then able to be about the house, and sometimes, in pleasant weather, to walk out into the fields. But she had given up all expectation that she should recover; and she now addressed herself to the work of preparation for death, to which she looked forward with an indescribable anguish. She regarded it as the commencement of eternal woe.

At first I felt no peculiar discouragement on account of her religious depression. I regarded her fearful distress of mind as only the natural accompaniment of a just conviction of sin, and confidently expected that she would soon be led to hope and peace in believing. But it was far otherwise with her. She attained no peace. As week passed after week, she continued in the same despondency, receiving no light, no hope, no comfort. She read, she examined, she wept, she prayed, in vain. And as her health declined more and more, her mind became wrought up to an intensity of anguish most distressful to witness. It was enough to melt any one's heart to hear her cries for mercy. Never did a sinner plead more earnestly to be delivered from going down to perdition. She cried for mercy, as if standing in the very sight of hell! She had not a single gleam of light. Her soul was dark as a double midnight, and seemed plunged into an ocean of horrors. No one, I am sure, could have listened to her dreadful wailings, without feeling a sympathy with her, which would have wrung the heart with anguish.

I visited her often, conversed with her many times, taught her most carefully all the truths of the bible, which I supposed could possibly have any tendency to awaken her faith in Christ, and prepare her to meet Him; but I never had any evidence to the last, that anything I ever said to her was the means of any benefit.

I wondered at her continued despair. It seemed to be the more remarkable, on account of the clear views which she appeared to have of the character of God, of His holy law, of her condemnation by it, of her wicked heart, of redemption by Christ, and of the faithfulness of God to fulfil all his

promises. I often examined her thoughts and feelings on all such points as well as I could, in order to detect any error into which she might have fallen, and which might be a hindrance to her faith and peace, and in order to persuade her to trust all her eternal interests to the grace of the great Redeemer. She had not a doubt about any of these truths. She knew and bewailed her guiltiness and depravity, she fully believed in the love of God towards sinners, and the willingness of Christ to save her, unworthy as she was; she said she hated sin with all her heart; she longed to be holy; she did not believe that she hated God, though she would not say that she loved Him; she admired "the kindness and love of God our Saviour" towards sinners; and wanted, above all things, to have an interest in His redemption, and be sure that He had accepted her.

Months before her death I believed that she was a child of God. I thought I could discover every evidence of it, except hope, and peace, and the spirit of adoption. She had now come to believe that she had some love to God; "but," says she, "I am afraid God does not love me, and will cast me off for ever, as I deserve."

I strove, in every possible manner, and time after time, to lead her to the peace of faith. By holding directly before her mind the character of God, the redeeming kindness and work of Christ; and especially God's free invitations and firm promises, I strove to lead her to an appropriating faith, which should beguile her into a half-forgetfulness of herself, by causing her to delight in God. By teaching her according to the scriptures what are the evidences of a new heart, and then by taking her own declarations to demonstrate to her that her own exercises of mind and heart were precisely these evidences; I laboured hard to induce her mind to rest upon the "witness within,"—a witness really there (as I believed), if she would only hear and heed its voice. I explained to her what I honestly supposed to be the cause of her darkness, that is, her bodily condition, which prevented her seeing things as they were, by throwing a deceptive and dismal cloud over every thing that pertained to herself. At times, when she appeared to me to be coming out of her gloom, and to be standing on the very borders of a light which she could not but see, a single recurring idea about herself would fling her back into a her darkness, and she would weep and wail in despair.

I had been describing heaven to her, and referring to its song of redemption, "who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."—

"Others will be in heaven," said she, "but I shall be cast out! From the distant region of my doom, I shall behold my companions by the river of life, happy, happy spirits, perhaps I shall hear their song; but no such home for me!"

"How came they there?" said I. "They were not saved by their goodness. They were no better than you. Jesus Christ saved them by his blood, and he offers to save you."

"He passes me by, sir. He called them, and they obeyed the call in due time; but he does not call me!"

"He does, my child, He does. He calls you now, 'Come unto ME.'"

"If He does, sir, I have no heart to hear Him! My day is past! my day is past! I shall be cast off as I deserve! Oh! I wish I had never been born!"

"Your day is not past. 'Now is the day of salvation.'"

Her only answer was tears and groans.

Such was her melancholy condition, as she declined more and more. Her strength was now almost gone. She evidently had but few weeks to live, if indeed a few days even remained to be measured by the falling sands of her life.

One day, some weeks before her death, after I had been stating to her the evidences of a regenerated state, and she had clearly described to me her own views and feelings, which seemed to me to accord with these evidences in one particular after another almost throughout the entire chapter, I said to her, with some earnestness,—

"Mary Ann, what do you want more to convince you that you are a child of God? What do you expect? If these things do not convince you, what could? What evidence more do you want? Do you want an angel to come down from heaven here to your bedside to tell you that you are a christian, and shall go to heaven as soon as you die?"

"Oh, yes," said she, in a transport of emotion, clasping her death-pale hands, "*that is just what I want—just what I want.*"

"That is just what you cannot have," said I. "God is not going to give you any such kind of evidence."

I then explained to her how she must rest upon spiritual

evidences, as all christians do, and not on any evidences of the senses, or supernatural occurrence outside of her own heart.

As she approached fast her end, and evidently could not survive much longer, I was greatly disappointed and saddened that her mind continued in the same unbroken gloom. I had not expected it. I had looked for a different experience. But it now seemed that her sun must go down in clouds!

One sabbath morning, just before the time of public service, I was sent for to "see her die." She could still speak, in a very clear and intelligible manner, better than for weeks before. Her reason was continued to her, all her faculties appeared as unimpaired and bright as ever. All that I could discover of any alteration in her mind, appeared to me to consist simply in this,—she now thought of herself less, and of her God and Saviour more. I told her, as I was requested to do, that she was now very soon to die. The bell was tolling for me to go to the pulpit, and, having prayed with her, commending her to her God, I gave her my hand to bid her farewell. "Will you come to see me at noon?" says she.

"My dear child, you cannot live till noon. The doctor says you cannot live half an hour. I will come here as soon as I leave the church."

I went to the church and preached; and, as soon as the service closed, I went immediately to her house. She was still alive. One of her friends met me at the door, and hastily told me that soon after I left the house, an hour and a half before, she avowed her perfect trust in Christ, and her firm confidence that He would "take her home to heaven." "I am full of peace," said she, "I can trust my God. This is enough. I am happy, happy. I die happy." A little while after, she said she wanted to see me "once more." She was told I was in church, and that she could not live till the sermon was closed. "I shall live," said she firmly. She seemed to refuse to die. She inquired what time the service would close, and being told, she often afterwards inquired what time it was. She watched the hands of the clock, frequently turning her eyes upon them, in the intervals between her prayers, and praises, and rapturous thanksgivings. As I entered the room she turned her eyes upon me. "Oh!" said she, "I am glad you have come; I have been waiting for you. I wanted to see you once more, and tell you how happy I am. I have

found out that a poor sinner has nothing to do only to believe. I am not afraid of death now. I am willing to die. God has forgiven me, and I die happy,—I am very happy. I wanted to tell you this. I thought I should live long enough to tell you. I thought God would not let me die till I had seen you, and told you of my joy, so as not to have you discouraged when you meet with other persons who have such dark minds as mine was. Tell them to seek the Saviour. Light will come some time, if it is at the last hour. I prayed God to let me see you once more. He has granted my last prayer; and now,—now I am ready."

Her voice faltered; she could say no more. I prayed some two or three minutes by her bedside; we rose from our knees, and in less than five minutes more she was dead. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

It was pleasant to hear this dying girl affirm her faith, and to witness her joy at the moment of death. But I do not know that this joy amounted to any more real evidence of her effectual calling to Christ by the Holy Spirit than she had presented before. Faith is one thing, and feeling is another. It is the faith that saves. It is the feeling that comforts. But the faith may exist where the feeling is wanting. The principle may exist where its action is wanting.

If this poor girl had died in all her darkness and fears, I should not have despaired of her. Amid all her glooms of guilt, I thought she exhibited proofs of faith. It seemed to me that it was faith which made her attend to the truths of the bible with such careful scrutiny and enduring perseverance at the very moment when she saw no light in it for her;—that it was faith which made her pray so fervently and without faltering, month after month, at the very time when she did not suppose she received any answer;—that it was faith which kept her, in her most gloomy times, perfectly free from any besetting doubt that there is salvation for sinners in Jesus Christ freely offered to them in the love of God;—that it was faith that made her so perfectly assured that peace with God is attainable, and made her long for it as the only thing she cared for;—yea, that it was faith which gave to her very glooms their most terrible aspect, creating such a confident and continued conviction that if Christ was not found everything was lost. Her grief was not that of an alien and an enemy,

but that of an affectionate but disinherited child. The very point of her anguish consisted in this,—namely, that she believed Christ to be a full and free Saviour, and yet could find no evidence in her heart that she trusted in Him. The promises were precious things in her heart's estimation, but they seemed to her to be precious things which she did not embrace. She distrusted herself, but not God. She was afraid to believe that she was a believer. She was so tremblingly afraid of getting wrong, that she dared not think she could possibly be right. On this ground, I was led to believe that Mary Ann was a child of God long before that memorable light shone on her soul in the hour of death. She was in darkness, not because she had no faith, but because she did not believe she had any. She had a title to heaven without having eyes to read it.

Her mother, father, and physician (who was a pious man), all her friends, as I suppose, regarded this bright close of her earthly experience very differently from myself. They appeared to look upon it as the commencement of her faith, thinking that God had first appeared for her in that time of her first triumph and joy. Such an idea, in similar cases, I suppose to be common, and I suppose it to be an error, and a very misleading one, especially to many unconverted sinners. Such unconverted sinners hear of instances like this, and, therefore, hope that it may be just so with themselves when they shall be called to die. On the ground of this hope, they speak a deceitful peace to their own hearts without any definite, determined, and prayerful efforts to prepare for death,—just leaving it to that coming hour itself to bring along with it the preparation they need. Their secret thought is,—such an one, who always lived without religion, died in peace at last, and why should not I? Delusive thought, and often fatal! These persons never stop to inquire what had been the previous heart history, the struggles, and prayers of those whose peaceful death they mention, They themselves are not living such a life as their now departed acquaintance did, who died in peace; and, therefore, they have no good reason to think they shall die such a death. Too hastily they say of such an one, "he lived all his life without religion." They say what they do not know, and what, probably, is false. If any one would hope to die like Mary Ann, let him live like Mary Ann. Her supreme aim, and her agonizing prayer for months, sought the favour of

God. To gain this, she omitted nothing which she deemed a duty,—she deferred nothing to a future hour. To gain this was all her desire, and no discouragement could make her falter, or turn her aside. "Go thou and do likewise," if thou wouldst die like Mary Ann.*

* That a person who dies in a state of despair, where there is physical disease, as in the case of the poet Cowper, may be saved, there can be no question; but it is a somewhat hazardous position to affirm that a person of sound mind can be saved in despair. For is it not saying that a person can be saved without faith? Will conviction of sin, however deep,—distress, however pungent, save without faith? Till we believe that God will have mercy upon us if we trust in him, do we not make God a liar? Perhaps the author judged rightly as well as charitably in this case; but we should be cautious how we connect, in other cases, safety with despair.

Poetry.

THE LAST RESOLVE.

Did Jesus die, but not for me?
  Am I forbid to seek my God?
Is there not pardon rich and free,
  Proclaim'd through Jesus' precious blood?

Who then shall drive my trembling soul
  From thee, my God, to black despair?
Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
  And found my name not written there?

Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
  To limit mercy's sovereign reign:
What other happy souls have found,
  I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.

I own my guilt, my sins confess:
  Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes, already numberless,
  Vain the attempt to swell the score.

Were the black list before my sight,
  While I remember thou hast died,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight,
  To seek salvation at thy side.

Lord, at thy feet I'll cast me down,
  To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And—if thou spurn me from thy throne—
  I'll be the first who perish'd there.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE HAPPY MAN was born in the city of Regeneration, in the parish of Repentance unto Life; he was educated in the School of Obedience; he now lives in the plains of Perseverance, and works at his trade of Diligence; notwithstanding which he has a large estate in the county of Christian Contentment; he many times does jobs of Self-denial; he wears a plain garment of Humility, and has a better suit to put on called the robe of Christ's righteousness; he often walks in the valley of Self-abasement, and sometimes climbs the hill of Spiritual-mindedness; he breakfasts every morning on Prayer, and sups every evening on the same; he has meat to eat that the world knows not of, and his drink is the sincere milk of the Word. Thus, happy he lives and happy he dies. Happy is he who has gospel submission in his will, due order in his affections, sound peace in his conscience, sanctifying grace in his heart, a Redeemer's yoke on his neck, a crown of glory on his head, and a vain world under his feet. Happy is the life, and glorious is the death, of such a man; and the way to obtain such happiness is, to pray fervently, believe firmly, wait patiently, live holy, die daily, love Christ, and long for glory.

FORGIVING OTHERS OUT OF LOVE TO CHRIST.—I met yesterday with A. You know how much and how grievously he has offended me. I was just about to pass him coldly when I thought on the Lord Jesus. For a moment the struggle was dubious. I held out my hand and spoke to him; my heart burned within me, and I could hardly refrain from tears. How perfectly different it is to perform or omit an action on a thousand other grounds, or out of love to a forgiving Saviour! I know not whether I am already regenerated; but this I do know, that it must be an inexpressibly blessed thing to be a true christian. It often appears to me as if, through the knowledge of my own misery and corruption, together with the knowledge of the love of God in Jesus Christ my Lord, that I had been permitted to lift up for a moment the veil of a great sanctuary; and the glimpse thus obtained has so filled my soul with a reverential joy, that I would patiently wait for whole years before that veil if it might be once more withdrawn, fully assured as I am of the resplendent glories which lie behind it.

THE SUPPORT OF RELIGION.—On its being remarked to the late Mr. John Thorowgood, of Bocking, when on his death-bed, that nothing but the truths of religion could support a person in such a situation, he answered, "Ah! sir, nothing but these things *ought* to satisfy a person *before* he comes into this situation."

her only sister, that she might bid her a last farewell. I had run all the way there and back again, a distance of two and a half miles, when, upon going up stairs, she feebly faltered, "Is that my son come back?" I answered, "Yes, mother, it is I. Aunt will be here directly"—but she arrived too late. She slowly raised her dying head, and while from her eyes beamed a look of tenderness which reached my inmost heart, she exclaimed, "God bless thee, Tom! God bless thee!" Her head fell back; her eyes had looked upon me for the last time. Before the sound of her voice seemed to have passed away, her soul had fled—so gently did the hand of death steal over her feeble frame. I could not believe it—my mother dead! I breathed not; but there, with my eyes riveted upon her, I stood intensely gazing upon her lips, which seemed to move, yet spoke not. I thought her eyes were open again; but a tear hastily brushed by the sleeve of my jacket from my own, convinced me that her's were shut. That pause, that awful agonizing suspense having passed away, I exclaimed, just able to speak, "she's dead." Never shall I forget the passionate grief of my sister and brother. Though I was but a boy, the reality of the scene, as it opened to my mind with all its power, seemed for the time to petrify me. The fount of tears, by the intensity of my feelings, was closed. I could rest nowhere. If I left my dead mother I thought I heard her calling for me. Oh! what agony I endured. To my mind the loneliness of our situation was clearly depicted; the past of happiness, the present of misery, the future I knew not what, alternately rushed across my mind, till I was almost in despair. Then the dying invocation of my mother would ring in my ears, soothing and allaying my misery, till, from its influence, I could feel almost calm again; and then again would the sad reality rush across my mind, and make me more wretched than before.

A few days passed, and from the door was carried the dust of her whom, more than all the world besides, I loved, to be laid in the sad silent graveyard. Weeks and months rolled on, till our hearts became in a measure resigned to our lot.

Years have passed since then; and though the lapse of time, and intercourse with other friends of warm hearts and pure affections, have partially obliterated the details of that sad scene from my remembrance, there still is around me the dying benison of my mother—the protection of God. That dying prayer was registered in heaven, hallowed by her last breath, endorsed by the mercy of God, and sealed with the blood of Christ. Talk to me of riches, or honour, or fame, of all that the world panders to or flatters; of the silver of Peru, the gold of Mexico, or the jewels of Golconda, I would not, for all these, barter the holy gushing delight which the remembrance of my mother's dying blessing affords me in hours of worldly anxiety and care. T. M. W.

The Penny Post Box.

THE DYING CABMAN WHO HAD NO SABBATH.

As attempts are now making in Parliament to open more places of amusement on the sacred day of rest, and so employ more men, like this poor cabmen, to convey the people backwards and forwards to Sydenham, Hampton Court, Kew Gardens, Kensington, and such places, I send you a copy of a little tract which tells a sad tale. I am for every man having his sabbath-day for himself. It is especially the poor man's resting day; and he ought to have it, and not be compelled to work on that day to minister to the selfish gratification of sabbath breakers, or run the risk of losing his place all the other days of the week.

"I am dying—I feel I'm dying—fetch some one to pray for me," cried a poor cabman not long ago, who, having been thrown from his box, had sustained a mortal injury, and who was told by the hospital surgeon that he would not live more than a few hours.

"Run, George, as fast as you can," said the weeping wife to the poor lad, who had buried his face on the bed on which his dying father was laid, "run and tell Mr. —— that your father has got nearly killed, and wants him to come directly and pray for him."

Whilst the sorrowful boy was threading his way along the busy streets of London to the house of the minister, medical attendants and the nurse did what they could to alleviate the agonies of the sufferer. Severe as his bodily pains were, these seemed to be slight compared with the horror of death which overwhelmed him.

"I've been a wicked man—oh that I had lived a different life—oh that I had sought for mercy when in health—it's too late now."

It was not long before the minister was bending over the yet breathing body of the cabman; but life was nearly gone.

The words of mercy—of pardon for the vilest of the vile, through faith in Christ, were whispered in his ears. He listened, but seemed not to comprehend their meaning.

A convulsive struggle shewed that the conflict was nearly over.

His half-closed eyes were once more opened, when, with an expiring effort, he muttered, "I've had no Sundays."

Pen cannot describe, nor pencil depict, the look of despair with which these words were uttered.

He spake no more. In a few moments his spirit departed, and the poor sabbathless cabman lay a cold and lifeless corpse.

Reader! are you doing what you can to secure to such men as these the blessings of a sabbath-day?

Facts, Hints, and Gems.

Facts.

NATIONAL BEVERAGES.—All Europe has chosen its prevailing beverage. Spain and Italy delight in chocolate; France and Germany, Sweden and Turkey, in coffee; Russia, Holland, and England, in tea; whilst poor Ireland makes a warm drink from the husks of the cocoa, the refuse of the chocolate mills of Italy and Spain. All Asia feels the same want, and, in different ways, has long gratified it. Coffee, indigenous in Arabia, or the adjoining countries, has followed the banner of the prophet wherever his false faith has triumphed. Tea, a native of China, has spread spontaneously over the hill country of the Himalayas, the table-lands of Tartary and Thibet, and the plains of Siberia—has climbed the Altais, overspread all Russia, and is equally despotic in Moscow as in St. Petersburg. In Sumatra, the coffee leaf yields the favourite tea of the dark skinned population; while Central Africa boasts of the Abyssinian *chaat* as the indigenous warm drink of its Ethiopian peoples. Every where unintoxicating and non-narcotic beverages are in general use, among tribes of every colour, beneath every sun, and in every condition of life.—*Professor Johnston.*

THE MARKET GARDENERS FOR LONDON.—The care and attention bestowed by the market gardeners is incredible to those who have not witnessed it. Every inch of ground is taken advantage of—cultivation runs between the fruit trees; cabbages and cauliflowers swarm up to the very trunks of apple trees; rasp berry bushes are surrounded and cut off by young seedlings. If you see an acre of celery growing in ridges, be sure that, on a narrow inspection, you will find long files of young peas picking their way along the furrows. Every thing flourishes here except weeds, and you may go over a 150 acre piece of ground without discovering a single one. But the very high state of cultivation in the metropolitan market gardens necessitates the employment of a large amount of labour; and it is supposed that no less than 35,000 persons are engaged in the service of filling the vegetable and desert dishes of the metropolis. This estimate leaves out those in the provinces and on the continent, which would, we doubt not, nearly double the calculation, and show a troop of men and women as large as the allied army now acting in the east.

Quarterly Review.

Hints.

GOOD HEALTH.—Sir W. Temple, who was a rich man, said that the only way for a rich man to enjoy good health, was for him to take as much exercise, and use as much abstinence, as if he were working for his daily bread.

CARE OF HEALTH.—Sterne compared those who are always in fear about their health to misers, who take so much care of their money that they have never spirit enough to enjoy it.

LIVING LONG.—He lives long who lives well. He who lives badly shortens his own term of life; for all such living is wasted time, and worse.

A WORD TO YOUNG SERVANTS.—Dont be of the nature of the besoms you use, which sweep clear for a few days, and then grow useless—worn down to the stump.

: COVERS SINS, and is never
ut when called to spy out
Like the painter who, when
ng the likeness of a friend
blemish on one eye, would
icture the other side of his

SWORD OF WIT, like the
scythe of Time, cuts down
ore it, and often, in its wan-
ep, brings down both friend
together. It is a dangerous
nent. If you have it mind
n use it.

Gems.

MON THINGS are not to be
d. The most valuable bles-
are common blessings, and
at valuable truths are com-
truths. That Jesus Christ
nto the world to save sinners
most common, but the most
le, truth in the world.

CTIFIED SICKNESS teaches us
ings. 1, our frailty; 2, our
ness; 3, our helplessness;
the preciousness of Jesus
our Saviour.

TH AND FAVOUR.—If the eye
faith be directed to God
h Christ, the eye of his favour
ist will be directed to us.

IST BORE MY SINS in his
ody on the tree. Take away
act from the bible, and you
as well take away the bible
her; for this is the sum and
nce of it.

MEMBER YOUR SINS if you
ook at them steadily too, and
the very worst of them. But
g as you have a bible, and a
ar to fly to, never be terrified,
ere is now no condemnation
m that are in Christ Jesus.

E BLOOD OF CHRIST, and the
of Christ only, is the sovereign
y for the disease of sin in my
and it is at my *everlasting*
but I dare to use any other.

Poetic Selections.

A WELCOME TO THE SABBATH.

By a Working Man.

GOD deigned by an all-wise decree,
One day in seven a rest should be
From worldly toil and worldly care,
That all might join in praise and prayer.

Six days our busy hands have been
Employed in labour hard I ween,
And now we hail the blessed day,
That calls us from such scenes away.

With longing heart and willing feet
We now for sacred worship meet,
And all unite with joy to raise,
One grateful song of ardent praise.

And then we listen to that word
Which tells of our redeeming Lord,
Of how he lived, and loved, and died,
Who for our sins was crucified.

Quickly our sabbaths pass away,
And soon will come eternal day,
When we shall endless sabbath spend
Mid scenes of joy that ne'er will end.

R. C.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

SAY why should friendship grieve for those
Who save arrive on Canaan's shore?
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost, but gone before.

How many days of pain on earth,
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er;
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth—
They are not lost, but gone before.

To Jordan's banks when e'er we come,
And hear the swelling billows roar,
Jesus convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

THE LAST REFUGE.

FATHER, dost thou seem to frown,
Let me shelter in thy Son;
Jesus, to thy arms I fly,
Come and save me or I die.

JOY IN DEATH.

IF THOU, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

FOR A DYING HOUR.

IF I must die, as die I must,
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my Eternal home.
Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view;
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

The Children's Corner.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
  Of youthful connexions and innocent joy,
When, bless'd with parental advice and affection,
  Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high,
I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
  The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that best of all books, which excell'd every other—
  That family Bible, that lay on the stand;
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
  The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
  At morn and at evening, would yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
  For mercy by day, and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
  All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
  Describ'd in the Bible that lay on the stand.
That best of all books, which excell'd every other—
  The family Bible that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted;
  My hope's almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
  And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
  Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand!
O let me, with patience, receive his correction,
  And think of the Bible that lay on the stand;
That best of all books, which excell'd every other—
  The family Bible that lay on the stand.

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AN AUTO DE FE BEFORE PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

The *Auto de fe*, or act of faith, was the most imposing, as it was the most awful, of the solemnities authorized by the Roman Catholic Church. It was intended, somewhat profanely, as has been intimated, to combine the pomp of the Roman triumph with the terrors of the day of judgment. It may remind one quite as much of those bloody festivals prepared for the entertainment of the Cæsars in the Colisæum. The religious import of the *Auto de fe* was intimated by the circumstance of its being celebrated on Sunday, or some holiday of the church. An indulgence for forty days was granted by the pope to all who should be present at the spectacle; as if the appetite for witnessing the scenes of human suffering required to be stimulated by a bounty; that, too, in Spain, where the amusements were, and still are, of the most sanguinary character.

The scene for this second *Auto de fe* at Valladolid was the great square in front of the church of St. Francis. At one end a platform was raised, covered with rich carpeting, on which were ranged the seats of the inquisitors, emblazoned with the arms of the Holy Office. Near to this was the royal gallery, a private entrance to which secured the inmates from molestation by the crowd. Opposite to this gallery a large scaffold was erected, so as to be visible from all parts of the arena, and was appropriated to the unhappy martyrs who were to suffer in the *Auto*.

At six in the morning all the bells in the capital began to toll, and a solemn procession was seen to move from the dismal

fortress of the Inquisition. In the van marched a body of troops, to secure a free passage for the procession. Then came the condemned, each attended by two familiars of the holy office, and those who were to suffer at the stake by two friars, in addition, exhorting the heretic to abjure his errors. Those admitted to penitence wore a sable dress; while the unfortunate martyr was enveloped in a loose sack of yellow cloth—the *san benito;* with his head surmounted by a cap of pasteboard of a conical form, which, together with the cloak, was embroidered with figures of flames, and of devils fanning and feeding them; all emblematical of the destiny of the heretic's soul in the world to come, as well as of his body in the present. Then came the magistrates of the city, the judges of the courts, the ecclesiastical orders, and the nobles of the land, on horseback. These were followed by the members of the dread tribunal, and the fiscal, bearing a standard of crimson damask, on one side of which were displayed the arms of the Inquisition, and on the other the insignia of its founders, Sixtus the Fifth, and Ferdinand the Catholic. Next came a numerous train of familiars, well mounted, among whom were many gentry of the province, proud to act as the body-guard of the holy office. The rear was brought up by an immense concourse of the common people, stimulated on the present occasion, no doubt, by the loyal desire to see their new sovereign, as well as by the ambition to share in the triumphs of the *Auto de fe.* The number thus drawn together from the capital and the country, far exceeding what was usual on such occasions, was estimated by one present at full two hundred thousand.

As the multitude defiled into the square, the inquisitors took their place on the seats prepared for their reception. The condemned were conducted to the scaffold, and the royal station was occupied by Philip with the different members of his household. At his side sat his sister, the late regent,—his son, Don Carlos,—his nephew, Alexander Farnese,—several foreign ambassadors, and the principal grandees and higher ecclesiastics in attendance on the court. It was an august assembly of the greatest and the proudest in the land. But the most indifferent spectator, who had a spark of humanity in his bosom, might have turned with feelings of admiration from this array of worldly power, to the poor martyr, who, with no support but what he drew from within, was prepared

to defy this power and to lay down his life in vindication of the rights of conscience. Some there may have been, in that large concourse, who shared in these sentiments. But their number was small indeed in comparison with those who looked on the wretched victim as the enemy of God, and his approaching sacrifice as the most glorious triumph of the cross.

The ceremonies began with a sermon, "The sermon of the faith," by the bishop of Zamora. The subject of it may well be guessed from the occasion. It was no doubt plentifully larded with texts of scripture, and, unless the preacher departed from the fashion of the time, with passages from heathen writers, however much out of place they may seem in an orthodox discourse.

When the bishop had concluded, the grand inquisitor administered an oath to the assembled mnltitude, who on their knees solemnly swore to defend the Inquisition, to maintain the purity of the faith, and to inform against any one who should swerve from it. As Philip repeated an oath of similar import, he suited the action to the word, and, rising from his seat, drew his sword from its scabbard, as if to announce himself the determined champion of the holy office. In the earlier *Autos* of the Moorish and Jewish infidels, so humiliating an oath had never been exacted from the sovereign.

After this, the secretary of the tribunal read aloud an instrument reciting the grounds for the conviction of the prisoners, and the respective sentences pronounced against them. Those who were to be admitted to penitence, each, as his sentence was proclaimed, knelt down, and with his hands on the missal, solemnly abjured his errors, and was absolved by the grand inquisitor. The absolution, however, was not so entire as to relieve the offender from the penalty of his transgressions in this world. Some were doomed to perpetual imprisonment in the cells of the Inquisition, others to light penances. All were doomed to the confiscation of their property—a point of too great moment to the welfare of the tribunal ever to be omitted. Besides this, in many cases the offender, and, by a glaring perversion of justice, his immediate descendants, were rendered for ever ineligible to public office of any kind, and their names branded with perpetual infamy. Thus blighted in fortune and in character, they were said, in the soft language of the Inquisition, to be *reconciled.*

As these unfortunate persons were remanded under a strong

guard to their prisons, all eyes were turned on the little company of martyrs, who, clothed in the ignominious garb of the *san benito*, stood waiting the sentence of their judges with cords around their necks, and in their hands a cross, or sometimes an inverted torch, typical of their own speedy dissolution. The interest of the spectators was still further excited, in the present instance, by the fact that several of these victims were not only illustrious for their rank, but yet more so for their talents and virtues. In their haggard looks, their emaciated forms, and too often, alas! their distorted limbs, it was easy to read the story of their sufferings during their long imprisonment, for some of them had been confined in the dark cells of the Inquisition for much more than a year. Yet their countenances, though haggard, far from showing any signs of weakness or fear, were lighted up with a glow of holy enthusiasm, as of men prepared to seal their testimony with their blood.

When that part of the process showing the grounds of their conviction had been read, the grand inquisitor consigned them to the hands of the corregidor of the city, beseeching him to deal with the prisoners in all kindness and mercy; a honeyed, but most hypocritical phrase, since no choice was left to the civil magistrate but to execute the terrible sentence of the law against heretics, the preparations for which had been made by him a week before.

The whole number of convicts amounted to thirty, of whom sixteen were reconciled, and the remainder relaxed to the secular arm—in other words, turned over to the civil magistrates for execution. There were few of those thus condemned who, when brought to the stake, did not so far shrink from the dreadful doom that awaited them, as to consent to purchase a commutation of it by confession before they died; in which case they were strangled by the *garrote*, before their bodies were thrown into the flames.

Of the present number there were only two whose constancy triumphed to the last over the dread of suffering, and who refused to purchase any commutation of it by a compromise with conscience. The names of these martyrs should be engraven on the record of history.

One of them was Don Carlos de Seso, a noble Florentine, who stood high in the favour of Charles the Fifth. Being united with a lady of rank in Castile, he removed to that country, and took up his residence in Valladolid. He had

become a convert to the Lutheran doctrines, which he first communicated to his own family, and afterwards showed equal zeal in propagating among the people of Valladolid and its neighbourhood. In short, there was no man to whose untiring and intrepid labours the cause of the reformed religion in Spain was more indebted. He was, of course, a conspicuous mark for the Inquisition.

During the fifteen months in which he lay in its gloomy cells, cut off from human sympathy and support, his constancy remained unshaken. The night preceding his execution, when his sentence had been announced to him, De Seso called for writing materials. It was thought he designed to propitiate his judges by a full confession of his errors. But the confession he made was of another kind. He insisted on the errors of the Romish church, and avowed his unshaken trust in the great truths of the Reformation. The document, covering two sheets of paper, is pronounced by the Secretary of the Inquisition, to be a composition equally remarkable for its energy and precision. When led before the royal gallery, on his way to the place of execution, De Seso pathetically exclaimed to Philip, "Is it thus that you allow your innocent subjects to be persecuted?" To which the King made the memorable reply, "If it were my own son, I would fetch the wood to burn him, were he such a wretch as thou art!" It was certainly a characteristic answer.

At the stake, De Seso showed the same unshaken constancy, bearing his testimony to the truth of the great cause for which he gave up his life. As the flames crept slowly around, he called on the soldiers to heap up the fagots that his agonies might be sooner ended; and his executioners, indignant at the obstinacy—the heroism—of the martyr, were not slow in obeying his commands.

The companion and fellow-sufferer of De Seso, was Domingo de Roxas, son of the Marquis de Poza, an unhappy noble, who had seen five of his family, including his eldest son, condemned to various humiliating penances by the Inquisition for their heretical opinions. This one was now to suffer death. De Roxas was a Dominican monk. It is singular that this order, from which the ministers of the holy office were particularly taken, furnished many proselytes to the reformed religion. De Roxas, as was the usage with ecclesiastics, was allowed to retain his sacerdotal habit until

his sentence had been read, when he was degraded from his ecclesiastical rank, his vestments were stripped off one after another, and the hideous dress of the *san benito* thrown over him, amid the shouts and derision of the populace. Thus apparelled, he made an attempt to address the spectators around the scaffold; but no sooner did he begin to raise his voice against the errors and cruelties of Rome, than Philip indignantly commanded him to be gagged. The gag was a piece of cleft wood, which forcibly compressing the tongue, had the additional advantage of causing great pain while it silenced the offender. Even when he was bound to the stake, the gag, though contrary to custom, was suffered to remain in the mouth of De Roxas, as if his enemies dreaded the effects of an eloquence that triumphed over the anguish of death.

The place of execution—the *quemadero*, the burning place, as it was called—was a spot selected for the purpose without the walls of the city. Those who attended an *Auto de fe* were not, therefore, necessarily, as is commonly imagined, spectators of the tragic scene that concluded it. The great body of the people, and many of higher rank, no doubt, followed to the place of execution. On this occasion, there is reason to think, from the language—somewhat equivocal, it is true—of Philip's biographer, that the monarch chose to testify his devotion to the Inquisition by witnessing in person the apalling close of the drama; while his guards mingled with the menials of the holy office, and heaped up the fagots around their victims.

Such was the cruel exhibition which, under the garb of a religious festival, was thought the most fitting ceremonial for welcoming the catholic monarch to his dominions! During the whole time of its duration in the public square, from six in the morning till two in the afternoon, no symptom of impatience was exhibited by the spectators, and, as may well be believed, no sign of sympathy for the sufferers. It would be difficult to devise a better school for perverting the moral sense, and deadening the sensibilities of a nation.—*Prescott.*

This Philip was the husband of our wretched queen Mary, and he who afterwards fitted out the great Armada to subdue England to popery and the Inquisition. But God scattered his proud fleets, and preserved us from the monster. Poor Spain is yet cursed with popery, but England is free, and will be so long as she keeps fast hold of the Bible and the Sabbath.

Poetry.

RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

All-knowing God! 'tis thine to know
The spring whence wrong opinions flow,
To judge by principles within,
Both when we err, and when we sin.

Who among men, high Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call?
For modes of faith, judge him a foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?

Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Govern'd by thy commands alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.

If wrong forgive, approve if right;
While faithful, we obey our light,
And censuring none, are zealous still
To follow as to learn thy will.

When shall our happy eyes behold
All people fashion'd in this mould?
And charity our lineage prove,
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love!

Anecdotes and Selections.

A Sabbath Keeper in Prison.—Two gentlemen, (one of them a minister, deceased, the Rev. J. Cooke, of Maidenhead, who related this anecdote to the writer,) passing through the town of C——d, and having a little time to spare, visited the county jail, and conversed with several of the prisoners, most of whom were differently employed; some working at their respective trades, some gambling, some swearing, and one, whose appearance greatly interested them, reading the Bible. The gentleman noticed this circumstance to the person who conducted them: "O yes," he replied, "He is for ever reading his Bible, and would fain persuade the rest to do so too. He is a very religious man, very religious indeed; in fact, his religion has brought all his troubles upon him: at one time he was as flourishing a tradesman as any in this tow Still more interested in this account, they resolved on inqu

farther into the matter from the individual himself, when a conversation took place to the following effect, and nearly in the following words :—

Minister.—Well, my friend, you have the best of books there to beguile the dreary hours. I hope it affords you consolation in your present trying circumstances.

Prisoner.—Yes, sir; I bless God it does. His statutes are my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.

M.—Have you long been familiar with its sacred pages.

P.—Yes, sir; several years it has been my guide and support.

Gent.—I should rather have feared that you had not been guided by its rules of holy prudence and correctness. Many profess to love the Bible, whose inconsistencies of conduct are a reproach to the religion they profess. To such, its consolations do not belong. It is not common for the Bible to conduct its conscientious and consistent followers to a prison; and yet we have been told that your religion brought you here.

P.—True, sir. I sometimes grieve lest religion should be reproached on my account; and yet I bless God I have the testimony of a good conscience; and I most humbly, yet firmly, say, that religion has brought me to this place.

G.—If you can prove that, I will answer for it, religion will bring you out again. Pray relate the circumstances.

P.—I was a grocer, sir, in the most advantageous part of the town, and in a thriving way of business. My good old landlord died about three years ago, at which time my lease had nearly expired; but he had promised to renew it for me on favourable terms. In reliance on this, I laid out a great deal of money on the premises, which, however, would have paid me well had I been permitted to continue. On my landlord's death, the estate became the property of his brother, a man of wealth and influence, but a bitter enemy to religion. On coming to reside in our neighbourhood, and hearing that I made conscience of observing the sabbath, he vowed he would cure me of my foolish scruples, or else be the ruin of me. Accordingly, he sent several times on the sabbath to purchase goods at my shop, which I respectfully declined serving, and next day waited on him to offer an explanation of my conduct. He flew into a violent passion, and refused to hear a word I had to say; but swore that if, on the following sabbath, my shop was not open, at least till service time, he would leave no stone unturned to effect my ruin. I, however, felt it my duty to obey God rather than man, and hoped that his heart would be softened. But, on the contrary, he immediately deprived me of the custom of his house, which, in his brother's time, had been many pounds in my way; he forbade all that were in any way dependent on him to lay out a farthing at my shop; he refused to renew my lease, or to

allow me anything for what I had done on the premises; and he established an unprincipled man in the same trade at the very next door, and supported him in selling goods at such a price, that it was impossible for me to compete with him. The customers deserted my shop; and by the time my lease expired, the stock in trade and furniture of my house were barely sufficient to pay off my just debts. However, though stripped quite bare, I was not out of heart; but trusted, if I began again in ever so small away, I might obtain a livelihood for my family; and you know, sir, "a little with the fear of the Lord, is better than the great riches of many wicked." But even in this I was disappointed; for my relentless enemy pursued me still farther. He proceeded against me at law for pulling down an old out-house on his premises, though what I had done was for the advantage of the estate, as well as for my own convenience. However, I had no one to take my part, and judgment went against me; and I am sent here to pay the damages.

G.—And how are you supported here? and what is become of your family?

P.—My wife, sir, who was well brought up, has opened a little school, by which she is enabled to get a living, though but a scanty one; yet she makes no complaint. I fear she often stints herself to bring me little comforts; for the prison allowance is but scanty and coarse to one who has known plenty and comfort at home. Yet God forbid that I should murmur or repine! I often think with pity of the poor unhappy man that sent me here; and though I would not for the world exchange lots with him, I pray that he may be as happy amidst his wealth, as I am in my destitution.

The gentleman inquired whether this affecting case could be well attested. Finding that the statement was perfectly correct, and being a man of property, he took immediate measures to procure the good man's liberation. He also interested several other friends in his behalf, who each lent him a small sum, by means of which he was once more established in business in a small way. The blessing of heaven rested on his exertions, and in a few years he was enabled to repay the money that had been lent him. Meanwhile, the sabbath-breaking shopkeeper, who had been set up to oppose him in his old shop, ran through a vast deal of property, and failed in business, chiefly at the cost of his patron. A series of personal and domestic trials had somewhat subdued the haughty and malignant spirit of this man; his conscience smote him for his former cruelty and oppression; and he humbled himself so far as to acknowledge his fault, and offer to reinstate the object of his enmity in the spot from which he had unjustly expelled him. The offer was accepted. The shop formerly his own, and that occupied by the bankrupt, were thrown into one, in which, for many years

he carried on a most prosperous trade, and contributed largely of his substance to every benevolent and pious design. He also found that his truly christian conduct had been the means of producing salutary impressions on the minds of some of his fellow-prisoners.

God sees You!—Persons inclined to the sin of stealing, are satisfied if they can only be certain they shall not be found out. I once heard it related, that a man who was in the habit of going to a neighbour's corn-field to steal the ears, one day took with him his son, a boy eight years old. The father told him to hold the bag, while he looked if any one was near to see him. After standing on the fence, and peeping through all the corn rows, he returned to take the bag from the child, and began his guilty work, "Father," said the boy, "you forgot to look somewhere else." The man dropped the bag in a fright, and said, "Which way, child?" supposing he had seen some one. "You forgot to look up to the sky to see if God was noticing you." The father felt this reproof of his child so much, that he left the corn, returned home, and never again ventured to steal; remembering the truth his child had taught him, that the eye of God always beholds us. "God sees me," is a thought that would keep us from many evil acts, if we tried constantly to feel its truth.

Hugh Peters was the third pastor of the Salem church; but after a few years' residence in Massachusetts, he returned to England, and was executed for alleged treason, under Charles II., 1661. Just before he was taken to the scaffold, he sent his daughter a piece of gold, as a keepsake, and a small volume, written while in prison, entitled, "A Dying Father's Legacy to an only Child." The contents of the volume were as follows: "Whoever would live long and blessedly, let him observe these rules, by which he shall attain to that which he desireth:—

Let thy	thoughts	be	holy and godly.
	talk		sincere, honest, true.
	words		candid, profitable.
	behaviour		civil, cheerful, modest.
	diet		temperate, frugal.
	apparel		neat, comely.
	will		obedient, resigned.
	sleep		seasonable, moderate.
	prayers		short, fervent, stated.
	recreation		lawful, brief, seldom.
	memory		of eternity and judgment.

And such a man as this was put to death in the reign of Charles II., one of the most licentious kings that ever sat on a throne.

A Sister's Influence.—"I was drunk once," said a young man to us, the other day, "and I never shall forget it. In company with several jovial fellows, I was induced to drink pretty freely, and by the time I got home, I scarcely knew where I was, or what I was doing. I was put to bed, and how long I laid there I do not know; but when I awoke, my sister was sitting beside the bed, engaged in sewing. The moment her eyes fell on my face she burst into a flood of tears, and wept as if her heart would break. Overwhelmed with shame for my conduct, I then formed a resolution that I would never get drunk again; I have adhered to it for some years, and I mean it."

The Fireside.

THE FIRST TWELVE NUMBERS.

TO BE GOT OFF BY THE CHILDREN AT THE FIRESIDE.

One God there is who reigns in heaven above,
Supremely great in wisdom, power, and love;
He sees and knows, and judges all below:
Is that almighty God thy friend or foe?

Two ways there are, and one by thee is trod,—
The broad way leads to hell, the straight to God:
Hast thou with faith and love the scriptures read?
And dost thou know the way thy feet should tread?

Three cubits high—Jehovah gave the word—
Did Moses build the altar of the Lord;
From thy heart's altar prayer and praise should rise,
To him who bled for thee in sacrifice.

Four seasons—summer, autumn, winter, spring—
Proclaim, in passing, "Time is on the wing:"
Hast thou a home prepared when life is o'er,
When seasons cease, and time shall be no more?

Five foolish virgins slept, the bridegroom came;
Their oilless lamps were found without a flame:
Is thy lamp ready, burning clear, and bright,
To enter heaven if thou should'st die this night?

Six days has God indulgently ordained
To serve thee for thy labour: these obtained,
Dost thou serve God when sabbath moments roll,
And praise his name with all thy heart and soul?

Seven years of famine, once at God's command,
Came o'er the world and scourged the Egyptian land;
While heavenly hands thy plenteous table spread,
Say, art thou grateful for thy daily bread?

Eight souls were saved, when, by Jehovah hurl'd,
The flood came rushing o'er the trembling world;
The ark preserved them from the waves' control:
What ark hast thou when death's dark stream shall roll?

Nine leprous men, though heal'd, refused to raise
Their voices to the great Physician's praise:
If thou art heal'd, thy grateful offering bring
To Jesus Christ, thy Saviour and thy King.

Ten wise commandments, holy, just, and true,
Were given to Israel's race to keep and do:
If every soul that sins is doom'd to die,
What hope hast thou when God thy soul shall try?

Eleven sons with Jacob's household went,
When he to soothe his brother's wrath was bent:
Hast thou an injured brother? strive to prove
The matchless tenderness and power of love.

Twelve were the apostles who had seen the Lord,
And, sent by him, proclaim'd his gracious word:
Hast thou bade all thy sins from thee depart,
And welcom'd CHRIST the Saviour to thy heart?

These simple lines, unpolished though they be,
With many a text of scripture well agree;
Go seek them, and may grace with sweet control,
Enlighten, sanctify, and bless thy soul.

The Penny Post Box.

ON BEING GIVEN TO LYING.

As some people are sadly given to lying, especially when they are talking about some distant place, where they know those they are talking to have never been, and therefore cannot find them out, permit me to give your readers a copy of a Russian Fable, called, "*The Wonderful Bridge.*"

"A nobleman, who had just returned from a tour through Southern Europe, one day took a walk with one of his friends. On the way, he spoke of the wonders he had seen in foreign countries, adding to the truth a good deal of invention. He was one of those Russians who are fond of vaunting foreign countries at the expense of their own, and he omitted no opportunity of comparing Russia very unfavourably with the lands he had just visited. Amongst other

things, he spoke with much contempt of the variableness of the climate of Russia, which is sometimes as warm as that of Persia, and sometimes as cold as that of Iceland; and declared that, on the contrary, in France and Italy the weather never changed, but was always warm and sunny. He asserted that in those countries neither darkness nor winter ever came, but that the year was one perpetual day and perpetual spring. He added: 'There, too, they neither plant nor sow; nevertheless their flowers and fruits are plentiful, and are the finest in the world. For instance, in Russia I never saw a cucumber longer than one's hand, but in Italy I saw one as large as a mountain!'

'Indeed!' replied his companion; 'that was certainly a wonderful cucumber. I never heard of a greater marvel, though there are marvels everywhere. We find wonderful things in all countries, in Russia as well as in Italy. For instance, there is something just before us, the like of which, I feel convinced, was never seen elsewhere—I mean the bridge we are coming to.'

'Ah, what of it, pray?'

'Why, it possesses this singularity—it will not allow a liar to pass over it. The moment a liar sets foot on it, it opens, and precipitates him into the river.'

'And is the river deep?'

'It is the deepest in the province. Is not this bridge, with its determination to punish liars, as great a curiosity as the Italian cucumber, which was as large as a mountain?'

'As large as a mountain, did I say? Perhaps as large as a house would have been more correct.'

'Well, certainly, a house is not so large as a mountain. Still a cucumber only as large as a house was a very great curiosity, though I do not think a greater than this bridge, which always refuses to let a liar cross over it.'

'No, not a greater, and, perhaps, after all, not so great a one as you think, for the houses in Italy are not nearly so large as ours; they are merely little cabins, in which you can but just stand upright, and which will not hold more than two or three persons at once.'

'Oh, well, if that be the case I shall insist that this bridge, which opens the moment a liar sets his foot on it, is the greater curiosity of the two. Still a cucumber as large as a hut, in which two or three persons could stand upright'——

The friends had now arrived at the foot of the Wonderful Bridge, and the nobleman here interrupted his companion. 'Stay!' he said hastily, 'I recollect some important business. I cannot go any further to-day; I ought to have been at home an hour ago.'"

Ever since this was written—1819—the Russians have been accustomed to speak of a liar as one who "dare not cross the Wonderful Bridge."

Facts, Hints, and Gems.

Facts.

Dignity of Labour.—In early life David kept his father's sheep; his was a life of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labour, yet in the eyes of wise men industry is truly honourable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labour is man's natural condition, and most favourable to mental health and bodily vigour. Bishop Hall says, "Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing." From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest men been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man who was sent for from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep for forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. The apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen. From whence I infer that, when God has any great work to perform, he selects as his instruments those who, by their previous occupation, had acquired habits of industry, skill, and perseverance; and that, in every department of society, they are the most honourable who earn their own living by their own labour.

Waste of Land.—If we consider it to be a waste to employ land in the production of articles to be used in forming intoxicating liquors, the waste must be immense. A writer in a newspaper makes the following calculation: "There are 45,769 acres of land employed in the cultivation of hops, and one million acres of land employed to grow barley to convert into strong drink. According to Fulton's calculation, if the land which is employed in growing grain for the above purpose were to be appropriated to the production of grain for food, it would yield more than an annual four pound loaf to each of the supposed number of human beings in the world; or it would give three loaves per week to each family in the United Kingdom! If the loaves (each measuring four inches by twelve) were placed end to end they would extend 160,225 miles, or would more than describe the circumference of the globe six times!" But vast as this waste is it is a trifle when compared with that on the continent of Europe, where whole districts are devoted to the culture of the vine.

Hints.

Something may be Learned even from those who may not in all things be as clever as yourself. A thrifty matron once said, "I never had a servant yet, however clumsy or stupid, from whom I did not learn something."

Joking and Jesting.—You will generally find that the men who are the most ready to make jokes and jests on others, are the most unwilling to take back what they are so free in giving.

A Selfish Man acts as if the world was made for him, and not he for the world. He would fain take in everything and give back nothing; like the desert of sand, which receives showers and sunshine, but gives forth neither fruits nor flowers.

Weak Eyes.—Never expose them to a high cold wind. Shade them from the sun or any other strong light as much as you can. So says the great Hanoverian eye doctor.

Bodily Infirmities, like breaks in a wall, have often become avenues through which the light of heaven has entered to the soul, and made the imprisoned inmate long for release.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and he is a wise man who secures it, though at the expence of many things he would like to have.

Gems.

Good News for the Guilty.—God never pardons one sin, but he pardons all, and all for Christ's sake. Mind, you dishonour God more by not believing him when he says so, and he has said so, than ever you did by sinning against him; for if you do not believe his word you do all you can to make him a liar, which is horrible!

When all our Sins appear before our eyes in all their most horrid malignity and deformity, calling for our just condemnation, then is the time to turn and fix them steadily on the blood-stained cross of the Lamb of God. For the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

The Mercy of God is above all our sins or fears. You do not think so, perhaps; you wish you could. Well: he is able to do more than you can ask or think.

Christ bore our sins in his own body on the tree. God, for Christ's sake, forgives our sins. Take away these facts, and you take away the sum and substance of the whole Bible.

A Tender Conscience is not soon satisfied. Only the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot unto God, can pacify it.

What a Mercy it is, that God himself assures us that he is more ready to forgive us, than we are to forgive ourselves, or to forgive one another.

Poetic Selections.

Written by a Working Man.

MAY GOD DEFEND OUR SABBATH-DAY.

"May God defend our sabbath-day;"
Let every christian humbly pray;
And may its sacred hours of rest,
Be yet more sanctified and blest.

This precious boon to man was given,
To fit him for the rest of heaven;
A type of blessings yet to come,
When we arrive in heaven, our home.

May those who meet to make our laws,
Before they act stand still and pause—
Pause and reflect on what they do,
Lest untold evils should ensue.

Hard-working men, this rest you need,
The sabbath is your day indeed;
For then you rest from all your toil,
Or in the shop or on the soil.

The sabbath is a gift divine;
Goodness and mercy on it shine;
Never be told the shameful story,
That Englishmen have dimm'd its glory!

The sabbath is a charter grand,
For all within our happy land;
A foe to none—a friend to all,
To rich and poor, to great and small.

Then, brethren, let us for ever pray,
"May God defend our sabbath-day;"
And may its sacred hours of rest,
Be yet more sanctified and blest.

MY MANY WANTS.

I want to live to bless my race,
And tell them of redeeming grace;
I want to sée poor sinners turn,
Nor heaven's offer'd mercy spurn.

I want to see rebellious man
Accept salvation's wondrous plan;
I want to see the day of rest,
More holy, sanctified and blest.

I want to see our land progress
In morals and in righteousness;
I want to see God's work revive,
That souls now dead in sin may live.

I want, oh! how my wants increase,
I want to see the dawn of peace;
I want God's mercy day by day;
I want more faith whene'er I pray.

I want his Spirit to impart
More grace and love within my heart;
I want to praise him while I've breath;
I want to triumph over death.

I want—oh God this want supply;
I want to feel thee ever nigh;
Then when I reach yon happy shore,
I shall have all, and want no more.

Birmingham. R. C.

The Children's Corner.

THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG ON THE CHIMNEY TOP.

Early one morning, two Sunday school teachers, passing along the street, had their attention fixed by a right merry sound—a whoop, a halloo, and a rantan—somewhere over head; then a prolonged "All up, sweep!" They looked up, and saw some little black thing perched upon a chimney top. Sure enough it was one of their hopeful pupils! The little fellow sung, just like a lark at heaven's gate, at five o'clock on a May morning,—

"The sorrows of the mind,
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

The teachers looked at each other, "Well," said they, "the sorrows of the mind banished from a sooty boy—banished from a chimney top! well, this is worth something: our black little pupil has, for once, given us a lesson about what we are to do with our 'sorrows of the mind,' if they should intrude into our 'place.' So good bye little fellow, till we meet you on sabbath day, with that sweet voice, a smiling face, and a skin as clean as a penny, that you may receive some more lessons from us."

Take notice,—I lately saw some boys at a Sunday school whose skin was not as clean as a penny, and were they sweeps? If they had been there was no need of having a begrimed face, and ten dirty fingers on the sabbath day. Oh dear!

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SIEGE OF DERRY.

After William III. and Mary had been proclaimed King and Queen of England, James II., aided by Louis XIV. of France, made many attempts to regain the throne he had deserted. Both James and Louis were bad men, and worse kings—Louis was the great persecutor of his protestant subjects; and James, by lying and treachery, sought to restore popery in England. Their chief attempts were made in Ireland, to which Louis sent an army of soldiers, and nearly all the people, being ignorant papists, joined them. There were, however, in the northern parts of Ireland, a small band of protestants, especially in Derry—or, as it is often called, Londonderry. Before this city the French and Irish soldiers sat down. Many attempts were made to take it by storm, but without success. In the mean time, the people in the city were suffering dreadfully by famine, although several English vessels with provisions were in sight. Macaulay, in his new "History of England," thus describes the last successful struggle of the defenders of Derry. Let us not forget that by such desperate efforts as these our forefathers tore away the galling chains of popery from off their necks. Fools and blind shall we be if we ever put them on again:—

"By this time July (1689) was far advanced; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in: one of the bastions was laid in ruins; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting

men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthsful. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and sixpence. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress, that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money. The only price for which such a treasure could be obtained was some handsful of oatmeal. Leprosies, such as strange and unwholesome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and of the half-dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined: his innocence was fully proved: he regained his popularity; and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirit still unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors opened communications with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any words save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was 'No surrender.' And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, 'First the horses and hides; and then the prisoners; and then each other.' It was afterwards

related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets.

It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the garrison that all this time the English ships were seen far off in Lough Foyle. Communication between the fleet and the city was almost impossible. One diver who had attempted to pass the boom was drowned. Another was hanged. The language of signals was hardly intelligible. On the 13th of July, however, a piece of paper sewed up in a cloth button came to Walker's hands. It was a letter from Kirke, and contained assurances of speedy relief. But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed; and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope. By no art could the provisions which were left be made to hold out two days more.

Just at this time Kirke received a despatch from England, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved. He accordingly determined to make an attempt which, as far as appears, he might have made, with at least an equally fair prospect of success, six weeks earlier.

Among the merchant ships which had come to Lough Foyle under his convoy, was one called the 'Mountjoy.' The master, Micaiah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament. He now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succouring his fellow citizens; and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the 'Phœnix,' who had on board a great quantity of meal from Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honour. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the 'Dartmouth' frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

It was the 30th of July. The sun had just set: the evening sermon in the cathedral was over; and the heartbroken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril; for the river was low; and the only navigable

channel ran very near to the left bank, where the head-quarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the litttle squadron came to the place of peril. Then the 'Mountjoy' took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way: but the shock was such that the 'Mountjoy' rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks: the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board; but the 'Dartmouth' poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the 'Phœnix' dashed at the breach which the 'Mountjoy' had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The 'Mountjoy' began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more: a shot from one of the batteries had struck him. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began; but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the 'Mountjoy' grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing-place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three-quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone

bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the whole of the 31st of July the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, soon after the sun had again gone down, flames were seen arising from the camp; and, when the 1st of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

So ended this great siege, the most memorable in the annals of the British isles. It had lasted a hundred and five days. The garrison had been reduced from about seven thousand effective men to about three thousand. The loss of the besiegers cannot be precisely ascertained. Walker estimated it at eight thousand men. It is certain from the despatches of Avaux that the regiments which returned from the blockade had been so much thinned that many of them were not more than two hundred strong. Of thirty-six French gunners who had superintended the cannonading, thirty-one had been killed or disabled. The means both of attack and of defence had undoubtedly been such as would have moved the great warriors of the Continent to laughter; and this is the very circumstance which gives so peculiar an interest to the history of the contest. It was a contest, not between engineers, but between nations; and the victory remained with the nation which, though inferior in number, was superior in civilization, in capacity for self-government, and in stubbornness of resolution.

As soon as it was known that the Irish army had retired, a deputation from the city hastened to Lough Foyle, and invited Kirke to take the command. He came accompanied by a long train of officers, and was received in state by the two Governors, who delivered up to him the authority which, under the pressure of necessity, they had assumed. He remained only a few days; but he had time to show enough of the incurable vices of his character to disgust a population distinguished by austere morals and ardent public spirit. There was, however, no outbreak. The city was in the highest good humour. Such quantities of provisions had been landed from the fleet, that there was in every house a plenty never before known. A few days earlier a man had been glad to obtain for twentypence a

mouthful of carrion scraped from the bones of a starved horse. A pound of good beef was now sold for threehalfpence. Meanwhile all hands were busied in removing corpses which had been thinly covered with earth, in filling up the holes which the shells had ploughed in the ground, and in repairing the battered roofs of the houses. The recollection of past dangers and privations, and the consciousness of having deserved well of the English nation and of all Protestant churches, swelled the hearts of the townspeople with honest satisfaction. That satisfaction grew stronger when they received from William a letter acknowledging, in the most affectionate language, the debt which he owed to the brave and trusty citizens of his good city. The whole population crowded to the 'Diamond' to hear the royal epistle read. At the close all the guns on the ramparts sent forth a voice of joy: all the ships in the the river made answer: barrels of ale were broken up; and the health of their Majesties was drunk with shouts and volleys of musketry.

Five generations have since passed away; and still the wall of Londonderry is to the protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians. A lofty pillar, rising from a bastion which bore during many weeks the heaviest fire of the enemy, is seen far up and far down the Foyle. On the summit is the statue of Walker, such as when, in the last and most terrible emergency, his eloquence roused the fainting courage of his brethren. In one hand he grasps a Bible. The other, pointing down the river, seems to direct the eyes of his famished audience to the English topmasts in the distant bay. Such a monument was well deserved: yet it was scarcely needed: for in truth the whole city is to this day a monument of the great deliverance. The wall is carefully preserved; nor would any plea of health or convenience be held by the inhabitants sufficient to justify the demolition of that sacred enclosure which, in the evil time, gave shelter to their race and their religion. The summit of the ramparts forms a pleasant walk. The bastions have been turned into little gardens. Here and there, among the shrubs and flowers, may be seen the old culverins which scattered bricks, cased with lead, among the Irish ranks. One antique gun, the gift of the Fishmongers in London, was distinguished, during the hundred and five memorable days, by the loudness of its report, and still bears the name of Roaring Meg. The cathedral is filled

with relics and trophies. In the vestibule is a huge shell, one of many hundreds of shells which were thrown into the city. Over the altar are still seen the French flagstaves, taken by the garrison in a desperate sally. The white ensigns of the House of Bourbon have long been dust: but their place has been supplied by new banners, the work of the fairest hands of Ulster. The anniversary of the day on which the gates were closed, and the anniversary of the day on which the siege was raised, have been down to our own time celebrated by salutes, processions, banquets, and sermons: Lundy has been executed in effigy; and the sword, said by tradition to be that of Maumont, has, on great occasions, been carried in triumph. There is still a Walker Club and a Murray Club. The humble tombs of the protestant captains have been carefully sought out, repaired, and embellished. Yet it is impossible for the moralist or the statesman to look with unmixed complacency on the solemnities with which Londonderry commemorates her deliverance, and on the honours which she pays to those who saved her. Unhappily the animosities of her brave champions have descended with their glory. The faults which are ordinarily found in dominant castes and dominant sects have not seldom shown themselves without disguise at her festivities; and even with the expressions of pious gratitude which have resounded from her pulpits have too often been mingled words of wrath and defiance."

Poetry.

THE SPIRITUAL CONFLICT.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb!
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die:
They hear the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Anecdotes and Selections.

INDIANS AND THE QUAKER MEETING.—A little before the revolutionary war, there were a few families of Friends, who had removed from Dutchess county, and settled at Easton, then in Saratoga county, New York. These requested the favour of holding a religious meeting, which was granted. This section of country proved to be one which was so much distressed by scouting parties from both the British and American armies, that the American government, unable to protect the inhabitants, issued a proclamation, directing them to leave their country; and they generally departed. Certain Friends requested to be permitted to exercise their own judgment (saying, "You are clear of us in that you have warned us"), remained at their homes, and kept up their meeting. Robert Nisbet, who lived at that time at East Hoosack, about thirty miles distant, felt a desire to walk through the then wilderness country, and sit with the Friends at their week-day meeting. As they were sitting in meeting, with their door open, they discovered an Indian peeping round the door post. When he saw Friends sitting without word or deed, he stepped forward and took a full view of what was in the house; then he and his company, placing their arms in a corner of the room, took seats with the Friends, and so remained till the meeting closed. Zebulon Hoxie, one of the Friends present, then invited them to his house, put a cheese and what bread he had on the table, and invited them to help themselves; they did so, and went quietly and harmlessly away. Before their departure, however, Robert Nisbet, who could speak and understand the French language, had a conversation with their leader in French. He told Robert, that they surrounded the house, intending to destroy all that were in it; "but," said he, "when we saw you sitting with your door open, and without weapons of defence, we had no disposition to hurt you—we would have fought for you." This party had human scalps with them.

SELF-TRAINING.—As a gladiator trained the body, so we must train the mind to self-sacrifice, "to endure all things," to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny road, as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion at least of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constant pleasure, ease, and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.

"I Wont Die Now."—The following affecting account was written in 1775, by a Christian minister in London, to the Rev. Dr. Ryland, who then resided at Northampton:—A young lady, who was educated at an academy at Bedford, but who afterwards resided in town, became dangerously ill. Her father, a true Christian, procured for her a lodging in the neighbourhood, to try a change of air. Finding her disorder prevail, he thought it high time for her to be concerned about her soul, and asked her what she thought about eternity? She replied, "Do not talk to me about eternity. You want me out of the way; but I shall live long enough to enjoy all that you have in the world." He left her; and next evening the mistress of the house were she was, said, "Ma'am, I think you look a good deal worse." "Worse! I am much better. Why do you talk to me about death?" "You certainly are worse; do let the servant sit up with you to-night." "No, I am not about to die." They went to bed; but at four o'clock in the morning she awoke her servant, who asked, "What is amiss, ma'am?" "Amiss! I'm dying, I'm dying!" The family were called up, and coming to see her, heard her exclaim, "I wont die now; I am determined I wont die; I will live." Getting worse, she said, "I feel I must die;" and in an agony screamed out, "Lord what must I do?" Her servant replied, "You must look to the Saviour." But she fell back on the bed, and expired.

Another Case.—A minister called to visit a young lady who was very ill, and asked her how she felt. "Dying, sir; I am going," was the reply. "Be calm," said he; "I hope you will yet recover." "No," said she. "If you feel yourself to be dying, how does your spirit feel in the prospect of another world?" "Not prepared," was the answer. He directed her to the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of sinners; but in a few moments she looked around her, reclined her head on his hand, and almost instantly expired. How awful! not prepared, and yet entering eternity! Reader, seek the Lord *now*, that you may be always ready to die.

Infidelity Prevented.—A mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made jest of religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. She was one day asked how she had preserved them from the influence of a father, whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own. The following was her answer: "Because to the authority of a father I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but the authority of God. From their earliest years, my children have always seen my Bible upon my table: this holy Book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction; I was silent, that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question? did they commit any fault? did they perform any good action? I

opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy that astonishes you."

"JACK THE GIANT KILLER."—Mr. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, delivered a lecture on this old nursery tale. The hall was crowded to overflowing; hundreds having to go away in consequence. The lecturer stated that the idea of the present lecture was suggested some time ago while standing at the counter of a bookseller to select a birthday present for his own child; "The Babes in the Wood" was chosen for his little one, and "Jack the Giant Killer," was selected as a means of affording pleasure and profit to himself and his auditory. He described with inimitable wit and humour, not only the illustrations of the copy of "Jack" which he thus obtained, but the wonderful and exciting incidents and exploits which make up the narrative of this remarkable nursery story; this part of the lecture putting the audience in great good humour and sometimes exciting their loud laughter. He then made the story the subject of teaching an excellent moral. First, he said, there were giants in the world still—such as ignorance, intemperance, and idolatry. The eloquent lecturer illustrated these points at great length and with much aptitude. All his illustrations—and varied they were—tended to establish the oft-reiterated axiom that knowledge is the way to power and true influence, and that he who would subdue the evils of social life and arrive at true peace, contentment, and honour, must walk by the light of knowledge, reason, and truth. This great and beautiful lesson was admirably enforced. The lecturer was repeatedly cheered with great enthusiasm.

PIKE'S "PERSUASIVES."—An elder of a church in Kentucky, on being asked the reason of his deep interest in "the volume circulation," replied, that he was presented with a copy of Pike's "Persuasives to Early Piety" eight years since, by the Rev. Mr. Rice, the reading of which God blessed to his conversion. He then lent it to a young man, Mr. M——, who told him three months afterwards, on his death-bed, that it had led him to the Saviour, who was now by grace supporting him in his dying moments. The book was again lent to another young man, who was persuaded by it to come to Christ in the morning of life, and publicly profess him—giving so much promise by his piety of eminent usefulness, that an individual proposed giving him a liberal education. The same book was placed in the hands of a *fourth* individual, who was a school-teacher. After some weeks, the elder, as was his custom, made some inquiries respecting the contents of the book; when the teacher broke out with the exclamation that he had been at war with the book, but that now he had submitted his heart to the Saviour, and desired to connect himself with the people of God.

Mr. Conscience.—At a Bible Meeting, in New South Wales, the Rev. George Turner said:—"About forty-five years ago an English clergyman visited Ireland, and took with him a number of Bibles for sale. A youth came to beg for one, being too poor to be able to pay for it. The clergyman gave it him, told him to read it, and pay for it when he could, and added, that *Mr. Conscience would call for the money.* After some time the lad left Ireland for England, and forgot all about it, and in time came to this colony. A few days ago he was asked to go to the Ryde Bible Meeting, but refused, on the plea of not having time: he was told, that he ought to give something to so good a cause. The man, no longer young, went back in spirit to the days of his youth, and bethought him of the English clergyman and his loan Bible. 'Surely,' said he, 'this is *Mr. Conscience come for the money,*' 'and there it is, Sir,' said Mr. Turner, putting a sovereign on the plate, which had been brought to him by this individual the day before."

The Woman and the Shepherd Boy.—The late Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, once said; "We had in our congregation a poor aged widow, who could neither read the Scriptures, nor live without hearing them read, so much instruction and pleasure did she derive from the oracles of God. She lived in a lone place, and the family where she lodged could not read; but there was one cottage near, and in it a little boy, a shepherd's son, who could read; but he, full of play, was not fond of reading the Bible. Necessity is the mother of invention. The good old widow determined to rise one hour sooner each morning than usual in order to earn an additional halfpenny by spinning, to be expended in hiring the shepherd's boy to read to her every evening a chapter; and to her proposal he readily agreed. This little advantage made her content in her cottage, and even say, 'The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places.'"

Cowper's View of Death.—"I have not time to add more," says Cowper the poet, in a letter, "except just to add, that if I am ever enabled to look forward to death with comfort, which I thank God is sometimes the case with me, I do not take my view of it from the top of my own works and deservings, though God is witness that the labour of my life is to keep a conscience void of offence towards him. Death is always formidable to me except when I see him disarmed of his sting by having sheathed it in the body of Jesus Christ."

Boerhaave's Advice.—The celebrated Boerhaave, who had many enemies, used to say, that he never thought it necessary to repeat their calumnies. "They are sparks," he said, "which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves. The surest method against scandal is to live it down by perseverance in well-doing, and by prayer to God, that he would cure the distempered minds of those who traduce and injure us."

The Fireside.

THE INDULGED CHILD.—A mother related the following instance, illustrating the relation between submission to parental authority, and conversion or submission to the will of God. She had several children, and seemed properly to understand the importance of training them to prompt and cheerful obedience, and, as a consequence, they were early converted to God. One of these children, however, had been from infancy subject to fits, general weakness, and derangement of the physical system. It was the general injunction of her physician, that she should be kept as quiet as possible, and that her will should not be crossed. The mother acted accordingly, and all her whims and desires were freely indulged; but instead of rendering her calm and quiet, this course made her peevish, fretful, and stubborn. After making it a subject of study and prayer, the mother determined to subdue her will, and govern her as she did her other children. She called to her the girl, and confessed to her that the course she had been pursuing towards her was wrong, and told her that now she must obey her or she should punish her. She soon required a certain duty at her hand; but as the child was not accustomed to obey, she paid no regard to the requirement. The mother commenced chastising her, and said that, for some time it seemed as though the child would be the conqueror: but fully resolving on securing obedience, she persevered until the child yielded. She was penitent, begged her mother to forgive her, and promised in future always to obey her. She then saw that she had not only sinned against her mother, but against God. A few nights after this occurrence, the mother said she was awakened at midnight, with the cry, "Mother, pray for me, for I am a great sinner." She arose, knelt beside her, and commended her to God, and the little girl begged of God, as she had before done of her mother, to forgive her; and arose with the evidence that her sins were forgiven. In a short time she became violently ill, and failed rapidly. One day she called her mother to her bed, extended her hand and said, "Mother, I thank you that you subdued my temper the other day; if you had not, I should have died in my sins and gone to hell; but now I feel that you have forgiven me, and God has forgiven me; and I am going to heaven." She then embraced her mother in her arms, and kissed her, and bade her farewell, saying, "I shall soon meet you again in heaven," and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. If parents do not obtain the mastery of the will, and keep it, they place an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of their children ever being saved. The children are either never converted, or if converted are given to per-

petual backsliding, and make little or no progress in piety; while those whose wills have been subjected to parental authority in early life, are likely to be early converted, and afterwards to prove steadfast in their allegiance and obedience to God.

The Penny Post Box.

"About these Husbands of Ours."—You will see by what I call myself at the bottom of this paper, that I am what some would call a poor hard-working woman. Well, I dont care for that; for though I have often worked the skin off my fingers! I think I have not yet worked all my brains out of my head. And I confess that sometimes I have been simple enough to think that there is as much common sense in my poor head as in the heads of some lady-folks or even in the heads of their sons or husbands who make the laws of the land. However, I am sure that no half-a-dozen old washerwomen in this town would make such silly laws as they do sometimes. And then to be so long about their work too! Why; if we did not go about our work better than they do, we should never get a wash out of the way. I have often thought I should like to tell these great folks a bit of my mind, but I did not like, for I thought they would only laugh at me; but there is one thing which I have just heard they are now talking of doing, that I cannot away with, and which provokes me to wipe off the suds from my hands and sit down and write to you about it. It is "about these husbands of ours." They say that they mean, not only to put the men in prison who thrash their wives, but they mean to *whip* them too. Now I cant do with this. Suppose there is one drunken scamp in a hundred that deserves this, and more than this, why make a great law about it, and so encourage a woman to go and inform of her husband. Do you think that is the way to make up a quarrel? I say it is not. I know something about it. I have been married to my old man this 40 years, and when we were younger we used to have a bit of a tift now and then. Perhaps I let my tongue run too fast, and then he might give me a bit of a push or cuff; but what of that, I was'nt going to make a fool of myself by going to the Justice about it—not I! And there was no 'casion, for we both of us felt sorry when it was over. I did, I know; and I believe he did too, and I am glad we did make it up in that way, for here we are yet—I and my old man, who no more wishes to part with me, than I do with him. So I shall not vote for whipping husbands.

A Washerwoman.

Facts, Hints, and Gems.

Facts.

BED-ROOM VENTILATION.—Now, whether forty persons breathe in a confined atmosphere for one minute, or one person for forty minutes, the effect produced must be the same. One person, then, respiring a confined atmosphere forty minutes, or, if you like, two persons respiring a confined atmosphere twenty minutes, convert, as it were, the vital principle of no less than eighteen gallons of this atmosphere into a deadly poison. Eighteen gallons of air rendered injurious instead of life-giving by two persons in twenty minutes! 54 gallons so changed in an hour! eight times fifty-four gallons—*upwards of four hundred and thirty gallons*—of air not only deprived of all creative power, but absolutely poisoned, by two persons during a moderately long night's rest! Need anything more be said to show the importance of bed-room ventilation? Is it necessary to state that the sickening odours, so perceptible at the first, in the morning, in any ill-ventilated sleeping apartment, arise from the fact that a considerable volume of carbonic acid, with the vapour of perspiration and other animal exhalations, are mingled with the atmosphere of the chamber? Science proves that all these products are deadly poisons. Nature expels them from the system, because they poison the system. Yet we insist on enclosing them within four walls. We shut up doors, windows, and even chimney-places, that not a particle may escape. Nay, we surround our beds with close drawn curtains for the express purpose, it would seem, of *preventing* ventilation—for the express purpose of hugging close the poisonous atmosphere of our own bodies, and so re-absorbing into our systems the very atoms which, by the laws of God, have been cast out because they are detrimental.

Hints.

PRIDE IS EXPENSIVE.—It costs much to the man who indulges it, who also taxes his companions to keep up its pomposity and insolence. You must always pay dear for the company of the proud.

SPEAK OF ABSENT PERSONS as if they were present and heard all you said. Then if you do not say all you think, you will think more about what you do say.

BOOKS, like friends, it is said, should be few and well chosen, such as we can turn to again and again; for like true friends they will never fail us. But where shall we find such books and friends? I have *one* book and *one* friend that never fail me.

PRIDE will prevent our loving others, as well as prevent others from loving us. On the other hand a humble man loves and is loved.

WAR between civilized nations is nothing better than an organized barbarism.

WHAT A FOOL is he who denies himself to save all for his heir, for by so doing he is only making his own speedy death more desirable.

THE GIFT OF SPEECH in man is an inestimable blessing; without it there had not been among men neither society nor commonwealth, no more than among brutes.

THERE IS NO VICE that so sinks a man into infamy and covers him with shame among his fellows as falsehood: for call it by what name you will it is perfidious, hateful, abominable.

DOING WELL.—There is much truth in that saying, "We may do as well as we will, if we will to do well."

VANITY.—Of all human follies, this, in woman, and in man too, is a favourite, to keep which alive many other things will be sacrificed.

Gems.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST is the only sovereign remedy for the disease of sin. And he who trusts any other remedy, will not only increase the malady, but be the death of his own soul.

EVERYTHING IN RELIGION is the gift of God; an act of grace on his part. Jesus Christ is his unspeakable gift, and Eternal life is the gift of God through Him.

TRIAL OF FAITH.—This is best tested by a holy life. Set it down as a fact, both for yourself and others, that where there is little holiness there is little faith.

IF WE KNOW GOD, we shall walk with him; if we walk with him, we shall enjoy him, and if we enjoy him we shall serve him cheerfully.

NOTHING INFLUENCES to obedience like the love of Christ; therefore let us pray the Holy Spirit to shed it abroad in our hearts.

ACTIVITY IN GOD'S WAYS is conducive to spiritual health, exercise being as necessary for the soul as the body; if we were to do less we should suffer more, and sometimes if we were to do more, we should suffer less.

CHRIST IS THE WAY, in which God comes to us to display his mercy; and he is the way in which we go to God to obtain mercy: there is no intercourse between heaven and earth but through Christ.

THE VILEST SINNER, the poorest of human beings, can please the Son of God more than an angel, that is by presenting himself to be saved by him; for nothing pleases the Saviour like poor sinners coming to him to be saved with an everlasting salvation.

HUMILITY always leads to dependence on Christ, and dependence on Christ always deepens our humility; the more humble we are, the more steadily and entirely we shall trust in Jesus.

Poetic Selections.

TRUE REST.

IN vain I seek for rest
In all created good;
It leaves me yet unblest:
I pant the more for God;
And sure at rest I cannot be,
Until my heart find rest in Thee.

VANITY OF EARTHLY THINGS.

VAIN are the things of time;
The toils of man are vain,
In every age, or land, or clime,
True pleasure to attain.
God's promises alone secure
Pleasures perpetual and pure.

COMPLETE IN CHRIST.

SIGHT to my blindness, to my meanness wealth;
Life to my death, and to my sickness health;
To darkness light, my liberty in thrall;
What shall I say—Christ is my ALL IN ALL.

THE NIGHT IS COMING.

AWAKE, my sluggish soul,
The heavenly race to run;
Believe and pray, and speed thy way,
For night is drawing on.

PRAYER FOR LIGHT.

FATHER of love and grace,
Thy light to me impart;
Reflected from my Saviour's face,
And shining on my heart.

Author of faith to thee,
I lift my weary eyes;
Oh let me now receive that gift—
My soul without it dies.

A DYING PRAYER.

MAY death conclude my toils and tears,
May death destroy my sins and fears;
May death, through Jesus, be my friend,
May death be life when life shall end.

The Children's Corner.

THE PLOUGHBOY'S SONG.

LET none but those that live in vain,
The useful toils of life disdain;
While we an honest living gain,
Of labour we will not complain;
Though some for riches daily mourn,
As if their lot could not be borne.
On such at once our backs we turn,
No bread's so sweet as that we earn.
Ye rich and great who live above us,
Dont act as if you did not love us;
Pay a fair price for our fair labour,
And we will ask no further favour.
God is the father of us all,
Both high and low, both great and small,
And if we reach yon world above,
Alike we then shall share his love.

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PERSECUTIONS OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

After the writers of the New Testament, the two earliest writers that relate the persecutions of christians were pagans. The first outbreak of more fierce and extensive persecution was at Rome. Tacitus, a philosophical heathen historian, records the horrible sufferings and stedfast faithfulness of many, though some seem to have fallen through the fierceness of the trial. Probably among these sufferers were a number of those whose names are mentioned in the last chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. This persecution occurred about thirty years after the Saviour's death. Nero had been accused of having set fire to Rome, and wished to free himself from the imputation. The historian states: "But neither these exertions, nor his largesses to the people, nor his offerings to the gods, did away the infamous imputation. To put an end, therefore, to this report, he laid the guilt, and inflicted the most cruel punishments, upon a set of men who were holden in abhorrence for their crimes, and called by the vulgar christians. The founder of that name was Christ, who suffered death in the reign of Tiberius, under the procurator Pontius Pilate. This pernicious superstition, thus checked for awhile, broke out again, and spread not only over Judea, where the evil originated, but through Rome also, whither everything bad upon the earth finds its way and is practised. Some who confessed their sect were first seized, and afterwards by their information a vast multitude were apprehended, who were convicted not so much of the crime of burning Rome, as of hatred to mankind. Their sufferings at their execution were aggravated by insult and cruelty; for some were disguised in

the skins of wild beasts, and worried to death by dogs, or else they were fastened to crosses. Others were appointed to be set on fire, and it was so ordered that they should, after they had been in torment all day, serve for lights by night. Nero had made an offer of his own gardens for these executions; and exhibited at the same time a mock circensian entertainment, being a spectator of the whole in the dress of a charioteer, sometimes mingling with the crowd on foot, and sometimes viewing the spectacle from his car. This conduct made the sufferers pitied; and though they were criminal and deserving the severest punishment, yet they were considered as sacrificed, not so much out of a regard to the public good, as to gratify the cruelty of one man."

Our concern with this passage is the testimony borne to the dreadful sufferings and unyielding faithfulness of many early martyrs; what they were as to their principles and conduct we know much better than Tacitus. We know that his dark insinuations about crimes, not one of which he names, about a pestilential superstition and hatred, are all false; and that the pestilential superstition was the idolatry that he upheld. All this makes his testimony to their sufferings more conclusive and unanswerable; it is the testimony of a cool, philosophical enemy, not of a warm-hearted friend. Look at the scene according to the historian; great numbers are suffering. There are some covered with the skins of beasts that dogs are tearing to pieces; there are others hanging in torture bleeding and dying upon crosses, and there are others that serve as lights to illuminate the shocking spectacle.

The faithfulness of the many who endured all this for their Lord's honour appears most wonderful. Compared with such passive heroes how little appear the greatest conquerors in the battle-field!

It would form a volume to detail all the facts connected with the sufferings of the early disciples of Jesus that have been handed down to modern times; though, doubtless, a much greater number of records have perished in the course of ages. Probably the next account in order of time to that of Tacitus is contained in Pliny's letter to the emperor Trajan. Pliny was born about A. D. 60, or a little later, and was made president of Bithynia, by Trajan, early in the second century. He found the christians very numerous in the province; he became their persecutor, but at length weary of executions wrote to

the emperor to know how he should in future proceed. His letter furnishes most interesting testimony to the blameless lives of those he murdered, and to their faithfulness in adhering to their Lord. Most of the letter deserves insertion:—"It is my constant custom, sir, to refer myself to you in all matters concerning which I have any doubt. For who can better direct me when I hesitate, or instruct me when I am ignorant? I have never been present at any trials of christians, so that I know not well what is the subject matter of punishment or of inquiry, or what strictness ought to be used in either. Nor have I been a little perplexed to determine whether any difference ought to be made upon account of ages, or whether the tender and the robust ought to be treated all alike; whether repentance should entitle to pardon, or whether it shall be of no advantage to him who has once been a christian to have ceased being such; whether the name itself, although no crimes be detected, or whether only crimes belonging to the name, ought to be punished. Concerning all these things I am in doubt.

In the meantime I have taken this course with all who have been brought before me, and have been accused as christians. I have put the question to them whether they were christians? Upon their confessing to me that they were, I repeated the question a second and a third time, threatening also to punish them with death. Such as still persisted I ordered to be led away; for it was no doubt with me, whatever it was they should have confessed, that contumacy and inflexible obstinacy ought to be punished. There were others of the same madness, whom, because they were Roman citizens, I have noted down to be sent to Rome.

In a short time, the crime spreading itself even whilst under persecution, as is usual in such cases, divers sorts of people came in my way. An information was presented to me without mentioning the author, containing the names of many persons, who, upon examination, denied that they were christians, or ever had been so; who repeated after me an invocation of the gods, and with wine and frankincense sacrificed to your image, which for that purpose I had caused to be brought and set before them, together with the statues of the deities. Moreover they blasphemed the name of Christ, none of which things, as is said, they who are really christians can by any

means be compelled to do. These, therefore, I thought proper to discharge.

Others were named by an informer who at first confessed themselves christians and afterwards denied it. The rest said they had been christians but had left them; some three years ago, some longer, and one or more above twenty years. They all worshipped your image and the statues of the gods. They also reviled Christ. They affirmed that the whole of their guilt or error lay in this, that they were accustomed to meet together on a stated day, before it was light, and sing among themselves alternately a hymn to Christ as a god, and bound themselves by an oath, not to the commission of any wickedness, but not to be guilty of theft, or robbery, or adultery; never to falsify their word, nor to deny a pledge committed to them when called upon to return it. When these things were performed it was their custom to separate, and then to come together again to a meal promiscuous and harmless, but which had been forborne since the publication of my edict, by which, according to your commands, I prohibited assemblies. Through this I judged it more necessary to examine, and that by torture, two maid servants, who were called deaconesses; but I have discovered nothing besides a bad and excessive superstition.

Suspending, therefore, proceedings, I have recourse to you for advice. For it has appeared to me a matter worthy of consideration, especially on account of the great number of persons who are in danger of suffering. For many of all ages, and of both sexes also, are brought into danger, and will be brought. Nor has the contagion of this superstition spread through cities only, but through the villages and open country. It seems that it may be restrained and corrected. It is certain that the almost desolated temples begin to be frequented, and the sacred solemnities after a long intermission are revived; and then the victims are everywhere bought, for which before a buyer was very rarely found. Whence it is easy to imagine what a multitude of men might be reclaimed, if pardon were granted on repentance."

This celebrated letter of a cruel persecutor is, in fact, a precious document, because it so fully confirms the statements of the suffering christians. Their strongest assertions respecting the rapid and extensive diffusion of gospel truth are here borne out. Pliny declares that Bithynia, though twelve hun-

dred miles from Jerusalem, was so overrun with christianity that the idol temples were almost desolated, and their sacred rites had long been intermitted, though but seventy years had elapsed from the Saviour's giving the command to preach the gospel to every creature. Do christian writers extol the fortitude and faithfulness of their suffering friends, Pliny confirms their testimony. He refers, indeed, to some that had forsaken religion, but states that those who were really christians could not be compelled to worship idols or blaspheme their Lord, and that his practice had been to consign those to death that persisted in confessing themselves christians. How many he had thus murdered is known only to the Eternal Judge, but probably the number was by no means small.

The persecutors of the christians are charged with ignorance respecting the objects of their cruelty. Pliny confirms this accusation as to himself; and shows how unreasonable as well as cruel were his proceedings respecting those whose destruction he sought. The apologists declare that the mere name of christian was a sufficient ground for condemnation, and Pliny confesses that it was a question with him, whether mercy should ever be shown to one that bore it, and whether, without any proof of guilt, it was not sufficient for condemning him by whom it was still retained. Without attempting to satisfy these doubts, he had continued murdering the followers of Jesus, till weary of executions he writes to Trajan for advice. Trajan, in reply, approved his proceedings; ordered christians not to be sought out, but when brought and convicted to be punished; yet he allowed those to be forgiven who would repent and supplicate their gods; or, in other words, abjure the gospel and return to heathenism.

Not less remarkable is that part of Pliny's letter in which he states what he had learned respecting christianity from those who had left it. Their conduct was not merely blameless, but honourable; they worshipped the God of heaven; they solemnly bound themselves not to practise vices in which others lived; their system was shown to be mild, rational, and benevolent; but in the view of a philosopher it was a base and extravagant superstition.

It is instructive to remark the wide contrast between the persecuting philosopher and the innocent victims of his cruelty. He was devoted to idols, and acknowledged as the objects of his worship the impure rabble of heathen gods; they adored

the Creator of heaven and earth. He was an augur who sought instruction from dreams, oracles, prodigies, the flight of birds, the entrails of beasts, and various superstitious rites; they renounced and abhorred all this foolery and wickedness, and were guided by the infallible directions of the book of God. They followed peace, benevolence, and love; he sanctioned the cruel and bloody amusements of his bloodthirsty nation; approved of the combats of gladiators, in which, for the sport of others, crowds of men fought to death with their fellow-men, or with savage beasts of prey. These atrocious shows, on one occasion in Trajan's reign, continued one hundred and twenty-three days; ten thousand beasts were slain, and ten thousand men engaged in mutual combat. So entirely did Pliny approve of such wickedness, that writing to a friend whose wife had died, he said, "You were extremely in the right to promise a combat of gladiators to our good friends the citizens of Verona; not only as they have long distinguished you by their peculiar esteem and veneration, but as it was there also you received the amiable object of your affection, your late excellent wife. To her memory you owed some monument of public show, and this especially as most suited to the occasion. I am sorry that the African panthers, which you had largely provided for that purpose, did not arrive in time." Mark Pliny's pleasure in these bloody and murderous scenes; observe his approval of celebrating the death of an amiable woman by the blood, and groans, and dying agonies of hapless men torn by savage beasts; notice his sorrow that some of the most ferocious of those beasts had not arrived in time to destroy their miserble victims, and then compare him and the system he represented with the christians, in calmness and love meeting to worship God, to sing a hymn to Christ, and to bind themselves to commit no crime; which must you admire? — Pliny, according to the facts he himself states, a bloodthirsty monster of cruelty, and whom philosophic infidels admire, or those peaceful, persecuted men whose names were written in the book of life? Yet Pliny was doubtless one of the most amiable and best of ancient heathens—what then must the worst have been!

[The above is an extract of a Lecture to the "Derby Young Men's Christian Association," by the late Rev. J. G. Pike.]

Poetry.

SPIRITUAL SONGS OF THE SAVIOUR.

By the Rev H. Gwyther, Vicar of Yardley, Warwickshire.

SWEET it is to rest in Jesus,
To repose our hearts on him;
Dearest Saviour smile upon us,
Shed abroad thy love within:
We are waiting
Lowly at thy mercy-seat.

Oh! the depths of Christ's compassion,
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Scattering fears and sin's confusion,
Drawing forth the sting of death:
Dearest Saviour
Fill our hearts with love to Thee.

Stamp thine image on our bosom,
Now thy saving grace impart;
Peace and hope and joy shall blossom,
In the desert of our heart:
Time is passing
Dawn the morn of endless day.

Then our souls shall wing their flight,
From this land of sin and fear;
To that world of joy and light,
Never gloomed by sigh or tear;
So the promise;
Let us join aloud "AMEN.'

SUN of my soul, arise and shine!
Scatter the clouds with rays divine!
I would move upwards on the way
That leads to life and cloudless day.
Where Jesus dwells, my soul would be,
His voice to hear, His face to see.

By faith I hear Him whisper peace,
His spirit tells me I am His;
I take His promise at His word,
And all within me owns Him Lord;
I bow my spirit to His will,
And every murmuring thought is still.

Jesus, my Sun, my Lord, my all,
Myself, my pride, before Thee fall!
All, all I am, I have, are Thine,
And Thou, my Lord, my God, art mine!
I want no more, I've all in Thee,
Let me Thy full salvation see.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE NUMBER SEVEN.—This number, so often mentioned in the sacred writings, has always had a kind of emphasis attached to it. It is by some called the number of perfection, being composed of the two first perfect numbers, equal and unequal, three and four—(for the number two consisting of repeated unity, which is no number, is not perfect). In six days creation was perfected; the 7th was consecrated to rest. If Cain be avenged 7 fold, truly Lamech 70 and 7 fold. Noah had 7 days warning of the flood, and was commanded to take the fowls of the air into the ark by 7's, and clean beasts by 7's; the ark touched the ground on the 7th month, and in 7 days a dove was sent, and again in 7 days after. Abraham pleaded 7 times for Sodom; he gave 7 ewe lambs to Abimelech for a well of water. Jacob served 7 years for Rachel, and also another 7 years. Joseph mourned 7 days for Jacob. Laban pursued after Jacob 7 days' journey. The 7 years of plenty, and the 7 years of famine, were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by the 7 fat and the 7 lean beasts, and the 7 ears of full and the 7 ears of blasted corn. The children of Israel were to eat unleavened bread 7 days. The young of the animals were to remain with the dam 7 days, and at the close of the 7th to be taken away. By the old law, man was commanded to forgive his offending brother 7 times; but the meekness of the Saviour extended his forbearance to 70 times 7. On the 7th day of the 7th month, a holy observance was commanded to the children of Israel, who fasted 7 days and remained 7 days in tents. Every 7th year was directed to be a year of rest for all things, and at the end of 7 times 7 years commenced the jubilee; they were to observe a feast 7 days after they had gathered in their corn and wine; 7 days they were to keep a solemn feast, as they had been blessed in the work of their hands. Every 7th year the land lay fallow. Every 7th year there was a general release from all debts, and all bondmen were set free. (From this law may have sprung the custom of binding young men to 7 years' apprenticeship, and of punishing offenders with 7 years, twice or three times 7 years' imprisonment.) Every 7th year the law was directed to be read to the people; if they were obedient, their enemies should flee before them 7 ways; if disobedient, their enemies should chase them 7 ways. In the destruction of Jericho, 7 priests bore 7 trumpets 7 days; on the 7th day they surrounded the walls 7 times, and after the 7th time the walls fell. Hannah, the mother of Samuel, in her thanks, says, that the barren has brought forth 7, as some Jewish writers say that his name answers to the value of the letters in the Hebrew word, which signify 7. 7 of Saul's sons were hanged to stay a famine. Jesse had 7 sons, the youngest of whom ascended the

throne of Israel. The number of animals in sundry of their oblations was limited to 7. Solomon was 7 years building the temple, at the dedication of which he feasted 7 days. In the tabernacle were 7 lamps. The golden candlestick had 7 branches; 7 days were appointed for an atonement on the altar; and the priest's son was appointed to wear his father's garment 7 days. Naaman was commanded to wash 7 times in Jordan to cure his leprosy. Gehazi was ordered to look towards the sea 7 times, and at the 7th time he saw the wished for cloud. The Shunammite's child sneezed 7 times before life was fully restored. In the 7th year of his reign, King Ahasuerus feasted 7 days, and on the 7th directed his 7 chamberlains to find a queen, who was allowed 7 maidens to attend her. Job's friends sat with him 7 days and 7 nights, and offered 7 bullocks and 7 rams as an atonement for their wickedness. David prayed that the wicked might be rewarded 7 fold into their bosom. Solomon says that the fool is wiser in his own conceit than 7 men that can render a reason; and that when the wicked speaketh fair, there are 7 abominations in his heart. Nebuchadnezzar was 7 years a beast, and at the end of 7 years his kingdom was restored—and the fiery furnace was heated 7 times hotter to receive Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. In scripture are enumerated 7 resurrections, viz: The widow's son by Elijah; the Shunammite's son by Elisha; the soldier when he touched the bones of Elisha; the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue; the widow of Nain's son; Lazarus, and the Saviour. Enoch, who was translated, was the 7th from Adam, and Jesus Christ the 77th in a direct line. The Saviour spoke 7 times from the cross, on which he remained 7 hours. He appeared 7 times afterwards. In 7 times 7 days he sent the gift of the Holy Spirit. In the Lord's Prayer are 7 petitions contained in 7 times 7 words. In the Apocalypse we read of 7 churches, 7 candlesticks, 7 spirits, 7 stars, 7 trumpets, 7 plagues, 7 thunders, 7 vials, and 7 angels to pour them out upon the 7 headed monster Antichrist.

Not Melancholy but Serious.—Walsingham, the Secretary of State in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in his old age retired into rural privacy. When his former gay companions came one day to visit him, on their saying he was melancholy, he replied, "No, I am not melancholy, but I am serious; and it is very proper we should be so. Ah! my friends, while we laugh every thing is serious round about us. God is serious, who exercises patience towards us. Christ is serious, who shed his atoning blood for us. The Holy Ghost is serious, in striving against the obduracy of our hearts. The Holy Scriptures are serious books; they present to our thoughts the most serious concerns in all this world. The holy sacraments represent very serious and awful matters. The whole creation is serious. All in heaven are serious. All who are in hell are serious. How then, can we be gay and trifling?"

MELANCHOLY AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—We much regret to announce that three men were drowned on the afternoon of Sunday in Kilbirnie Lock. The particulars of the sad catastrophe, so far as we have been able to ascertain, are as follows:—Wm. Miller, a shoemaker, aged 20, Daniel Elder, a miner, aged 24, and J. Bullin, a card-sharper, aged 20, all residing in the same house in Kilbirnie, left their lodgings at half-past eleven o'clock A. M. and went to a public house near Beith Railway Station along with some others. Having there partaken rather freely of liquor, they proposed, instead of returning to the village by the road, to venture on the loch(although there had been little more than two nights' frost). They went along, keeping about ten yards from the side, when one of them—seemingly more intoxicated than the rest—ventured upon the ice to a greater distance than the others. After passing along the loch for about half a mile, the ice broke with him, and one of his comrades somewhat reluctantly ventured to his asistance. Upon his being rescued, he began to dance, when, all at once, the ice gave way, and he was once more immersed in the water. The individual who had formerly rescued him ran again to his asistance, but the ice also went down with him. Both were struggling in the water when the third standing on the side, threw of his coat, and ran to their aid. When he had nearly reached them, the ice broke, and he went down. Several on the side seeing the accident were forcibly prevented from proceeding to assist them, as any help in the circumstances was impossible. The one who went last in kept for a considerable time above the water, calling loudly for assistance, which could not be rendered. The accident occured about half-past two o'clock P. M., and it was after six before the bodies were recovered, which was done by bringing a small boat round from the other side of the loch, and with great exertions breaking the ice to get to the place where the bodies went down, which was indicated by their bonnets lying upon the surface. Elder has left a widow and one child, the other two were unmarried.

Glasgow Herald.

SOUL TAKE THINE EASE.—This physician, while riding his accustomed rounds passed the newly erected dwelling of a thrifty farmer. As he looked up he saw the owner of the house upon its roof moving some fragments of shingles, and picking up a few scattered nails that had been left there by the mechanics. The doctor paused, sitting upon his horse, and addressed a friendly salutation to the man upon the roof, and congratulated him on the completion of such a beautiful and commodious dwelling. "Thank you," replied the farmer; "it is a good house; it is all that I want; I have laboured hard for years to pay for my farm, and acquire the means of building this house. I have just attained what I have so long been striving for. Now I mean to take life easy, and enjoy it." "I hope you will live long to enjoy it," replied the physician.

"Thank you," rejoined the farmer. Then making their mutual adieus, the doctor rode on his way. He had not gotten out of sight before his attention was arrested by a voice calling after him, "Doctor, doctor, come back; Mr. Winslow has fallen from the house, and we are afraid he is dead." The man who had just been congratulating himself on having secured a happy life for many years, had gone to render his account to God. That hour his soul had been required of him.

The Infidel's only Daughter.—The pastor, Mr. F——, knew she was declining, and felt that he must call and speak with her as to her salvation. He found her supported by pillows, engaged in reading a worthless novel. He made known the object of his visit; and while conversing her father entered, saying, "Begone, sir; I wish no priest to stand preaching over my daughter; I want her to die in peace." The pastor retired, and resorted to earnest prayer to God for her; sending, through a friend, two or three tracts. On returning home one day, he found a messenger, who said the infidel wished him to come immediately. The Spirit of God had entered before him. The daughter was inquiring the way of life, and the father's heart was melted. The cries of the family almost drowned the pastor's voice as he lifted it up in prayer. Not many hours passed before she found her load of guilt removed, and entreated her father and brothers to seek the same hope. She died rejoicing in Christ; and that father and his three sons were all four brought into the church of Christ. I give the facts. Let the sceptic and others learn the lessons they teach.

Simple Faith.—A christian friend calling upon a poor old woman in Scotland, found her in great pain, and expressed sorrow at seeing her suffer so much. "Oh," said Jennie, "it's just an answer to prayer. Ye see, I've lang prayed to be conformed to the image of Christ; and since this is the means, I've naething to do wi' choosin' o' them. That's the end I seek. It is ours to aim at meetness for his presence, and to leave it to his wisdom to take his ain way wi' us. I would rather suffer than sin, ony day."

THE SABBATH.

Lo! smiling, like an angel from the sky,
  The Sabbath morning comes to bless mankind:
Before her face earth's meaner pleasures fly,
  And grovelling cares. The emancipated mind
Now feels its freedom, casts the world behind,
  And with glad welcome hails the happy train
That wait upon her steps. There Rest, reclin'd
  On Peace, advancing, cheers the toil-worn swain;
Devotion moves with meek and solemn mien,
  By Contemplation rapt in holy trance.
Hope, led by Truth, regardless of the vain
  And transient joys of life, with forward glance,
Beholds, while Faith directs her raptured eye,
  The unbroken Sabbath of Eternity.

C. C.

The Fireside.

FROM "CHILDREN AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM."

By Mrs. Pullan.

THE mind of a child has been compared to a sheet of blank paper, on which the mother can impress what characters she pleases. The simile is more elegant than correct. The mind of a child is far from being so absolute a blank as white paper is; there are as decidedly the germs of a certain and individual character in your infant's mind, as there are in his face the features which, undeveloped as they now may be, will one day form themselves into distinguishing characteristics of the mature man or woman.

A mother's first duty to a child is, therefore, to study its character and temperament; to make herself thoroughly acquainted with its powers, peculiarities, and nature, which are all developed much earlier than are generally imagined. To do this she must be much with them, and act so that they shall confide to her every thought and feeling of their hearts. A knowledge once acquired, will enable her to guide them throughout their childhood, as well as with more certainty to prepare them for their future life.

Some may think such constant watchfulness a trouble, a needless interruption to their amusements and pleasures; such mothers confide those precious, immortal beings, in whose future welfare their own happiness is bound up, to the mercenary care of hirelings ignorant alike of the physical and moral constitution of their charges, and anxious only to save themselves all unnecessary trouble. Can these mothers wonder if these children do not, in after years, become sources of blessing to them?

But the mother who considers her position rightly, will say to herself, "I have given existence to a being with a human body, to be tended and guarded; with an immortal soul, to be prepared for eternity. This existence has been given to this child without any will of its own, and I, who have conveyed it, am bound to see that the life of my child is a blessing and not a curse. How can I make my child good? How shall I render it happy? I cannot shield it from all danger, I cannot foresee what trials or sorrows may be in store for it, nor what temptations may environ it; yet, as part of my very being, its happiness must be mine, its sorrows must make me weep, its success must make me rejoice, its disgrace—if disgrace befal it—must be my shame. How shall I, then, train up this precious treasure to be a happiness hereafter?" This is the question which every true mother will ask herself, not forgetting, that in the rearing of children, more than in all else, the blessing of God on our own judicious endeavours to do right, is all-essential.

The Penny Post Box.

THOMAS MOOR—THE LEICESTER MARTYR.

You have told us about the burning of the two bishops—Latimer and Ridley—on October 16, 1555, and I have heard that the people of Leicester, on the anniversary of that day, went to join with others in public worship in the village of Thurcaston, where Latimer was born, to celebrate that event.

Reading in an old edition of Foxe's Martyrs I met with the following relation of the burning of a poor man in Leicester on June 26, 1556. Will the Leicester people honour the poor man as well as the bishops by a service on the anniversary of his martyrdom?

"*The Burning and Martyrdom of* Thomas Moor *in the Town of* Leicester, June 26, the year, 1556.

As the bloody rage of this persecution spared neither man, woman nor child. wife nor maid, lame, blind nor cripple, and so through all men and women, as there was no difference either of age or sex considered, so neither was there any condition or quality respected of any person: but whosoever he were, that held not as they did on the pope, and sacrament of the altar, were he learned or unlearned, wise, or simple innocent, all went to the fire, as may appear by this simple poor creature and innocent soul, named *Thomas Moor*, retaining as a servant to a mans house in the town of *Leicester*, about the age of 24, and after manner of an husbandman, who for speaking certain words, that his Maker was in Heaven, and not in the Pix, was thereupon apprehended in the country, being with his friends. Who coming before his Ordinary, first was asked, whether he did not believe his Maker there to be, pointing to the high altar. Which he denied.

Then asked the Bishop, How then, said he, dost thou believe?

The young man answered again; as his Creed did teach him.

To whom the Bishop said; And what is yonder that thou seest above the altar? He answering, said, Forsooth I cannot tell what you would have me to see. I see there fine clothes, with golden tassels, and other gay geer hanging about the Pix; what is within I cannot see.

Why: Dost thou not believe, said the bishop, Christ to be there, flesh, blood, and bone? No, that I do not, said he.

Whereupon the Ordinary making short with him, read the sentence, and so condemned the true and faithful servant of Christ to death, in Saint *Margaret's* Church in *Leicester;* who was burnt, and suffered a joyful and glorious martyrdom, for the testimony of righteousness, in the same town of *Leicester*, the year of our Lord above mentioned, 1556, about the 26 of June."

Facts, Hints, and Gems.

Facts.

Among the many public improvements which have been made of late years, none is, perhaps, of greater value and importance than our new postage system.—During the past year 525 new post offices were opened.—The whole number now in the United Kingdom, 10,498.—Free delivery was last year extended to 1,327 places.—As many as 69 more towns have daily mails to and from London.—The transit in all directions has been greatly facilitated.—The railways now convey daily over 27,109 miles, and the coaches or carts 31,667.—The book parcels last year were 3,000,000.—Stamped newspapers have decreased 25,000,000.—Aggregate of letters last year, 456,000,000; valentines, 800,000.—During the year 300,000 letters were received from Australia; 150,000 from the East Indies; and 70,000 from Canada.—In 1855, two million letters were sent to and from the British army and navy.—Two millions were sent to the United States, and 103,000 returned.—Half of the letters of the whole kingdom pass through the London office.—Nearly six million money orders, value eleven millions of pounds sterling, were issued last year.—The iron pillar receiving letter boxes fixed in the streets of London answer the purpose well, and are to be increased.—The number of persons now employed in the Post Office is 22,547.—The whole Revenue of the Post Office last year was £2,717,000; expenditure, £1,591,000.

Now we want, to complete the system, a Penny Ocean Postage of all nations. This would be a world-wide blessing.

Hints.

Some People live in a round of little actions. They work, eat, drink, sleep; and work, eat, drink, and sleep again, one day after another, without any higher aspirations. This is ignoble. Man was made for higher good.

A Right Woman is she who was a modest girl, and a prudent wife, and is now a careful matron, who makes her husband and children happy. Such a woman is worth a dozen of your would-be fine ladies.

To be in Debt is next door to being in prison, for you dont like to go out for fear of meeting your creditor. Better try to do without a thing than run into debt for it. The inconvenience of not having it is not so great as not having money to pay for it.

A Word to Husbands.—You have heard of Princes, and you called them wise, who sometimes dropped certain of their prerogatives for the sake of peace and order. And you as a husband must do so now and then in your own house.

Poverty and Shame.—There is one thing a man should be more ashamed of than his poverty, and that is when he makes no resolute efforts to rise above it.

Good Manners are always our best protection from the ill manners of others. Speak with civility to a rude man, and spite of himself you will make him feel queer first, and drop his rudeness after.

A Curious Saying is that, and yet it is a true one, that a man who has nothing to commend him to notice but what his fathers' did before him, is like the potatoe plant, the best part of which is to be found underground.

Gems.

CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS were temporary, but his compassions are durable. He left suffering behind him on earth, but he took compassion with him to heaven and wears it as the brightest jewel of his crown for ever.

GOD IN THE GOSPEL sends us to Christ that we may have our sins cleansed in his blood, and our persons adorned with his righteousness. Not till then will he admit us into his presence.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.—What wonders were wrought there! There sin and death, and the powers of darkness, were all conquered by the sufferer, from whose very crown of thorns the laurels grew, which, nourished by his blood and tears, bloom with immortal verdure around his brow for ever!

A SIGHT OF CHRIST IN GLORY, obtained through the telescope of revelation, enkindles hope, inspires zeal, heightens joy, fills full of love, and gives the highest pledge of an eternal and glorious life.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST ONLY can quench that burning fire which sin had kindled in the hearts of men. Nothing less than this will ever purge our guilty consciences from dead works to serve the living God.

AFTER HIS RESURRECTION, Jesus put on the robes of his imperial majesty, and ascending on high, entered the celestial city in triumph, and sat down on his everlasting Throne. What a dignified and Almighty Saviour!

THE HOLY CORPORATION of angels went forth to meet Christ their Lord and King when he returned from the conquest of sin and death in this lower world, singing his coronation song, they hailed him as "King of Glory."

Poetic Selections.

EPITAPHS FROM A VILLAGE CHURCH-YARD.

WE love to wander among the graves of a village burial-ground, to notice the expressions of attachment and affection there recorded. Having such an opportunity lately in the village of Yardley, near Birmingham, when on a visit to a relative residing there, we copied the following:—

WHEN nature sinks beneath disease,
And every earthly hope is fled,
What then can give the sinner ease,
And bless with peace his dying bed?
Jesus, thy smile his heart can cheer;
He's blest indeed if thou art near.

Here in the grave the partner of my life
Peacefully sleeps, a truly virtuous wife;
Though distant graves our children's dust contain,
We hope to meet in happier climes again.

Gentle Reader, learn to know
This world's a vain an empty show;
That heaven deserves your utmost care,
And Sacred Writ will guide you there.

These little rites, a stone, a verse I give,
On Memory's tablet thou wilt ever live!

Looking from the shadows of Time
To the glories of Eternity,
And assured of a Resurrection to Life Eternal,
Through faith in Christ
He was enabled to say,
"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

How short the date of human life,
How transient are its joys;
The flowers that in the morning spring
The coming blast destroys.

These graves around of every size,
Bid thee with warning voice
Delay no more—to Jesus fly
For grace to live—for grace to die.

In an instant I sank 'neath the shadows of death,
And Eternity round me arose;
O, Reader, remember that life is a breath,
And a breath may bring thine to a close.

But what security is breath
Against the uplifted hand of death;
Not one is safe, not one secure,
Not one can call his moments sure.

The Children's Corner.

RETURN OF THE CUCKOO.

The schoolboy wandering in the wood,
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts up—thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'st the vocal vale;
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

O! could I fly, I'd fly with thee:
We'd make with social wing,
Our annual visits o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

LISTENING TO THE CUCKOO.

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
That seems to fill the whole air's space,
As loud far off as near.

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listen'd to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still long'd for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain,
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.

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THE CRUSADES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

At the Wesleyan Institute at Tiviot Dale School, among other lectures, Mr. Simmons delivered one on this interesting subject, from which we extract the following passages. Mr. S. first alluded to the early pilgrimages of superstitious christians to the Holy Land, and then said:—

In many instances the pilgrims brought home relics of their sojourn, such as water from the river Jordan, fragments of mould from the holy sepulchre, &c., which were sold at extravagant prices, and were worn on the person as a kind of charm. They were much sought after, and could only be supplied by pilgrims, who consequently multiplied till they might be numbered by tens of thousands. Some of the pilgrims exhibited great traits of heroism in the manner they encountered the difficulties of their undertaking. At length the papists enjoined a pilgrimage to the scene of the Saviour's ministrations as a very meritorious work, and sometimes made it a portion of penance to be performed for grave offences. The trade in relics became a very profitable one, and the eastern people adopted the system of supplying the eager pilgrims with spurious articles. A grove containing 100,000 trees would not have supplied so much wood as was sold for portions of the true cross; the pretended tears of the Virgin Mary would almost fill an ocean; a fabulous number of hides would be required to supply all the portions of St. John the Baptist's girdle; and other things in proportion. Then came about that fearful apostacy, the establishment of the popish hierarchy, developing those corroding influences, the love of money and the thirst of power. Mahommedanism, too, had sprung up, and for a time threatened to overflow Christendom; but, after many difficulties, a treaty was concluded

between Charlemagne and the Caliph Harun, by which the keys of the holy places were given up to the christians. Pilgrimages, after this, were resumed with great ardour, and the christians were allowed to retain possession of the churches they had erected, but not to build new ones; they were not to organize religious processions or to ring bells, and on all occasions to keep themselves distinct from the Moslems. The schism which arose between the Greek and Latin churches exhibited the great ambition of the church of Rome and its resolve to settle theological questions by force of arms. Towards the close of the tenth century, the christians generally believed that the end of the world was approaching, as the thousand years mentioned in scripture were nearly expired. A great dread filled the minds of the people, and crowds of pilgrims flocked to Jerusalem to be present at the second advent of our Saviour. Then was to be observed the singular scene of an overwhelming population tending to one point; and though we may have read of occurrences of a similar nature in California and Australia, they could not in any way equal the movement we now speak of; for the pilgrims were in the hands of a relentless enemy who spared no indignities they could offer to the travellers. By one of those sudden revolutions for which the East has been distinguished, the Turks became masters of Palestine, and they were of the most cruel class with whom the christians could come in contact. This may be said to have been the pre-disposing cause of the crusades. The christian priests were murdered by the victorious Ottomans, and thousands who sought admission to the holy city were not permitted to enter without paying an exorbitant tax. Famine and disease thinned their ranks; and when they returned home, they gave most painful accounts of their persecutions and sufferings. The whole christian world became agitated by their statements, and considered it a duty to wrest the holy places from the hands of the infidels. But the direct incentives to the undertaking were the preaching of Peter the Hermit, and the proclamation of Pope Urban II. Of the former it may be said that he was sincere and steady in purpose,—a compound of piety and fanaticism. He is thus described:—"When he started from the shade of obscurity, his small and mean person was macerated by austerities; his face was thin and careworn; but his eye spoke thought and feeling, and atoned for the general insignificance

of his appearance. His imagination was sanguine, but his judgment weak; and therefore his long-continued speculations upon religion in the cloister and cell, ended in dreams of rapture. He fancied himself invested with Divine authority, and what in truth was but the vision of a heated mind, he believed to be a communication from heaven." He was remarkably eloquent and full of enthusiasm, and all classes in England, France, and Germany, were influenced by him, and the idea was eagerly embraced by crowds who were actuated by various motives: some embracing the cause from a religious view, others from love of gain, and another class because it was a grand and exciting enterprise. Every one who engaged in the undertaking wore the sign of the cross, which was usually made of red cloth, and worn on the shoulder or back. Some idea may be formed of the enthusiasm created by Peter, when it is stated that the Council of Clermont was held in the winter of 1095, where the topic was first formally debated, and by the spring of 1096, 600,000 were ready to march to Palestine. The first instalment of the crusaders was led by Walter the Penniless, of Burgundy, comprising eight knights and a motley undisciplined troop of followers, amounting to 20,000. He took his way through Bulgaria, where they encountered great opposition from the inhabitants, who looked upon them with great suspicion, and refused to trade with them. In consequence of not being able to procure provisions, famine broke out among the pilgrims, and excited to desperation by their sufferings, they attacked the inhospitable natives. A battle ensued in which the crusaders were defeated, and vast numbers perished. Walter made his way to Constantinople. Soon afterwards Peter the Hermit followed, with 40,000 people of all ages, conditions, and both sexes; who having heard of the sufferings endured by those who preceded them under Walter, determined to be revenged on the Bulgarians, and to that end committed the most unbounded cruelties and excesses. The King of Hungary, hearing of these proceedings, assembled a large force, and fell upon the rude troops of Peter, who were incapable of offering any serious resistance, from their want of organization and discipline. Vast multitudes of them were slaughtered; and when Peter, in spite of difficulties, made his way to Constantinople, he had not more than 7,000 followers. They were for the most part ruffians who thought more of plunder than the object of their journey,

and in the most reckless manner burnt palaces, and killed the people in their route. The Greek Emperor hurried them across the Bosphorus in order to get rid of them, but in Asia they became more licentious than ever, and indulged in the wildest excesses; until at length Peter lost all control over them, and went back to Constantinople. Those left behind ultimately perished, either by internal warfare, or on the swords of the enemy, and Walter is recorded to have been the first chief who lost his life in the expedition, whilst trying to quell a quarrel among the unmanageable host. The passage of other hordes of crusaders was marked by the most fearful atrocities, especially in connexion with the Jews, whom they put to death in immense numbers. The king of Hungary again retaliated, and it is calculated that in the first year of the crusades, about 250,000 lives were sacrificed. Still religious fervour kept up the spirit of the movement, and soon a more disciplined expedition was set on foot. Of this the principal leaders were Godfrey of Bouillon, Robert of Normandy, and Raymond of Toulouse. Of the first named chieftain the highest character has been handed down to us; he is represented to have been handsome, versed in knightly exercises, and of dauntless valour. This expedition was moreover a long cherished idea of his, and great numbers flocked to his standard, attracted by the fame of his qualities as a leader. On the 10th of March, 1096, the troops under Godfrey took their departure, and were soon followed by those under the other leaders. Their course was marked by the strictest discipline, in which they contrasted strongly with those who had gone before them; and on the plains of Asia Minor, they mustered 100,000 cavalry, fully armed and equipped, while their total number amounted to 700,000 including the priests and women. Their outfit was of the most splendid character, and the scene was perhaps one of the most beautiful that could have been looked upon. Their first operation was the siege of Nice, which, after a desperate struggle, yielded to the assailants, during which prodigies of valour were performed, some of which were no doubt magnified beyond their merits by the narrators. Among others, is the account of a huge Turk, one of the besieged, who dealt death among the christians with an unsparing hand, and seemed invulnerable; so much so that the assailants were panic-striken. At length Godfrey determined to attack the monster himself, and arming himself

with a cross-bow, he took correct aim, and pierced him to the heart. On the 1st of July, 1097, the battle of Dorylaum was fought, which, after a hard contest, was at length decided in favour of the crusaders; and in which the enemy fled, leaving all his camp and treasures in the hands of the victors. But after this the christians suffered the most painful calamities, as the Turks had laid waste the country, and multitudes died from want of food and water. At length they came to Antioch, to which they laid siege; but famine and disease carried off their numbers, at the rate, it is said, of 900 a day. The leaders, however, exerted themselves to keep up the spirit of their troops, and superstition lent its aid to spur them on in the undertaking; the most notable instance of which was the assertion of Peter Barthelemy, a Lombard priest, that he had seen a vision of St. Andrew, who informed him that the head of the spear which had pierced the side of our Saviour would be found in the church of St. Peter in Antioch, which, when exhumed, would ensure victory to the besiegers. A number of men were engaged in excavating for the precious relic, and after toiling a whole day, the priest descended into the excavation, and said he had found it. New life was infused into the besieging forces, they fought with enthusiasm, and speedily overcame the city. After several victories in succession, they began their march to Jerusalem, and on first coming within sight of the city, their enthusiasm exhibited itself in many different ways; some shouted, some prayed, some wept, and others kissed the earth they trod upon. Then their minds were filled with wrath that the infidels should be in possession of the sacred places. The attack soon commenced, and a desperate hand-to-hand encounter ensued, which was kept up with equal bravery on both sides, but had to be suspended on the part of the crusaders for the want of war machines; and they now exerted themselves to the utmost in the fabrication of catapults, battering rams, &c. The want of water and other privations had reduced the number of the besiegers to from 40,000 to 30,000, and their spirits were fast giving way, when the agency of superstition was again brought into requisition with the desired effect. Such was the enthusiasm now brought to bear, that the women and children pressed forward to aid the troops. Raymond of Toulouse was the first to enter the city by means of an escalade, and soon after others of the leaders forced their way in by

different modes. To their well-known war cry, "God wills it," the banner of the cross waved on the walls; and once inside, the victors gave no quarter to their opponents. The soldiers of the cross appeared to think it wrong to spare any of the Moslems who came in their way, and the consequence was that thousands of corpses soon strewed the streets. Godfrey and the other leaders threw off their armour, and proceeded as penitents to the visible altar of the Saviour, with every mark of contrition and humility. The only apology that can be made for the cruelty of the crusaders in the hour of victory is in the barbarities that were practised on the other side. There was, besides the religious one, another motive for the crusades, and that was to put down the savage tribes who had taken possession of the holy land solely by the right of conquest; and he (the lecturer) questioned whether the expeditions were not as justifiable as some modern warfares that might be named. It must also be borne in mind that it was a dark and superstitious age of which many proofs might be given, but one must, for the present, suffice. There was a robbery of gold and jewels from the cathedral at Lyons, and Anselm was applied to for the discovery of the thief. Anselm had been reading in the scriptures about the discovery of an offender by casting lots; so he hit upon the following expedient. He told them to procure an infant from every parish in the neighbourhood, and submit it to the ordeal of water; in other words, that the infants should be left to float in a quantity of holy water. The one that sunk would denote the parish wherein the guilty person resided. They were then to take an infant from every house in that parish, and by the same rule they would find out where he lived; and having done so, every individual in the house was to go through the same process till the right one was thus miraculously declared. This experiment is said to have been perfectly successful; but there were in the same age ordeals of a more cruel nature, such as hot water, hot iron, &c. To resume; after the conquest of Jerusalem, Godfrey de Bouillon was chosen its first king, and he seems to have had every qualification for that exalted post, but he did not long live to enjoy it; and his successors not being of the same stamp as himself, in less than half a century Jerusalem fell into the hands of Saladyn, king of Egypt. We must pass rapidly over the remaining portion of the history of the crusades. The second crusade commenced

in the time of Louis VII. of France, and was principally stimulated by the great eloquence of St. Bernard. It began well but ended in failure; that effect having been principally caused by the treachery of the Greeks, who poisoned their water, murdered their sick, and threw all sorts of impediments in their way. When near Phrygia, one portion of their troops was suddenly surrounded by myriads of Turks, and cruelly massacred. After an unsuccessful attempt to take the city of Damascus, wherein almost all who escaped from the Turks were slaughtered by the Greeks, this expedition came to an end. The third crusade commenced in 1189, in the time of Barbarossa, and was principally remarkable for the exploits of our Richard Cœur de Lion, who was undoubtedly one of the most valiant men of that age. As a proof of his great strength it is related that the head of his battle-axe contained 20lbs. of solid steel, and his conduct in battle was of the most fearless character. No better example of his great powers can be adduced than the fact that the Moslems held him in dread for years afterwards, and his name was actually used by the Saracen mothers as a word to frighten their children. He conquered Cyprus, put Saladyn to the rout, held the Saracens in complete check, and came in sight of the holy city, but he never attempted to take it; and when, before he left the neighbourhood, he was taken by one of his barons to an eminence which overlooked the city, he hid his face behind his shield, saying that he who was unable to rescue ought not to look upon the holy sepulchre. He was again encountered by Saladyn, but by his invincible prowess he was enabled to gain a truce very favourable to the christians, and this undertaking ended in 1192. Passing over the intervening expeditions of this nature, we may only mention that the last was undertaken by Edward of England, who succeeded merely in getting a ten years truce concluded between the Saracens and christians, which was broken by the English themselves, and their last hope was destroyed by the taking of Potlemais, and the fearful scenes at its capitulation, when 60,000 christians were destroyed. Thus, after 200 years of conflict, and hundreds of thousands of volunteers had devoted themselves to the cause, princely wealth had been sacrificed, unparalelled sufferings had been endured, and the most intrepid bravery exhibited, all the cities in Palestine were abandoned to the enemies of the christians. Attempts have from time to time since then been made to revive the crusading

spirit, but they have all failed. After exhorting his hearers to prefer the capture of the heavenly Jerusalem by spiritual weapons, to that of the literal city by carnal weapons, the lecturer concluded his interesting address.

Poetry.

THE HEAVENLY CRUSADE;

OR, WE ARE MARCHING ON TO GLORY.

We are marching on to glory; say, will you go along?
We ask you, we invite you, to join our glorious throng;
Forsake the devil's service, and give to Christ your heart,
And for the better country make up your mind to start.

Come with us then, my brother, our Captain bids us come;
The rich and poor, the halt the blind, he calls you ever one;
Our weapons are not carnal, yet mighty shall they be
To break the chains that satan made, and set the captive free.

When in our camps we gather God's presence doth appear,
To let us know he's with us, our drooping souls to cheer;
'Tis then we feel it good for us with heart and soul to sing
The prowess of our Captain, and the glory of our King.

Christ Jesus is our captain, his word of truth our guide;
Christ is our friend and brother, and all we want beside;
Though many foes beset our path our progress to assail,
Yet looking to the strong for strength we can we must prevail.

The soldiers of the cross are now all scattered far and wide,
In city, town, and hamlet, and on the mountain side;
No matter what their station who Jesus serve and love,
For when they quit the ranks below they join the ranks above.

Ours is a glorious warfare, and victory is sure
If we continue faithful and to the end endure;
Though hard may be the conflict and rough may be the way,
Cheer up, my fellow soldiers all, we soon shall win the day.

When all our warfare's ended we'll lay our armour by
To take our crown and kingdom in yon bright world on high;
And then we'll join our comrades who fought this fight before,
And now are waiting for us too, on Canaan's happy shore.

Oh! what a noble army will then be muster'd there,
Of those who fought the fight of faith and won the victory here;
"You ask them whence their victory came, they with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb, their triumph to his death."
We hope to join their company and swell their endless song.
We are marching on to glory, say, will you go along!

Birmingham. R. B.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THUNDER-STORM IN THE CRIMEA.—At eight o'clock this evening, June 23, a thunderstorm, advancing from the mountain ranges over Balaklava and Mackenzie's farm, burst on the valley of the Tchernaya and on the southern portion of the camp. I never beheld such incessant lightning. For two hours the sky was a blaze of fire. The rain fell like a great wall of water behind us. Not a drop descended over the camp in front, but we could see it in a steep glistening cascade, illuminated by the lightning, falling all across the camp from sea to land. The storm has done more damage than we could have anticipated. Men were drowned in ravines converted by the tornado into angry watercourses, were carried off roads by mountain torrents, and dashed against hill sides; beasts were swept away into the harbour and borne to sea; huts were broken up and floated out into the ocean; the burial grounds near Balaklava were swept bare, and disclosed their grim army of the dead in ghastly resurrection, washed into strange shapes from out their shallow graves; and, greatest calamity of all, the railway was in various places discomposed, ripped up, and broken down, so as to be unserviceable at our greatest need.

Times Correspondent—1855.

THE RAIN CLOUD AND FLOWER.—The ground is dry and hard, the sky intensely blue, the hot rays of a summer sun are pouring down upon the earth, and fields and gardens, trees and flowers, pant for rain. Suddenly a rain cloud no bigger than a man's hand seems to arise out of the sea, and expanding, floats negligently in the deep sky, its dark black body edged with gold and silver. "Bless the rain cloud," saith the parched earth. A little flower, pale and nearly dead, lifts up its head, and with a supplicating voice prays to the rain cloud. "Oh, rain cloud! beneficent rain cloud! let fall a drop of water into my cup: I am thirsty, panting, dying: relieve my want, and may the God that made both thee and me, bless thee!" But the proud rain cloud refused to listen to the prayer of the flower, and carried its mighty self away, its dark black body edged with gold and silver. Yet the treasures of the rain cloud must be dispensed; and better, so the haughty rain cloud thinks, that it should fall on the ocean that needs it not, than on the flower that perishes for lack of moisture. So the little flower droops its head and dies. [This is a riddle. Can you unravel it?]

GRASPING AT RICHES.—A young man expressed his surprise to Dr. Franklin that the possession of great riches should ever be attended with undue solicitude, and instanced a merchant, who, although in possession of unbounded wealth, was as busy, and much more anxious, than the most industrious clerk in his counting-house.

The Doctor, in reply, took an apple from a fruit basket, and presented it to a child in the room, who could scarcely grasp it in his hand. He then gave him a second, which filled the other; and choosing a third, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold three apples, dropped the last on the carpet, and burst into tears. "See," said Franklin, "there is a little man with more riches than he can enjoy."

Robert Newton.—Before railways were generally constructed in England, Mr. Newton was familiarly known to the drivers and guards of stage-coaches on all the great roads, who regarded him as a friend, and were ever ready to meet his wishes. On one occasion, it is said, he had made an arrangement to meet a coach at the end of a cross road, early in the morning; but when the coach arrived, he was not on the spot. The coachman stopped, and the passengers began to remonstrate. He expressed a full persuasion that the reverend gentleman would speedily appear, and he was unwilling to leave him. Immediately Mr. Newton was seen galloping up the cross-road, with a carpet-bag in his hand. On his arrival he tied the horse's head to a gate, took his place behind the coachman with many expressions of thanks, and stated that he had set off in time with his friend in a gig, that the gig having broken down, he stripped the horse of its harness, mounted its bare back, and left his friend to follow on foot, for the purpose of taking the horse back again. By these means he was able to fulfil his engagements for the day.

Ocular Demonstration.—The following anecdote is told of Robert Robinson, of Cambridge. Upon one occasion when he was preaching, he dropped the immediate subject of his discourse, and made this observation:—"It is a rule with me never to use an expression which the humblest of my hearers cannot understand. I have just made use of the term *ocular demonstration;* I will explain it to you. I look in the table pew, and I see a young man in a blue coat and scarlet waistcoat *fast asleep.*" On pronouncing the last two words, he raised his voice considerably, and, all eyes being attracted to the unfortunate sleeper, he added in a lower tone, "Of that I have *ocular demonstration.*" He then resumed his discourse in his accustomed manner. But all who heard him now knew the meaning of the two hard words.

Rowland Hill.—Not long before his death, meeting an acquaintance who was nearly as aged as himself, said, "If you and I dont march off soon, our friends yonder (looking upwards) will think we have lost our way." Once, at Wotton, while preaching in the afternoon, he saw some persons sleeping, and paused, saying, "I have heard that the miller can sleep when the mill is going, but if it stops it awakens him. I'll try this method," so he sat down, and soon saw an aroused audience.

WHAT IS A BILLION?—Why a million times a million, to be sure! Ah, you may easily write this down, and still more easily pronounce it; but can you count a billion? Why not? Stop a bit. Perhaps you can count 160 or 170 in a minute,—nay, suppose you could even count 200 in a minute, then, in one hour you would count 12,000, if you were not interrupted. Well, 12,000 an hour would be 288,000 a day; and a year, or 365 days, would produce 105,120,000. But this would not allow you a single moment for sleep, or for any other business whatsoever! Well, now, suppose that Adam at the beginning of his existence had begun to count, and were counting still, he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted near enough. For to count a billion he would require 9512 years, thirty-four days, five hours and twenty minutes, according to the above reckoning. But suppose we were to allow the poor counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating, and sleeping, he would need 19,024 years, sixty-eight days, ten hours, and forty minutes, to count a billion.

ETERNITY.—O Eternity, Eternity! how are our boldest and our strongest thoughts lost and overwhelmed in thee! Who can set landmarks to thy dimensions, or find plummets to fathom thy depths? Arithmeticians have figures to compute all the progressions of time. Astronomers have instruments to calculate the distances of the planets. But what numbers can state,—what lines can guage the lengths and breadths of Eternity? "It is higher than Heaven; what canst thou do?—deeper than hell; what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth;—broader than the sea. Mysterious, mighty existence! A sum not to be lessened by the largest deductions; an extent not to be contracted by all possible diminutions! None can truly say, after the most prodigious waste of ages, "So much of Eternity is gone!" For when millions of centuries are elapsed it is but just commencing; and when millions more have run their ample round, it will be no nearer ending. Yea, when ages, numerous as the bloom of spring, increased by the herbage of summer, both augmented by the leaves of autumn, and all multiplied by the drops of rain which drown the winter,—when these, and ten thousand times ten thousand more,—more than can be represented by any similitude, or imagined by any conception,—when all these are revolved and finished, Eternity,—vast, boundless, amazing Eternity will only be beginning. *Dobson.*

REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.—John Newton once said, "I have known wonderful proofs of the faithfulness of the Lord in answering the prayers of parents who left young and helpless families behind. A friend of mine, in the west of England (a faithful, laborious minister; but who, I believe, never was master

of five pounds at one time), was a dying. His friends advised him to make his will; he replied, "I have nothing to leave, but my wife and children, and I leave them to the care of my gracious God." Soon after this he died happily. But there appeared no prospect of support for his family at that time. The Lord, however, stirred up a man, who had always despised his preaching, to feel for the deceased minister's poor destitute family; and he so exerted himself, that he was the means of £1,200 being raised by subscriptions for them; and the clergy of Exeter, who had never countenanced his preaching, gave his widow a house and garden for her life, so that she lived in far greater plenty than in her husband's life time. Why was all this? It was in answer to the prayers of a man who had God for his friend."

None but Christ.—Mr. John Johnson, an old and faithful servant of Jesus Christ, began to travel in Mr. John Wesley's Connection, in 1755, and laboured many years. He was blessed with a long life, being 78 years old when he died. His pains were very great during his illness; yet not a murmuring word dropped from his lips. When one said to him, "You may look back with pleasure on a well-spent life;" he broke out, though very weak, with that earnestness of expression which manifested how far anything of that kind was from being the foundation on which his hopes were built, "I can look back," said he, "on the time I was convinced that I was a lost sinner. I can look back with joy on the day when Mr. Whitefield preached from that text, 'Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us,' when joy so filled my soul, that whether I was in the body or out of the body, I could not tell; and when I appear before my Saviour, I will cast my crown at his feet. No: By grace am I saved!"

Sacredness of Tears.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not a mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of grief, of contrition, of love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive motions of the breast, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when the tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh! speak not harshly to the stricken one, weeping in silence. Break not the rude solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps. Despise not woman's tears,—they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is melted to tears,—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears,—an awful pleasure. If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loath to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never lie and rest in peace."—*Dr. Johnson.*

The Fireside.

HOW TO PROMOTE HARMONY IN A FAMILY.

We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed during the day; so prepare for it.—Every body in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.—To look upon each of the family as one for whom Christ died.—When any good happens to any one to rejoice at it.—When inclined to give an angry answer, to lift up the heart in prayer.—If from any cause we feel irritable, to keep a strict watch upon ourselves.—To observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to their state.—To watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.—To take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.—When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves, "Have I not done the same thing and been forgiven?"—To be gentle with the younger ones and treat them kindly.—Never judge one another, but attribute a good motive when we can.—To compare our manifold blessings with the trifling annoyances of the day.

The Penny Post Box.

ABOUT THE NUMBER SEVEN.

You have told us some curious things about number seven from the Bible. Can you tell us why there is so much said from the beginning to the end of the Holy Book about that remarkable number? For I have a notion that there must have been some design in its being mentioned so frequently. INQUIRER.

We do not pretend to know; but in reply we would suggest that the frequent repetition of that number might be to keep before the world an unfailing remembrance of the weekly period of time, with the holy day of rest at the end or the beginning of it. And certainly the sabbath, or one day of rest in seven, is so necessary for man and the animals he employs to labour for him, and so great a blessing in affording opportunity for divine worship, and the proclamation of the glad tidings of salvation, that we take it as a proof of our Heavenly Father's love of us, and his great care for our temporal and spiritual well-being, that he has done so much to keep the number of the days of the week constantly before our eyes throughout the whole of Holy Scripture, that the observance of the sabbath may never be neglected or fall into disuse. These are our thoughts about it, and we think we are right.

Facts, Hints, and Gems.

Facts.

One Serious Fact for Mothers.—At an inquest held by Mr. Wakley, coroner for West Middlesex, on a child poisoned by the impure air inhaled under the bed clothes—a circumstance by which, the coroner remarked, at least 150 children, annually, lost their lives in his district in the county alone. Mr. Wakley, after the inquiry had been gone through, commented upon the recent mysterious facts in connection with the trial of Palmer, observing—"A good deal has lately been said about poison in the blood and chemical analysis. Now, this child died, literally speaking, from poison; but if a careful analysis of the blood was to take place, not the most shrewd man could say what poison it contained. The child is covered over by the bed clothes; it goes on sleeping, the blood becomes poisoned from the want of natural air, and eventually life stops, the departure of vitality being similar to the slow flickering of an extinguishing candle when it has no wax or tallow to support its further burning. I have had as many as seven such cases in this parish during one week, and it is the most difficult—indeed, an impossible thing—to prove whether the children had been wilfully so poisoned or not (sensation). Not all the science in the world could prove if the deaths, in many cases, were accidental, or brought about by design." Another word—we have heard of infants so dying in a clean sweet bed, how much more likely then if the bed be foul and dirty. Loving mothers will be careful.

Hints.

Queer Folks.—There are who *like* nobody—and are *liked* by nobody. And all this is their own *liking*. Dont be *like* them.

When a Stranger greets us with a few pleasant words—though we never saw him before and may never see him again—we feel an obligation. Well: we can all afford to do something of this sort. Such words are cheap.

A Pleasant Smile shed on the sorrowful, is like the sun shining from behind a dark cloud, especially if it beam on one who thinks he has not a friend in the world.

A Popular Female Writer says:—"The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweets of life, poetry; and the water of life, faith."

Sincerity is like travelling on a plain beaten road, that sooner brings a man to his journey's end than a bye path in which men often lose themselves.

The Economy of Providence is seen in one man excelling in what another is defective, and so making each to work for the good of all.

It is an Easier Task to say a great deal about a little, than to say a little about a great deal.

Shortness of Life. Many complain of want of time, and yet seem to have more than they know how to use well. They complain that our days on earth are few, and yet act as if there would be no end of them.

Honest Employment affords higher enjoyment than perpetual pleasure-seeking. A man or a woman without useful employment of some kind, is "like a fish out of water."

Gems.

It is far worse to insult a prince in his robes than if disguised as a servant. So it is worse to despise Christ in his glory than to reject him in his humiliation.

The Way to Immortality from earth is through the portal of death. Only two have passed into it by any other way, and there is no promise that one more shall.

The Portal of Death is naturally dark, but the Son of God by passing through it has illuminated it with glorious light, and left a shining track way up to the "land that is very far off."

May I go to Jesus? *Yes.* May I go now and always. *Yes.* With all my sins and troubles? *Yes*—Come and welcome!

Idolatry.—This is a great crime; it is no less than high treason against God. We may not worship an image, but if we love or desire any person or thing in preference to God we are idolaters.

No Man Can be Happy in the true and full sense of that word, until he finds rest and righteousness in Christ.

When God Speaks, man should hear. For whether he makes a promise or utters a threat, he means what he says, and none can hinder him doing so.

Cultivate the Habit of lifting up your heart to God, and holding communion with him. You may do so a hundred times a day if you will without hindrance, whatever may be your employment. This is walking with God as Enoch did.

Never, for one moment, think that you can qualify yourself by your prayers or penitence, or any thing else, to come to Christ. Come just as you are. For,—

"If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all."

Poetic Selections.

TO THE JEWS OF JERUSALEM.

Receive thy King, O Israel, even where
He spent whole nights for thee in fervent prayer;
Think of those tears for thee so often shed
By him who had not where to lay his head;
Who left for thee his throne of dignity,
Shrouding his form in poor humanity;
Him whom thy fathers' once rejected, now
Waits to be gracious even unto thee.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Prayer is the sweetest breath we breathe
On this side Jordan's shore,
But when we reach fair Canaan's land,
We then shall pray no more.

Praise then shall ever be our joy,
Praise to our Saviour God,
Praise to the Lamb who once was slain,
And washed us in his blood.

WORSHIP OF HEAVEN.

The Lamb that was slain in the midst of the throne,
They worship and praise and adore
With millions of angels and saints gladly j in,
His praises to sing evermore.

THE SABBATH.

This holy day of peace and rest,
The blessed God has always blest;
He hallows every hour anew,
And calls on me to do so too.

Blessings too great for tongue to speak,
Rest on this first day of the week;
May we improve its hours now given,
And find in Christ the rest of heaven.

S.

WORTH OF MY BIBLE.

This little book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone;
Than all their diadems;
Nay! were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth one golden ball,
One diamond all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

AN EPITAPH.

Once I was alive and well,
Now down with the dead I dwell;
You now reading cannot tell
When down here you too may dwell;
But one thing you know full well,
Your soul will be in heaven or hell.

The Children's Corner.

PITY THE POOR GIPSY RACE.

A Christian Preacher gave a Testament to a Gipsy Girl on Sherwood Forest, near Nottingham. She read it, was converted, and in the love of the Saviour she died happy.

O! ye who have tasted of pardoning love,
And shar'd in the blessings of mercy and grace,
To us let the bowels of tenderness move,
And pity, O! pity, the poor Gipsy race!

Too long have we wander'd, neglected and wild,
And view'd by all people as wretched and base;
Nor once on our darkness has light ever smil'd—
Then pity, O! pity, the poor Gipsy race!

Like you, we're adorn'd with that gem, which, if lost,
Not the mines of Golconda can ever replace;
To redeem it the blood of Immanuel it cost—
Then pity, O! pity, the poor Gipsy race.

Ye who have found mercy, that mercy display;
Ye sons of *adoption* your origin trace;
And then—ah! you cannot your face turn away;
Then pity, O pity, the poor Gipsy race!

Like us you were vile in the sight of your God,
But he look'd, and he lov'd, and he pitied your case;
And a Saviour has cleans'd you in streams of his blood,
Then pity, O pity, the poor Gipsy race!

We, too, may form part of that numerous throng,
Redeem'd from all people by infinite grace:
And yet join with you in that heavenly song,—
Then pity, O pity, the poor Gipsy race!

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THE ENGLISH "GOSPELLERS."

Mr. Hugh Stowell Brown, in a Lecture on the "Pilgrim Fathers," thus brings into view these lovers of the pure gospel, some of whom afterwards emigrated to North America, and became the founders of the New England States:—

"During the reign of Elizabeth, the daughter and female likeness of Henry VIII., the inheritor of his imperious and unbearable temper, as well as of his crown, the puritans who dared to violate that absolute uniformity of religion which had been established were persecuted with the most relentless cruelty. Between the reign of the Papist Mary and that of the Protestant Elizabeth there is just this difference with respect to persecution, and not much more than this, namely, that under the former martyrs died at the stake, while under the latter they endured a much more horrible death by long and barbarous imprisonment. Nor, indeed, was the stake an altogether unused instrument in the days of the great protestant queen. On several occasions it was brought into requisition; and had not public opinion been so strong and decided against a revival of "the burnings," the protestant hierarchy would have rejoiced with the joy of Bonner in committing Puritans to the flames. One result of this cruelty was the emigration of large numbers of Englishmen to the Low Countries, where they were permitted—not without some restrictions, however,—to serve God as they chose, at least to do so without surplices, to baptize without the sign of the cross, and to lay aside other and far graver matters of Anglican uniformity, from which their reason and their conscience alike revolted with an invincible disapproval. Endeavours were made to stop this emigration, but still, by the connivance of the magistrates, under cover of the night, in frail open boats,

or stowed away among the merchandise of larger vessels, many endeavoured to reach the continent. When that brilliant specimen of princely wisdom, the British Solomon, succeeded Elizabeth, an improvement was hoped for by the puritans, inasmuch as his most dread majesty was a presbyterian. Still no improvement came. The Hampton Court conference sufficiently discovered to the disappointed lovers of religious truth and freedom that the new dynasty would be as intolerant as the old, and that, between Tudor and Stewart, it was difficult to decide which was the more hostile to the rights of conscience or the less regardful of the sacredness of truth Accordingly the emigration still went on, and good and learned Englishmen still sought and found in Holland the freedom for which they had in vain petitioned at the throne of their canting and pragmatical king.

Near the point at which the counties of York, Lincoln, and Nottingham meet, there is in the last-mentioned county a little village, too small to be noticed by the gazetteers—the gazetteers know nothing of many of the most interesting nooks and corners of old England—but he who travels by the Great Northern Railway from Retford to Doncaster passes a small third-class station called Scrooby. That village of Scrooby was the birth-place of American independence—there was born the infant that has grown to a gigantic stature and become one of the greatest powers of the world. In that obscure village of Scrooby there was, at nearly the end of Elizabeth's reign, a little body of Christian people who, as the phrase went, 'scrupled the ceremonies of the church,' and, being 'Gospellers,' met as often as they could and dared, and in in their own humble manner worshipped the God of their fathers. These pious souls seemed to have constituted themselves into a church in the year 1602, under the joint ministry of Mr. Smyth* and Mr. Clyfton. Meanwhile, a young man, born probably in the north of Lincolnshire, and not very far from Scrooby, in or about the year 1575, and who had studied and graduated at Cambridge, and entered the ministry of the church, and laboured in some parish in Norfolk, the name of which cannot be ascertained—this young man, a zealous puritan, but withal very loth to become a separatist, found his soul rise in such repugnance against conformity, that he

* Mr. Smyth had been Vicar of Gainsborough, eleven miles off. He was father and founder of the Old English General Baptists.

refused the submission necessary to admission into priests' orders. He was suspended by the bishop. Hereupon he retired to Norwich, where he collected a congregation of puritan worshippers and preached with great acceptance. The persecutions to which his flock were exposed, together with other distressing circumstances, almost compelled him to leave Norwich, and, accordingly, he retired to his native county and the parts adjacent, and in 1604, when he was in his 30th year, he united himself to the church at Scrooby. This young separatist, who, after many struggles, which none but those similarly circumstanced can understand, had left the Church of England in the face of persecuting rage, was John Robinson, whom we may almost call the father of the Pilgrim Fathers. When John Robinson, in the flower of his age, joined the church at Scrooby, it had increased so much that it was deemed expedient to divide it. Mr. Smyth became the pastor of one portion, Mr. Clyfton of the other. Robinson remained with the latter until this venerable preacher, whose hair had grown grey in the work of a perilous ministry, departed an exile to Holland, when Robinson succeeded him in the pastorate. They had no chapel or meeting-house—such edifices were not tolerated in those days, and all nonconformist worship was conducted quietly and by stealth, either in private houses or the most secluded parts of woods and commons, or beneath some rock on the sea-shore, or haply in a gaol. The puritans of Scrooby were fortunate in having amongst them a gentleman of fortune—William Brewster—who in earlier life had been attached to the court of Elizabeth, and who occupied the manor-house in the village. Every Lord's-day they came from the surrounding country as quietly as possible, not in groups, but one by one, to avoid suspicion, and there, in the hospitable manor-house, when Clayton and Robinson had fed them with divine truth, Brewster regularly entertained them with plentiful provision; for he was, in the best sense of the term, 'a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time.' Persecution, far from abating, grew worse and worse. The king gave himself up altogether to the counsel of bishops as foolish as himself—and resolved to fulfil the threat with which he had concluded the Hampton Court conference, that if the puritans would not conform he would 'harry them out of the land, else worse.' Under these circumstances, the church under the pastoral charge of Smyth resolved to escape to the

continent. They effected their purpose in the year 1606. These good men urged the venerable Clyfton and some of his people to follow their example, and so Robinson was left with the remnant of the flock. As month after month passed by, and the hardships and perils of nonconformity seemed only to increase, Robinson and his companions, Brewster, Bradford, and others, resolved to follow their brethren, and seek an asylum in the United Provinces. But escape was not now so easy. The hierarchy, thirsting for the blood of the puritans, and the state, afraid of the dispeopling of the realm, both combined to restrain the flight of the sufferers, and with this end in view a coast-guard watch was most rigorously kept. So the unhappy puritans were in this dilemma—it was perilous to stay, and it was almost impossible to depart. Under such circumstances, those who were endowed with the harmlessness of the dove stood equally in need of the wisdom of the serpent. Robinson and his friends contracted with the captain of a ship for a passage to Holland. They were to meet in Boston, in Lincolnshire, and at an appointed spot they were, at an appointed hour, to be taken on board and conveyed to Amsterdam. Brewster disposed of his estates, and, with a noble disinterestedness, devoted the proceeds to the common cause. With heavy hearts, and many tears in their eyes, the whole company gazed for the last time on the manor-house of Scrooby, where they had so often joined in prayer and praise and partaken of the worthy squire's hospitality. They reached Boston at different times and from different quarters, to avoid suspicion. It was night, and they repaired to the appoined place of embarkation; and men, women, and children, with all their goods, reached the ship in safety. They thought their troubles were over now. Weigh the anchor and set the sails. But what were those little boats which were lying about the ship? Did the fugitives fear that there was foul play? Perhaps in their simplicity they did not. But they were betrayed. The captain was a scoundrel. He had sold them, and the port officers came on board, took every soul of them with all their goods, brought them back to land, and conducted them, amid the hooting and mockery of the rabble, to the gaol. The prison was their common lot; and there they lingered, some for weeks, some for months, while several were bound over to appear at the assizes and answer to the charge of attempting to quit their country. Relieved

from prison, Robinson and his brave companions were nothing daunted. They had learned a lesson, but they had not been compelled to submit to despotism. A few months after what might have been considered by some this cheerless omen, they made another arrangement with a Dutch captain. It was agreed that the women and children should be sent by sea from Boston to the mouth of the Humber. The men were to make their way by land to a large and unfrequented common not far from the town of Grimsby, and there they were all to wait for the Dutchman. The barque with its precious freight, the mothers of New England, arrived in safety at the appointed place; the pilgrim fathers made the pilgrimage of Lincolnshire, and reached the bleak, inhospitable common on the coast. The ship hove in sight—now for the embarkation. The pilgrims got on board, but, either through the treachery or the mismanagement of the crew, the barque containing the women and children ran aground. The Dutchman sent his boat to bring some of the women and children off; but meanwhile to their agony, the husbands and fathers observed a great concourse on the shore. Troops of horse and foot, armed with swords and muskets, were bearing down upon the barque as she lay on the beach. The captain, afraid of the consequences, hoisted sail and departed. Robinson was still on the strand; the brave and dauntless pastor had resolved to be the last to embark. One general cry of grief and consternation rang along the shore of the Humber as wives and children witnessed the departure of the vessel which carried away their husbands and fathers, and left them to the tender mercies of holy church. The ship met with very foul weather. She was driven down to the coast of Norway. At one time all on board gave themselves up for lost, and stood on the deck of the quivering vessel prepared to die. But there was other work for them to do; they were preserved, and the pilgrims arrived safely in Holland. Meanwhile the authorities, cruel as they were, would not prosecute these helpless women and children, as most probably they thought they would be a very troublesome charge. At all events, by one means or another, and through the connivance of the magistrates, they effected their escape, and, with joyful embraces and fervent thanks to God, they were welcomed by the pilgrims who had preceded them."

We shall give some further interesting information from this valuable Lecture.

Poetry.

THE PILGRIM'S STAR OF HOPE.

THOUGH travelling through a wilderness,
  Where duty's call divides us;
Though many a wintry storm distress,
  The star of hope shall guide us.

And this shall cheer the lonely way,
  And gild the gloom of sorrow;
And, through the shades of parting day,
  Point to a brighter morrow.

E'en should this star be clouded here,
  And should we meet—ah! never,
The transient joys of life to share—
  'Twill not be dimm'd for ever.

No!—we shall meet, though parted here,
  To part again—oh, never!
But, joyful, with our Saviour there,
  To spend a long for ever.

Gems of Sacred Poetry.

THE BURIED BIBLES.

WHEN the Queen of Madagascar ordered the people to deliver up their Bibles, those who did not care about them immediately obeyed, but the christians hid theirs in their houses, or buried them in the earth.

WHEN those who loved God's holy name,
  Their treasures kept of greatest worth;
Hiding them (misers do the same)
  Safe in the bosom of the earth.

Was it their glittering gold or gem?
  Their shining silver? beauteous dress?
Ah, no!—they do not value them,
  The greatest treasure they possess.

One pearl of value they concealed—
  A precious pearl of price unknown;
That holy book where God revealed,
  And made his love and mercy known.

This as their dearest gem they took,
  Dearest of all beneath the skies:
What shame that we that sacred book,
  Compared with them, so little prize!

Anecdotes and Selections.

CONQUERING WITH KINDNESS.

I once had a neighbour—a clever man—who came to me one day, and said, "Neighbour White, I want you to come and get your geese away."

"Why," says I, "what are my geese doing?"

"They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and drive them away; and I will not have it."

"What can I do?" said I.

"You must yoke them."

"That I have not time to do now," said I, "I do not see but they must run."

"If you do not take care of them, I shall," said the shoemaker in anger. "What do you say, neighbour?"

"I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all damages."

"Well," said he, "you will find that a hard thing, I guess."

So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news was, that three of them were missing. My children went and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes. "Now," said I, "all keep still and let me punish him." In a few days, the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them, but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road; by this time the shoemaker came up in great haste after them.

"Have you seen anything of my hogs;" said he.

"Yes, you will find them yonder, eating some corn which they tore down in my field."

"In your field?"

"Yes," said I, "hogs love corn, you know, they were made to eat."

"How much mischief have they done?"

"O, not much," said I. Well off he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn.

"O, no," said I, "it can't be."

"Yes," said the shoemaker, "and I will pay you every cent of the damage."

The shoemaker blushed, and went home. The next winter, when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn.

"No," said I, "I shall take nothing."

After some talk, we parted; but in a few days I met him on the road, and we fell into conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I started on, he seemed loath to move, and paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said,

"I have something labouring on my mind."

"Well, what is it?"

"Those geese. I killed three of your geese, and I shall never rest until you know how I feel. I am very sorry." And the tears came into his eyes.

"O, well," said I, "never mind; I suppose my geese were provoking."

I never took anything of him for it; but when my cattle broke into his fields after this, he seemed glad, because he could show how patient he could be.

"Now," said I to my children, "conquer yourselves, and you can conquer with kindness where you can conquer in no other way."

Biting the Bare Hook.—I was some time since walking upon the wharf where a fishing-boat lay, and as I was passing and repassing, the master was uttering tremendous oaths. At length, I turned to him, and standing beside his boat, said:—"Sir, I am not acquainted with your business. What kind of fish are these?"—"They are codfish," replied he.—"How long are you usually out in order to obtain your load?"—"Two or three weeks," he answered.—"At what price do you sell them?"—He informed me.—"Well, have you not had hard work to obtain a living in this way?"—"Yes, hard work," said he.—"With what do you bait these fish?"—"With clams."—"Did you ever catch mackerel?"—"Yes."—"And I suppose you bait them with clams too?"—"Oh, no," said he, "they will not bite at clams."—"Then you must have different kinds of bait for different sorts of fish?"—"Yes."—"Well, now did you ever catch a fish without bait?"—"Yes," said he, "I was out last year, and one day when I was a fixin' my line, the bare hook fell into the water, and the fool took hold of it, and I drew him in."—"Now, sir," said I, "I have often thought that satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best, but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook." He was silent. His countenance was solemn; and after a pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him—"I guess that's a minister."

Transforming Power of the Gospel.—Here is an instance. The facts were related at a missionary meeting in the United States. The scene was one of the cannibal islands of the South Pacific Ocean. The speaker said:—"A few years before, he had formed one of a boat's crew, which had belonged to a vessel which was wrecked on those very shores. Another boat's crew, belonging to the same vessel, having landed on the island, had been killed and devoured by the natives. Their comrades in the other boat kept out to sea when they saw the fate of their companions, and were afterwards picked up by another vessel, and saved. It happened, in the wonderful providence of God, that one of the boat's crew which was saved was wrecked again on the same island some years after the above event. Consternation and extreme dread seized the survivors from that wreck, when they learned from their companion where they were, and what had once befallen his shipmates on those shores. Escape was, however, now impossible, and their only resource appeared to be to hide themselves in the thick woods until an opportunity might offer to escape. Being sorely pressed however, by hunger, they determined to advance a little into the interior in the hope of obtaining food. They were passing through a forest, where the crackling of every branch, and the rustling of the birds, led them to suppose an enemy was at hand at every step, and that their lives would soon be sacrificed. They were toiling up a steep ascent in the hope that, when they reached the summit, they would be able to see some distance both over the island and to seaward. One sailor was ahead of the rest, and having emerged from the forest, and reached the crowning point of the hill, he was anxiously looking round to see if there was any prospect of deliverance. Suddenly his companions, who were just behind him, were startled by seeing him leap for joy, and crying out, with clasped hands, "Safe! safe! safe!" He had, indeed, seen a sight well calculated to cheer and comfort their hearts. Immediately under where he stood, was seen the little village church, surrounded by the comfortable abodes of the people. The missionary had visited those shores and God had blessed his labours. The people had become christians, and of course their former savage and cannibal practices had been given up; so that there was now no cause for fear lest they should be killed and eaten by the natives. The sailor at once saw all this implied in the little church, and the fears of the whole party straightway vanished. It is scarcely necessary to add, that every attention was paid by the christian islanders to the poor shipwrecked crew, whose wants were supplied by them, and they eventually left the island in an American ship, in peace and safety. Surely we have here another striking instance of the power of the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Had not the missionary reached that island, and had not God's word been blessed there, how different would, in all probability, have been the fate of those poor sailors.

Forgiveness of Injuries.—It is well known that the Koran of Mahomet contains many passages copied from the sacred writings. Among others, the Arabian prophet has given a place to those precepts of our adorable Redeemer, which recommend forgiveness of injuries, and overcoming evil with good. One day the Caliph Kassan, son of Kali, being at dinner, a slave unfortunately let fall a dish of meat reeking hot, which scalded him severely. The slave fell on his knees, exclaiming, in the language of the Koran, "Paradise is for those who restrain their anger." "I am not angry with thee," replied the Caliph. "And for those who forgive offences against them," continued the slave. "I forgive thee thine," responded the Caliph. "But above all those who return good for evil," added the slave. "I set thee at liberty," rejoined the Caliph, "and I give thee ten dinars." Will not this Mahometan rise up in judgment and condemn many who call themselves the followers of the merciful Jesus, but live under the power of a merciless and unforgiving temper?

Maxims of Bishop Middleton.—Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity, without the appearance of pride; manner is something with everybody, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practise strict temperance; and, in all your transactions, *remember the final account.*

The Word "Its."—Attention once called to the matter, one is surprised to discover of how late introduction the word "its" proves to be into the language. Through the whole of our authorised version of the Bible "its" does not once occur; the work which it now performs being accomplished, as our rustics would now accomplish it, by "his" or "her" applied as freely to inanimate things as to persons, or else by "thereof" or "of it." "Its" occurs, I believe, only three times in all Shakspeare, and I doubt whether Milton has once admitted it into "Paradise Lost," although, when that was composed, others freely allowed it. *R. C. Trench.*

Religious Novels.—John Foster says, "I have often maintained that fiction may be much more instructive and history. I think so still; but viewing the vast rout of novels as they are, I do think they do incalculable mischief. I wish we could collect them all together and make one vast fire of them; I should exult to see the smoke of them ascend like that of Sodom and Gomorrah; the judgment would be as just." What would Foster have said if he had been living now?

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend when enemies gather thick around him—when sickness falls heavy upon him—when the world is dark and cheerless; this is the time to try friendship. They who turn from distress to offer reasons why they should be excused from extending their sympathy and aid, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that selfish motives only prompt and move them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interests and happiness, defended you when persecuted and troubled, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his kindness is appreciated, and that his friendship was not bestowed upon you in vain.

WORTH MAKES THE MAN.—Robert Burns, on his way to Leith, one morning, met a country farmer; he shook him earnestly by the hand, and stopped to converse awhile. A young Edinburgh blood took the poet to task for this defect of taste. "Why, you fantastic gomeril," said Burns, "it was not the great coat, the scone bonnet, and the saundaer-boot hose I spoke to, but the man that was in them; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh down you and me, and ten more such, any day."

ACT WELL YOUR PART.—An eminent merchant of Boston, Mr. W. Gray, when he was somewhat advanced in years, was one day superintending a piece of carpenter's work, and he had occasion to reprimand the man who was performing it for not doing it well. The carpenter indignantly turned upon him,—he and Billy having known each other in youth,—and he said, "Billy Gray, Billy Gray, what do you presume to scold me for? You are a rich man, it is true; but didn't I know you when you were nothing but a drummer?" "Well," said Mr. Gray, "didn't I drum well, eh,—didn't I drum well?"

CHILDREN.—I remember a great man coming to my house at Waltham, and seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, "These are they that make rich men poor," but he straight received this answer,—Nay, my lord; these are they that make the poor man rich,—for there is not one of these whom we would part with for all your wealth.—*Bishop Hall's Life.*

PARADISE LOST.—The whole of the sums received by Milton and his widow for the copyright of "Paradise Lost," amounted to £23; and Mr. Rogers gave £105 (more than four times as much) for the indenture, the piece of paper signed by Milton, containing the contract between the poet and bookseller! This interesting document Mr. Rogers liberally presented to the British Museum.

A POINTED REPLY.—One of the most remarkable replies we remember ever to have heard, is attributed to Mr. Oulton, the barrister. Some one in his hearing used the hackneyed sarcasm, that between the churches of England and Rome there is but a paper wall. "True," said he, "but the whole Bible is printed on it."

The Fireside.

ON DOING THINGS AND DOING THEM WELL.

To Mothers of Families.

FEW have more cares and anxieties than you, especially if you are the wives of working-men with a large family of children about you to see after every day and every night. Here is some good advice:—

"A celebrated modern writer says, 'take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves.' This is an admirable remark, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be weary from the thought of having too much to do. The present moment is all we have to do with in any sense; the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burthen one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the moment is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we should still have to set but one step at a time, and this process continued would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by trying to do too much work in too little time. Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses at once. One moment comes laden with its own little burthens, then flies, and is succeeded by another; if one could be borne, so could another, and another.

Even in looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labours, the trials to temper and patience that may be expected. Now, this is like laying the burthen of many thousand moments upon one. Let any one resolve always to do right *now*, leaving *then* to do as it can. But the common error is to resolve to act right after breakfast, or after dinner, or to-morrow morning, or next time; but now, just now, this once, we must go on the same as ever.

It is easy, for instance, for the most ill-tempered person to resolve, that the next time he is provoked he will not let his temper overcome him; but the victory would be to subdue temper on the present provocation. If, without taking up the burthen of the future, we would always make the single effort at the present moment, there would, at any time, be very little to do, and by this simple process continued, every thing would at last be done.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget, that when to-morrow comes, *then* will be *now*.

Let us, then, whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting that now is the proper and accepted time, whether it be to keep the house in order, or to seek for the salvation of our souls by Jesus Christ.

The Penny Post Box.

NEW INVASION OF THE SABBATH.

I WANT to say a few words about this matter; for I think we ought all of us to be wide awake to the danger we are in of being robbed of one of the best institutions that ever God gave to man, for the benefit both of his body and his soul. The wicked men, for they are nothing else, who have been for years trying to make us believe the Bible is not true—and the fools who have said in their heart, "No God"—have all been driven back without doing us any harm. Now they are making a new attack on us. They know the sabbath is the day on which we meet to worship our Maker, to talk about Jesus Christ, and to teach the young in our sabbath schools—in fact, they know it is our grand day for attending to the business of religion—and that, if they can rob us of it, they shall soon throw us all into confusion. But mark how they are going about their work. As they have always done, they pretend to great concern for the working classes, and that it is for their sakes they would open places of amusement, and have bands of music on the sabbath-day. The hypocrites! We can see through them. For we know, and they know too, that if we are to have *amusements* like the French on the sabbath, we shall soon have to *work* like the French on the sabbath. Would our working-men like that? Would they get more wages for seven days than six? Not they. Now they have a resting day, but where would they find one then? No: I hope all English men, whether religious or not, will set their faces against having French sabbaths in old England. I trust that the day is far distant when we, like Frenchmen, and Italians, and Spaniards, will be seen pulling long faces and looking as solemn as death on a sabbath morning at a popish cathedral or chapel, and then be seen dancing and fiddling, or visiting theatres and opera houses at night. And to this it would come at last, depend upon it. The battle will be fought by prating scoffers, would-be philosophers, and meddlesome members of parliament; but papists stand by ready to clap them on the back, and share in the spoils of mischief. Yes: there they all are, coming up in strong array to sweep away our good old English sabbath-day—the day which our forefathers laid down their lives to secure for us, just as they did to give us the Bible. Let us stand firm to defend it from this mighty aggression. We shall have a hard battle to fight; let us fight it manfully and never yield; for if we let them rob us of our sabbath, we shall no more be able to meet for peaceful worship, our sabbath schools, with millions of children and hundreds of thousands of teachers, will be broken up, and a flood of iniquity and licentiousness will deluge the whole land.

AN OLD LOVER OF THE SABBATH.

Facts, Hints, and Gems.

Facts.

VALUE OF A DROP OF OIL.—Every man who lives in a house, should oil all the parts that require it once in three months. The house will last much longer, and will be much more quiet to live in. Oil the locks, bolts, and the hinges of the street door, and it will shut gently. A neglected lock requires violence to cause it to shut, and so much that the whole house, its doors, its windows, its very floors and joists, are shaken, and in time they get out of repair in all sorts of ways, to say nothing of the dust that is raised every time the place is so shaken. The incessant banging of doors, creaking of locks, and screaming of hinges, is a great discomfort. Even bell-wire cranks should sometimes be oiled, and they will act more certainly and with such gentle force that there will be little danger of breaking any part of them. The castors of tables and chairs should be sometimes oiled, and they will move with such gentle impulse and so quietly that a sleeping child or an old man will not be awakened. Three pennyworth of oil used in a a large house, once a year, will save many shillings in locks and bolts, and other materials, and in the end will save many pounds in the substantial repairs of a house. Housekeepers, pray do not forget the oil. A stitch in time saves nine, and a drop of oil in time saves pounds of expense in repairs.—*The Builder.*

Hints.

NO FRIENDS are more inseparable than pride and hard-heartedness on the one hand, or humility and tenderness on the other.

SPEAKING OF OTHERS.—Tell what is good of a man to others, what is evil to himself.

THE COUNTENANCE of a cunning man will sometimes play as many tricks as his tongue. Beware of both.

FLATTERY is such a mischievous thing that it corrupts both the giver and the receiver of it.

NO MONEY is better spent for temporal purposes than that which is laid out to make home a happy place.

THE GRACE OF GIVING consists in its being done cheerfully and readily. The gift is soiled if it sticks to our fingers.

HE THAT GIVES with a view of getting thereby a character for generosity, only injures his own reputation.

A TRULY BRAVE MAN is always the superior of the man who injures him; for he then can triumph over his opponent by forgiving.

PRIDE is never more offensive than when it condescends to be civil; for that is the very essence of its hatefulness.

SOME MEN will be uneasy. If great things do not trouble them, little things will. If they cannot stumble at a stone, they will at a straw.

THE ANTI-BIGOTS are a new sect. But of all bigots we ever heard of, these anti-bigots are the most bigotted.

GIVE NOT WAY TO ANGER when it is rising; but check it, and try if you cannot find some reason for not indulging it.

Gems.

DYING ONCE OR TWICE.—Those born once only, die twice; but those who are born twice die only once. "Ye must be born again," or die for ever.

IT IS A MERCY when God takes from us what keeps us from him; and as a Father, who takes from his child what would hurt it, does not spare for our crying.

THE GRACE OF GOD in the gospel gives birth to our faith; as the child who receives a gift turns round and embraces its parent who gives it.

SIN IS the disturber of God's government, the slayer of God's Son, the plague of God's people, and the badge of enemies.

NO SINNER can escape punishment who does not get rid of his sins, which he will never do until he comes to Christ, for he alone can take them all away.

OUR TROUBLES should drive us to the Bible, which will direct us to Christ, who will conduct us to God, in whom we shall find overflowing consolation and peace.

GOD IN CHRIST says to each and all of us, "Come and welcome—just as you are, for all you need, and as often as you please."

THE SON OF GOD, when on earth, was a man of sorrows. He was a king; but his crown was of thorns—his sceptre a reed—his throne a cross. If sorrow and shame for his sake be our portion, we are only so much more like him.

WE NEVER TURN TO JESUS until we turn away from ourselves. We never trust in him fully until we give up all trust in ourselves.

SIMPLE FAITH is the strongest. Why? Because it just takes God at his word. It does not stand doubting and cavilling. Hence its power; and hence it is that the poor and unlearned have often stronger faith than the rich and learned.

Poetic Selections.

AN aged christian, long confined to her own fireside by a weakening affliction, but who manages to do some good with the assistance of her husband, who is a deacon of a christian church, in circulating copies of the *Pioneer* among her neighbours, lately put into our hands a few verses which she wrote about fifty years ago when in the bloom of youth. The ink and the paper give unmistakeable evidences of the many years which must have passed away since these verses were written, and which we insert, not so much for any poetic merit they may possess, as the circumstances to which we have referred:—

THE CARNATION.

SITTING deep in contemplation,
  Woodbines bending o'er the seat,
Near my feet a fine carnation
  Breath'd a most delicious sweet.

Looking at the fair carnation,
  Just arriving at its prime,
I was struck with the relation
  Which it bears to youth and time.

Offspring of the same Creator,
  Reared and nourish'd by his hand;
Each a feeble changing creature,
  Dying when he gives command.

Youth in strength and beauty glowing
  Charms the fond spectator's eye,
Like this lovely spring-flower growing,
  Nor suspects a storm is nigh.

As I view the sweet carnation,
  Clouds begin to thicken round;
Forced to quit my pleasant station,
  Hail-stones cover thick the ground.

Now my beauteous flower is broken,
  Victim of the hail-storm rude;
Is it not of youth a token
  When by sickness oft subdued.

Happy youth, who Jesus trusting,
  Fears no tempests that may rise:
E'en the storm of death, when bursting,
  Shall but bear him to the skies!

Belgrave, near Leicester. A. B.

The Children's Corner.

HARVEST TIME.

How fast the earth moves round! causing the seasons to change, and the long and the short days to come and go. Here we are now again with the harvest spread out around us in all its beauty and glory. A few months ago, and we were watching the opening days as they got longer and longer, and looking for the opening flowers as they came forth one after another in all their beauty and fragrance. Now we are coming to the close; the corn is nearly ripe, and the fruits of the gardens and orchards are ready for gathering, and the nights and mornings are getting shorter and shorter every day, and then dark and dreary winter will come with his frost and snow and short days and long nights.

Well: let us learn to be thankful in every season—for our comforts in winter, for the beauties of spring, for the glories of summer, and for the riches of autumn. In autumn especially should young people learn to admire and adore the goodness of God.

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THE ENGLISH "GOSPELLERS" IN HOLLAND.

It was in the year 1608, that the English "Gospellers" made their way from Scrooby, and after many perils and escapes arrived at Amsterdam in Holland. But here their troubles did not end. They had been agriculturalists, and they had to learn trades, in which they did not succeed well. But the records of this part of their history are extremely scanty; these words, however, are sufficiently suggestive:—"They knew they were pilgrims, and looked not much on those things, but lifted up their eyes to heaven, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits. They saw poverty coming upon them like an armed man; but, being careful to keep their word, and painful and diligent in their callings, they attained a comfortable condition, grew in the gifts and grace of the spirit of God, and lived together in peace, love, and holiness."

For various reasons they removed to Leyden. Of Leyden, Bradford says in his journal, it is "a fair and beautiful city, and of a sweet situation, but made more famous by the university wherewith it is adorned." Leyden is still a town of great importance, containing about 36,000 inhabitants; but at that time it was a much more flourishing place. Its population was nearly 100,000; it was the great seat of the cloth manufacture, and excelled in almost every branch of useful industry. Its university was very celebrated, and the educational advantages thus afforded made Leyden the resort of many wealthy families from various parts of the continent. And in passing I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of the good citizens of Leyden with reference to their honourable university; and I am sure that in this admiration you will

participate when I tell you that the origin of that seat of learning was as follows:—In the years 1573 and 1574, Leyden, under its brave burgomaster, withstood one of the most dreadful sieges recorded in the chronicles of war. For seven weeks there was not a loaf of bread in the city. Horses, dogs, cats, everything barely eatable was consumed. At last, when hundreds of the citizens had died of starvation, the people, driven by hunger, implored the burgomaster to surrender the town. The indomitable patriot, instead of yielding, offered them his own body to appease their appetite. The most clamorous were thus silenced; the most disaffected returned to their duty; and the town nobly held out until relieved by the Prince of Orange. The prince, proud of such an heroic band of citizens, offered them, as an indemnification for the privations which they had endured, either an exemption from taxes or a university; but, as became such men, they chose the latter. Would the burgesses of any town in England now make such a noble and enlightened choice?

Here they were again formed into a church with Robinson for their pastor. The members worked diligently at various trades, and all things went on prosperously for several years. In or about the year 1617, however, Robinson and his friends began to entertain serious thoughts of another removal. In Holland they enjoyed toleration, but nothing more. Standing in great dread of the "most high and mighty Prince James," the authorities did not approve of any attempts on the part of the refugees to proselytise. They, on the other hand, thought it their duty to extend Christ's kingdom and disseminate their own principles. Besides, they felt themselves in a strange land, and the language was still a great barrier to their comfort. And they were Englishmen still; their hearts bounded with a patriotic love for the country in which they had endured such misery; and their spirits turned reverentially to the despicable sovereign whose tyranny had driven them from his dominions.

The Dutch wished them to stay, or go to one of their colonies. But they declined, and, after much trouble, obtained a patent from a company of merchant adventurers in London to go to North America.

But another matter had to be settled. Were they to have liberty to worship God according to their consciences, or must they, in those most remote territories of their "most dread

sovereign," use the surplice and book of common prayer, and sign with the sign of the cross, and have priests and prelates? Freedom of worship was indispensable to them. Better to remain in Leyden than in those western territories to subject themselves to the tyranny of the English hierarchy. It seems to have been necessary to petition the king on this subject. As King James, though a drunkard and a profane swearer, was uncommonly well up in doctrine, was what may be called a "dab-hand" at theological controversy, he examined the nature of the petitioners' request. He asked them, "Who shall make your ministers?" It is a marvel that the whole controversy was not settled with an angry negative when these good men boldly replied, in the spirit of sturdy independence, that they intended making them on their own account. "The power of making them is in the church," they replied. King James, however, though his religious feelings were scandalised by this heresy, seemed to regard the intention of the settlers to extend the dominions of the King of England as a good and an honest one, and fishing, to which they thought of devoting themselves on the American coast, his sacred majesty esteemed an honest trade, inasmuch as it was the apostle's own calling, and therefore he was inclined to look favourably on their project. But the bishops were violently opposed to the idea of permitting any but sound churchmen to colonise the American territories; for how could it be expected that the blessing of God would rest on a country peopled by these "damnable separatists?" If they were married without a ring, they would be a colony of adulterers. If the children were baptized without the sign of the cross, they would grow up in heathenism. So the king was dissuaded from granting them a charter under the broad seal to enjoy the liberty of worship; but at the same time he did not forbid their freedom, and a kind of vague promise was made that if they behaved themselves quietly they should not be disturbed; and the deputation were right thankful thus to steer clear of prelatical interference, and very truly observed that the want of the king's seal to the grant of the charter was a very little matter; "for," said they, "if there should afterwards be a purpose to wrong us, though we had a seal as broad as the house floor, there would be means enough found to recall or reverse it."

But still, though permitted—we cannot say authorised—to settle in the "northermost parts of Virginia," how were these

poor men to establish themselves in a perfectly new country? Brewster had spent all his fortune in helping his brethren to escape to Holland. Bradford had come of age and received his patrimony, but it was well nigh sunk in unsuccessful speculations in Leyden, in the washing and dyeing of silks, which he did not understand; and probably all the rest were poor—just able in an honest and frugal way to keep themselves above want, but able to do little more. How, then, were they to be fitted out for this great enterprise? To settle in the "northermost parts of Virginia"—to land upon an unknown shore, peopled only by savage Indians, whose very name was enough to call up emotions of terror—a land covered with forests and swamps—a land destitute of habitations—a land where they must build their own houses, sow their own corn, and defend themselves from the attacks of the warlike and treacherous aborigines;—this was an enterprise in which common sense and common prudence dictated the absolute necessity of some considerable outlay for provisions of various kinds. To go to New England destitute was to go to New England to die.

Their perseverance, their courage, and their faith, enabled them to surmount this great difficulty also. They negociated with a number of merchants in London, and were enabled to effect a loan, although certainly the terms were sufficient to have driven any other men than the pilgrim fathers to despair.

Thus, then, all these preliminaries having been arranged, a solemn conference was held amongst the brethren at Leyden. It was resolved that a portion of the church only, namely, the youngest and strongest, should go on the present enterprise; the others to follow as events might dictate. It was also agreed that all who went should go voluntarily; that there should be no compulsion, and that no persuasion should be used. A very admirable arrangement this; for, if mishaps and disappointments should ensue, if they met with reverses and difficulties, it was best that every one should remember that he had embarked entirely of his own accord, and, therefore, could reproach and blame no one but himself; and, moreover, who but volunteers would have been of service in an undertaking involving such suffering and peril? Robinson had set his heart upon going. In the very prime of his age, he was desirous of heading this noble band of pioneers; but he thought of his duties as pastor of the church, and he pro-

posed that if, on taking the votes, the majority decided to embark, he should accompany them; but if the volunteering pilgrims were a minority, he should stay with the remainder of his flock, and Brewster, the ruling elder, should take the spiritual charge of the emigrants. On taking the votes the majority were found to decline, and accordingly, Robinson, with a heavy but resigned heart, concluded to remain in Holland, cherishing the confident expectation that, in the course of a few years, he should have the unspeakable gratification of rejoining his friends in the land of their adoption.

The pilgrims purchased in Holland a small vessel of 60 tons, named the Speedwell, and hired another in England, a barque of 180 tons, called the Mayflower. It was arranged that the emigrants should leave Holland in the Speedwell and proceed to Southampton, where the Mayflower was to be in waiting to take the majority of them on board. Both ships were then to cross the Atlantic, and the smaller one, which was their own property, was of course to remain for their assistance in coasting and fishing, and for future traffic with the mother country.

Leyden being an inland town, it was further arranged that the Speedwell should take the emigrants on board at Delfthaven, a port some twenty miles from Leyden. Thus, all the arrangements having been made, on the 21st of July, 1620, the whole congregation, which was so soon to be separated by the breadth of the Atlantic, met for conference and prayer in their place of worship in Leyden. It was a solemn and affecting scene. With uncontrollable emotion Robinson delivered his parting address. The text from which he preached was well chosen, bespeaking at once their desolate condition, their sturdy independence, and their unconquerable faith. It was from Ezra viii. 21, 22—"Then I proclaimed a fast there at the river Ahava, that we might afflict ourselves before our God, to seek of him a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance. For I was ashamed to require of the king a band of soldiers and horsemen to help us against the enemy in the way: because we had spoken to the king, saying, The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him, but his power and his wrath are against them that forsake him." Winslow tells us that, in concluding, he said —"We were now ere long to part asunder, and the Lord knew whether ever he should live to see our faces again. But

whether the Lord had appointed it or not, he charged us before God and his blessed angels to follow him no further than he followed Christ; and, if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of his, to be as ready to receive it as ever we were to receive any truth by his ministry; for he was very confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of his Holy Word. He took occasion, also, miserably to bewail the state and condition of the reformed churches, who were come to a period in religion, and would go no further than the instruments of their reformation. As, for example, the Lutherans; they could not be drawn beyond what Luther saw; for whatever part of God's will he had further imparted and revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And so also, saith he, you see the Calvinists, they stick where he left them—a misery much to be lamented; for though they were precious shining lights in their times, yet God had not revealed his whole will to them: and were they now living, saith he, they would be as ready and willing to embrace further light, as that they had received. Also, he put us in mind of our church covenant, at least that part of it whereby we promise and covenant with God and one with another to receive whatsoever light or truth shall be made known to us from his written word; but withal exhorted us to take heed what we received for truth, and well to examine and compare it and weigh it with other scriptures of truth before we received it; for, saith he, it is not possible the christian world should come so lately out of such thick anti-christian darkness, and that full perfection of knowledge should break forth at once."

With these wise counsels Robinson concluded his farewell address to the emigrants; and, the sermon ended, the congregation, with tearful eyes and sorrowing hearts, repaired to Robinson's house, which was a large one, as we are informed, and there those who were to remain had prepared a feast for such as were about to depart. They continued to comfort each other, and spent the evening in prayer and praise; of this Winslow says—"We refreshed ourselves, after tears, with singing of psalms, making joyful melody in our hearts, as well as with the voice, there being many of the congregation very expert in music; and, indeed, it was the sweetest melody that ever mine ears heard." Often, no doubt, whilst the storms of the Atlantic howled around Winslow and his

companions, these melodies of praise would come across their minds and quiet their spirits, and the remembrance of those fervent prayers would be a stay and a consolation to their sometimes anxious souls.

We shall next accompany these devoted men across the vast Atlantic, to the land where they sought and found

"FREEDOM TO WORSHIP GOD."

Poetry.

WORK ON!

WORK thou thy work while it is day,
With patient heart, the right to aid;
And leave the wrong to Him who said,
"Vengeance is mine: I will repay."

Work: though the time seem sad and slow,
Good moveth onward silently;
We know that better things shall be,
But how or when, we cannot know.

What if the task pass human strength—
What if the way be dark and drear?
Each labours in his proper sphere,
And all complete the work at length.

What if thou canst not see the end?
Press on in firm and fearless mood,
And doubt not that all acted good
To some result of good must tend.

L. H.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER READER.—Having on a sabbath forenoon gone out to distribute tracts, I observed in a lone spot, in a field, a man seated very intently reading a newspaper. I went to him and spoke on the subject of hallowing the sabbath-day. The kind way in which he received what I said, and the seeming candour, teachableness, and good feeling manifested by him, induced me to spend a greater portion of time with him than I had intended. He asked me several questions respecting the sabbath, to which I gave replies, according to my ability, and with which he appeared

satisfied. I endeavoured to show him an example in his own case of man's general sinful conduct in departing from God, which was clearly manifest in his preferring on God's holy day a common newspaper, which only contained the passing events of a day, to a preparation for the presence of Him whose favour is better than life, and who had given us the sabbath on earth, as a means to prepare for the inconceivable and eternal pleasures of the sabbath above. This led me to speak of man's original condition, who was made in the image and glory of God, his fall, his depravity and enmity against his Creator, the necessity of his restoration by the Holy Spirit through faith in Jesus Christ, and the impossibility of his being happy in heaven without being born again of the Spirit; and that he was in the perilous condition of an unsaved sinner. The tears by this time fell freely, and silently folding up his newspaper, the man thrust it into his pocket, and eagerly inquired what he must do to be saved. I had the lively satisfaction of telling him of the prodigal's return to his father, as an example both for himself and me. This, and a variety of encouraging portions from the Scriptures, affected his mind so much, that he spoke with difficulty from the oppressed state of his feelings. I detained him a long while, endeavouring to pour into his apparently anxious soul as much information of the love of the blessed Saviour as he could bear, which, I trust, was acknowledged and blessed by the Holy Spirit, since the man wept freely and spoke little, while his bosom struggled with emotion. I then gave him a suitable tract, which he eagerly received, and earnestly promised to read it. After pronouncing many blessings on me, and pressing my hands firmly in his own, with apparent reluctance he took his leave. I was sorry that I had not urged him to call upon me, but I was so much overcome by the unexpected effect of my interview, that it escaped my mind to do so. What became of him afterwards I know not, but this I do know, that the charms of the Sunday newspaper were at all events for that time swallowed up in the good news of the love of the adorable Saviour. The Lord grant that the good seed of the kingdom may have found an abiding place in his heart.

"You are Going the Wrong Road."—About twenty years ago, on a sabbath-day afternoon, going from the village of K— to the neighbouring town S—for the purpose of preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ, I met a young man and his companion at a spot about half way between the above two places: they were taking a walk into the country. I had seen the young man before, and thought he should not then have been wandering from his place and from the house of God; therefore, on meeting him, I spoke to him in a few words with solemnity and firmness, and ended by saying, "Be sure you are going the wrong road." The circumstance passed away from my own remembrance, and I was unaware that

any special good attended or followed it. But special good did result from the occurrence, and it abundantly came to light afterwards. The words "Be sure you are going the wrong road," by the grace of the Holy Spirit, went to the conscience with power. The first rising emotion was one of extreme displeasure, as my friend afterwards acknowledged, so that he would have killed me if he durst. The anger however subsided, and the conviction remained, which led him more frequently and constantly to the house of God, where increasing light shone upon his mind, and the truth of the gospel with power penetrated and filled his heart. He openly declared himself on the Lord's side, acknowledging what he had done for his soul; he taught in the sabbath-school, and often addressed the children with considerable acceptance; his zeal led him into the neighbouring villages, and he was ever after a faithful and successful servant of Jesus Christ. What hath God wrought? It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes—to him be all the glory and everlasting praise.

"There is a path that leads to God;
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be past;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will come to heaven at last.

While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
And walk with sinners there."

Lost! Lost!!—"I was called," says a venerable preacher, "in the early part of my ministry, to stand beside the bed of a beautiful young woman whose life was fast ebbing away. Anguish, deep, hopeless anguish, was rivetted on her countenance. Death was knocking for admission. Her time had come. I asked her if she was willing I should pray with her? Her reply was, 'I have no objection; but prayer will be of no avail now. It is too late. I must die. I am lost! lost for ever!' I prayed earnestly for her, but her heart seemed untouched; it was too late." What was the cause of this? Listen, mothers, to the voice of her who, being dead, yet speaketh. This lovely girl was, at a very early period of her life, deeply and seriously impressed with the importance of religion, and the arrows of conviction were fastened in her heart. "My mother," said she, "sent me to the dancing school, and I danced all my convictions away!" As she lived, so she died—without Christ—without God—without hope! How shall you die? As you live you will die.

THE SIXPENCE.—Some time in the latter part of the last century, says the Rev. Mr. Grinnell, a missionary from one of the New England societies was labouring in the interior of the State of New York, where the settlements were very few and far between. This missionary was much devoted to his work, meek and affable, and possessed of a remarkable faculty for introducing the subject of religion to every individual with whom he came in contact. On a hot summer's day, while his horse was drinking from a small brook through which he rode, there came along a poor dressed, bare-headed, bare-footed boy, about seven years old, and stood looking at the missionary from the bridge just above him. "My son," said the missionary, "have you any parents?" "Yes, sir; they live in that house," pointing to a cabin near by. "Do your parents pray?" "No, sir." "Why do they not pray?" "I do not know, sir." "Do you pray?" "No, sir." "Why do you not pray?" "I do not know how to pray." "Can you read?" "Yes, sir; my mother has taught me to read the New Testament." "If I will give you this sixpence, will you go home and read the third chapter of John, and read the third verse over three times?" The little boy said he would; and the missionary gave him the sixpence, and rode forward. Some twenty years had elapsed, and the same missionary, advanced in years, was labouring in a sparely peopled region, in another part of the same state. While on his way to a little village one day, late in the afternoon, he called at a small house, and inquired the distance. "Six miles," was the reply. He then stated that himself and horse were very weary, and inquired if he could not stay all night. The woman of the house objected, on account of their poverty; but the husband said, "Sir, you shall be welcome to such as we have." The missionary dismounted and went in. The wife began to prepare his supper, while her husband proceeded to take care of the horse. As he came in, the missionary addressed him—"Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" "That," said the man, "is a great question." "True," said the missionary, "but I cannot eat till you tell me." "Sir," said the man, "about twenty years ago I lived in the interior of this state, and was then about seven years old. While playing in the road one day, a gentleman in black rode into the brook near me, to water his horse. As I stood on the bridge above, looking at him, he began to converse with me about praying and reading the Bible, and told me he would give me a sixpence if I would read the third chapter of John, and the third verse, three times—'And Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' I gave him my promise, took the money, and felt wealthy indeed. I went home, and read as I had promised. That verse produced an uneasiness in my mind, which followed me for days and years, and finally I was led by its influence, as I trust, to love

Jesus as my Saviour!" "Glory to God!" said the missionary, rising from his seat, "here is one of my spiritual children; the bread cast on the waters is found after many days!" They took their supper, and talked, and sang, and prayed, and rejoiced together all night long, neither of them having any disposition to sleep. The missionary found him to be poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom. Early in the morning they parted, and the missionary went his way inspired with fresh zeal for the prosecution of his pious labours.

When King George III. was repairing his palace at Kew, one of the workmen, who was a pious character, was particularly noticed by His Majesty, and he often held conversations with him on religious subjects. One Monday morning the king went as usual to watch the progress of the work, and not seeing this man in his customary place, inquired the reason of his absence, he was answered evasively by the other workmen. At last, however, upon being more strictly interrogated, they acknowledged that not having been able to complete a particular job on the Saturday evening, they had returned to finish it on the Sunday morning, which this man refusing to do had been dismissed from his employment. "Send for him back again," said the king, "the man who refused doing his ordinary work on the Lord's-day is the man for me. Let him be sent for." The man was accordingly replaced, and the king shewed him particular countenance ever after. It was upon this, or a similar occasion, His Majesty uttered the following memorable words—"Call me Defender of the Faith, indeed, and suffer a man to be discharged for his religion. No, I never will."

How to Read the Bible.—Consider that it is God's holy word, and that you stand in need of the inward illumination and teaching of the Holy Spirit, for which you must fervently pray to the Father of lights, from whom cometh down every good, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Consider also, that whilst you read, God is truly speaking with and addressing himself to you. As each successive passage comes before your eyes, lift up your heart and humbly pray: —O, Heavenly Father! give me grace to obey this command:—or, Deliver me from the judgments and chastisements my sins deserve: or, Enable me wholly to trust in thy exceeding rich and precious promises:—or, Glory, and blessing, and praise, be ever ascribed to Thee, because of thy goodness and mercy:—or, Lord God Almighty, I humbly adore thy divine majesty, and acknowledge that thy greatness is incomprehensible, and all thy ways past finding out. Amen.

Settling Accounts,—On one occasion an infidel once jestingly said to a minister, "I always spend my Sabbaths in reckoning up my accounts." The minister looked upon him with compassion, and said in an accent of deep solemnity, "You may find, sir, that the day of judgment is to be spent in exactly the same manner!"

THE REFORMED SOLDIER.—A soldier becoming evidently a religious man, met with no little railing, from both his comrades and his officers. He was the servant of one of the latter. At length his master asked him, "Richard, what good has your religion done you?" The soldier made this discreet answer: "Sir, before I was religious, I used to get drunk; now, by God's help, I am sober: I used to neglect your business; now, by the same help, I perform it diligently." The officer was silenced, and seemed to be satisfied. "For so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." 1 Pet. ii. 15.

The Fireside.

HOME AND FRIENDS AROUND US.

OH! there's a power to make each hour
  As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
  Though few there be that find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
  And lose what Nature found us,
For life hath here no charm so dear
  As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy
  For future hopes—and praise them;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
  If we'd but stoop to raise them!
For things afar still sweeter are
  When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we're taught that earth has naught
  Like home and friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,
  When hope's last reed is shaken,
To show us still, that come what will,
  We are not quite forsaken!
Though all were night, if but the light
  From friendship's altar crown'd us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
  Our home and friends around us! CHARLES SWAIN.

These are pretty verses, and we should have no objection to hear them sung in a lively tune by our family fireside. But there wants one thing more to make "the bliss of earth" complete, and which "Nature," as the poet expresses it, has not "found us," and that is a good hope of Eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord. No fireside can be "as sweet as Heaven designed it" if this be not its crowning joy.

The Penny Post Box.

SEVEN REASONS FOR SABBATH-KEEPING.

It gave me much pleasure to read "*An Old Lover of the Sabbath*" on the new attempts which are now making by infidels and lovers of pleasure to invade its sanctity. And I hope all your readers will take his advice, and stand firm by the sacred day. To aid them I send you a copy of a few Reasons which lately came into my hands.

A Sabbath-keeper.

1.—God, who knows what is best for man, in his wisdom originally appointed a sabbath-day, made it holy, and blessed it.—See Genesis ii. 3; Exodus xx. 11.

2.—The spirit of the 4th commandment to the Jews is still binding on all christian people. "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy;"—forbidding all unnecessary thoughts, words, and actions, about worldly employments and recreations; and requiring the whole day to be employed in religious exercises, divine worship, and works of necessity and mercy.

3.—Jesus Christ, the Lord of the Sabbath, was accustomed to observe it, attending the synagogue, and instructing the people.—Luke iv. 16—31.

4.—The apostles of Jesus Christ and the first christians kept the Lord's-day, assembling themselves together for prayer, preaching, and divine ordinances.—Acts xx. 7.

5.—The wise and godly of all ages have been distinguished by their special regard to the sacred day; and the wicked and ungodly by neglecting and profaning it.

6.—The proper observance of the Sabbath has been attended by unspeakable advantages in the experience of millions; in rest of body, and peace of mind, spiritual edification, and foretaste of, and preparation for the everlasting sabbath of heaven.

7.—The Sabbath-breaker offends God, violates his holy laws, neglects religious ordinances, injures others by his evil example, and destroys his own soul.

Christian Professor!—Show your sincerity and consistency by a scrupulous regard to the sacred day; set a good example, and use your influence for the good of others.

Sabbath Breaker!—Forbear, repent, return, ask forgiveness of God, through Jesus Christ, for your past sin, that you may live well, die happy, and be blessed for ever.

Young People!—Hearken; beware; your greatest danger lies in temptations to sabbath-breaking.

SO LET ALL REMEMBER
THE SABBATH-DAY, TO KEEP IT HOLY.

Facts, Hints, and Gems.

Facts.

PAPER.—Light and soft as fleecy snow, it protects the finest cutlery; pressed into the form of a roller, it becomes hard as metal; and turned in a lathe is used as an instrument for manufacturing paper itself. It is a package for the most common wares; and a thin slip of it pays for an estate or a cargo of the richest merchandise. It now constitutes the chief money of the world. The bulk of all commerce is carried on by its means. All the wealth of the most opulent classes consists of bits of paper. Preserving the impressions of priceless skill, jealously guarded in portfolios, or surrounded with rich frames, it is among the most valued possessions of the man of genius. At the same time it is proverbially the cheapest of all materials. Trays of all kinds, drinking vessels, boxes, mouldings, and cornices for rooms, panels for apartments, and bulkheads for ships, are all made of paper. It covers our walls. Boards for binding books, frames for pictures, toys for children, ornaments for parlours, are amongst a few of the countless uses to which ingenuity has applied old rags. Perhaps the most singular part of the whole is, that paper is made from articles which have no value except as materials for its manufacture. The vilest refuse—our cast-off garments, the beggar's rags, the waste of cotton, worn-out ropes, all of which we should be troubled to dispose of—is converted by the paper-maker into an article indispensable to civilized man.

TWITCH.—Scarcity of rags for making paper, and the increasing demand, have led to the discovery of other substitutes, among which is this running root, which the farmers were glad to burn out of the way. Now they can sell it and get a good price for it. A mill is now in the course of erection between Stamford and Peterborough, for making paper of twitch; hundreds of tons may now be seen piled up all around ready for use when the operations commence. Writing paper has already been made from straw, but twitch will make a better quality.

Hints.

THIRTEEN GOOD RULES.

By the Rev. Legh Richmond, Author of the "Dairyman's Daughter."

1. ADHERE most scrupulously to truth; and labour to preserve the strictest integrity, simplicity, and sincerity.

2. Engage in no pursuit in which you cannot look up unto God, and say, "Bless me in this, O my Father!"

3. Strive to be as kind, forbearing, and forgiving as you can, both to friends and foes.

4. Never speak evil of any one, on any pretence whatever.

5. Strive to recommend religion, by the courtesy, civility, and condescending character of your conduct.

6. Watch against irritation, positiveness, unkind speaking, and anger; study and promote love.

7. Mortify lusts, sensuality, and sloth.

8. Never allow others to flatter you; nor especially permit yourself to say or think anything of yourself but as poorly done. Keep down pride; let it not be indulged for a moment.

9. Shut out evil imaginations and angry thoughts.

10. Let it be your sole business here to live for eternity. Consider every moment of time in that view.

11. Remember that you have to contend with a legion of devils—a heart full of deceit and iniquity, and a world at enmity with God.

12. Pray that you may ever rejoice in the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and the salvation of sinners; and labour in every way to promote these great objects.

13. Strive to preserve a praying mind through the day; not only at the usual and stated periods, but everywhere, at all times, and in all companies.

Gems.

THE NEARER WE ARE TO GOD, the deeper will be our humility; and the nearer we are to heaven, the more we shall feel our unworthiness of so great glory.

THE MOMENT we believe in Jesus the gospel comes to us, as Nathan did to David, and says, "The Lord hath put away thy sin, thou shalt not die."

THE MAN THAT KNOWS LITTLE of himself, thinks meanly of others; but the man who has a thorough knowledge of himself, highly esteems other saints, and has always exalted views of Christ.

IF I TRUST MYSELF and my affairs in the hand of God, I trust the wisdom that can never fail, the eye that can never sleep, the power that can never be overcome, and the love that can never change.

THE BIBLE reveals our Father's will, leads us to our Father's throne, unfolds our Father's purpose, and discovers our Father's heart: it is a great thing to have his word.

UNBELIEF IS TURNING FROM GOD and looking to others, faith is turning from others and looking to God; all sin is turning the back on God, and conversion is turning the face toward God.

ABSTAINING FROM SIN may be a cross, the commission of sin is a curse; no one ever repented of the former, floods of scalding tears have been shed on account of the latter.

Poetic Selections.

HOW SWEET IS THE SABBATH.

By an Artizan.

How sweet is the Sabbath to lighten my lot,
There is joy in my heart, there is peace in my cot;
Its moments how precious, and sweetly they glide,
As I read and I sing round my own fireside.

How sweet is the Sabbath, the labourers' cry;
Rich gift unto man from his Maker on high;
'Tis the day we can gather, with children and wife,
Away from the world with its din and its strife.

How sweet is the Sabbath to all of our kind,
Bringing rest for the body and food for the mind;
It comes like the sunshine to scatter the gloom
We meet in our way mid the cradle and tomb.

How sweet is the Sabbath to young and to old,
More precious by far than treasures of gold;
It comes like the morn with its sweet rays of light,
Dispersing the darkness and dulness of night.

How sweet is the Sabbath the christian will sing,
While his heart swells with joy to his Saviour and King;
Sweet foretaste on earth of the Sabbath above,
Where all will be peace and ineffable love.

How sweet is the Sabbath, we know by the past,
Then, oh, let us prize it and hold it more fast;
And may this be our theme till we join with the blest,
How sweet is the Sabbath—the Sabbath of rest.

Birmingham. R. C.

The Children's Corner.

LITTLE MARY THE GLEANER.

BEFORE the bright sun rises over the hill,
In the corn field poor Mary is seen,
Impatient her little blue apron to fill,
With the few scatter'd ears she can glean.

She never leaves off or runs out of her place,
To play, or to idle and chat;
Except now and then, just to wipe her hot face,
And fan herself with her broad hat.

"Poor girl, hard at work in the heat of the sun,
How tir'd and warm you must be;
Why don't you leave off, as the others have done,
And sit with them under the tree?"

"Oh no! for my mother lies ill in her bed,
Too feeble to spin or to knit;
And my poor little brothers are crying for bread,
And yet we can't give them a bit;

Then could I be idle, and merry and play,
While they are so hungry and ill;
O no, I would rather work hard all the day,
My little blue apron to fill."

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THE CHRISTIAN PIONEER.

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VOYAGE OF THE ENGLISH "GOSPELLERS" TO AMERICA.

And now all is ready. The Speedwell is waiting for the exiles at Delfthaven. The whole church therefore set out from Leyden to accompany the brave emigrants, for the purpose of bidding them an affectionate farewell. Arrived at Delfthaven, they all assembled on the shore, on the morning of the 22nd of July, 1620. A great number of the christian people from Amsterdam and other towns had congregated at Delfthaven, led by no vain curiosity to see a strange sight, but by the spirit of christian love, which constrained them to come and bid the wanderers God-speed. And yet it was a strange sight —it was a great sight—though few thought so then. That little brig of sixty tons, that company, not more than one hundred and twenty in all, appeared to be a very small matter, and yet it was a very great matter. We can now see something of grandeur in that embarkation on the shore at Delfthaven, though none but the omniscient God then knew the destinies of those poor persecuted puritans; yet, viewed in the light of history, and through the medium of the events which have since transpired, we can now recognize the grandeur of that embarkation. The pastor knelt upon the shore, and, surrounded by the sobbing multidude, poured out his soul in fervent prayer on their behalf. See the earnest, loving, pleading minister of Christ, as above the murmur of the surge and the suppressed sobs of the people, his voice is heard rising to the throne of God. Behold this great saint wrestling in prayer. What animation combined with meek submission, what impassioned fervour mingled with a gentle affection, what triumphant faith, and yet what trembling solicitude, are marked

in that beaming countenance and that animated frame. Those prayers of Robinson were heard and answered. In the infant history of the colony we read the answer to those prayers. When we see them courageous and cheerful on the desolate shore of Massachusetts, we read the answer to those prayers. When we witness them burying half their number in the first awful winter, and yet trusting God, we see the answer to those prayers. When we watch them as they were more than once on the borders of starvation, and yet as far as possible from the borders of despair, we read the answer to those prayers. And now, when we gaze on Massachusetts, and on all that wonderful confederation of states, in which, with all their faults and failings, there are, even in the slave states, the precious germs of civil and religious freedom—in all that we see great and good in America we read the answer to those fervent supplications which Robinson offered, kneeling, on the rude shore at Delfthaven.

Yet it was a sad and painful parting, because, with all their hopes of reunion in the Western world, they could scarcely repress the fear that that reunion never would take place. So we are told they went sorrowfully on board, scarcely a word was spoken; and perhaps few tears were shed, for their emotions were too deep for tears. And though thus sadly and heavily these brave men and braver women, with their children, who, happily, knew not the dangers and sufferings that awaited them, in all about 120, went on board, yet some of them—some of the young men and strong were of good cheer; their hearts were full of hope; and as Winslow says in the account which has been preserved—"We gave them a volley of small shot and three pieces of ordnance, and so, lifting up our hands to each other, and hearts for each other to the Lord our God, we departed, and found his presence with us in the midst of our manifold straits: he carried us through."

And now let us follow a little further the history of the pilgrims as they pursue their path across the perilous deep. Let us watch the little ship, the Mayflower, the cradle of American independence, rocked by Atlantic storms, and then we shall see another stage of the growth toward the stature and the strength of manhood, of that infant born at Scrooby, and for a season nursed at Leyden.

A favourable wind soon wafted the Speedwell down the channel and brought her to Southampton, where the Mayflower

was awaiting her arrival. Within a fortnight from the departure from Leyden, on the 5th of August, 1620, the two vessels (the Mayflower, of course, containing the greater number of pilgrims) set sail from Southampton. So far all was as prosperous and comfortable as could be expected. All went well for several days, and they thought their troubles were at an end; but it was not so. Unhappily, these pilgrim fathers, accustomed to agricultural pursuits, did not happen to be very good judges of naval architecture, and they were thoroughly taken in by the purchase of the Speedwell. They had proceeded but a little way down the channel, when the Speedwell proved very unworthy of her name, for she sped very badly, and the captain declared that she could not proceed without first putting into some port to refit. Somewhat discouraged, they directed their course to Dartmouth. After a delay of eight days both vessels started again in company, and now all things were supposed to be right. But no. Once out of sight of land, the captain of the Speedwell again discovered that his unhappy barque was unfit for the wear and tear of an Atlantic voyage. This was another and a grievous disappointment. Both vessels again put back and ran into Plymouth. The pilgrims suspected treachery, but they found it necessary to abandon the idea of taking out their own vessel, the Speedwell. This was, they say, "very grievous and discouraging," for they were unable to replace the Speedwell; and to go in a hired vessel, and be left on that distant and desolate shore without the power to return, made their enterprise much more formidable, so much so that a few proved fainthearted, and abandoned the enterprise. But mark how the providence of God is evidenced in all this. It was no doubt to them a terrible disappointment, but it might be that Jehovah saw in that band of people some who were not of the right sort to undertake so perilous a work, and one which demanded such extraordinary faith, self-denial, and bravery. So he overruled for good the condition of the Speedwell; and thus, like Gideon's army, this little host was winnowed of all faint hearts, and none but the brave and true were left. And the loss of the Speedwell was not such a terrible calamity, if you view the subject in all its bearings. Had the Speedwell safely crossed the Atlantic, and been retained by the pilgrims, their way back to Europe would not have been cut off. And if, in their first dreadful winter, the poor exiles had possessed

the ship, when they had buried, some their wives, some their husbands, some their parents, some their children, and their little company was reduced one-half—when, to use the language of Bradford, they saw "death coming upon them like an armed man"—if, amid these horrors, the Speedwell had been at her moorings in the bay, in all probability the poor exiles would have fled on board, departed from such a scene of misery and want, returned to England or to Holland, and so the enterprise would have failed, and mankind would have lost the benefits which have sprung from the colony of Plymouth.

Most probably, then, the abandonment of the Speedwell was the very salvation of the enterprise. The pilgrims once landed could not return; and the thought of this, though perhaps it sometimes might tempt them to despondency, more generally nerved and encouraged them to battle sternly with their difficulties; and, like almost all other great men, they were made great through trouble, and became perfect through suffering. And now on board the Mayflower, of 180 tons, were gathered all this little company, amounting in all to just 101 emigrants. These, besides the crew, had to stow themselves, with their goods—which, however, were but scanty—all within such narrow limits, and so to face the Atlantic, when it was certain they would meet with the gales of the autumnal equinox. It was the 6th of September when they weighed anchor and departed from Plymouth, looking now ahead on the dreary waste of waters, and now astern on the cliffs of their much-loved country slowly sinking beneath the horizon. And who were these emigrants? They were not all men in the maturity of their strength. Delicate women were there, the mothers of New England, and children of all ages. But what a prospect was before them! They knew that tempests must be expected; that they would arrive at their destination at the end of the autumn; that they would be landed on a shore destitute of human habitation; perhaps, as one of them observes, "among the savage people, who delight to torment men in the most bloody manner that may be;" they knew that their stock of provisions would soon be exhausted; their clothing perhaps insufficient to protect them from the weather. They knew that if they fell ill (and what was more probable?) there would be no medical aid. Yes, and there were some in that little company who knew that soon after being cast upon that bleak and shel-

terless shore, exposed to the frosts and snows and storms of a New England winter, they would be in that position in which a mother needs all the care and comfort which kindness can secure in civilized society; yet none of these things moved them—they were strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. For nine weeks was the Mayflower tossed upon the billows of the raging Atlantic; and we find that the people, or a large portion of them, occupied the long-boat by night. There they lay down upon the hard boards, covered perhaps with a rude sail, and so slept beneath the ever-watching stars, if perchance the howling of the storm did not keep them wakeful. The little Mayflower deserves to be held in remembrance. Men talk of the Victory, the flag ship of Nelson at Trafalgar, but she is not worth mentioning in comparison with the Mayflower. Here is a ship more highly honoured far. I will just quote an eloquent apostrophe addressed to the Mayflower by a powerful writer of the present day, whose style, whatever we may think of its merits, is so peculiarly his own, and is so characteristic and well known, that his name need not be mentioned:—"Hail to thee! poor little ship, Mayflower, of Delfthaven—poor common looking ship, hired by common charter-party for coined dollars—caulked with mere oakum and tar—provisioned with vulgarest biscuit and bacon—yet what ship Argo, or miraculous epic ship built by the sea-gods, was other than a foolish bumbarge in comparison? Golden fleeces, or the like, these sailed for, with or without effect. Thou, little Mayflower, hadst in thee a veritable Promethean spark—the life-spark of the largest nation on our earth; so we may already name the transatlantic Saxon nation. They went seeking leave to hear sermons in their own method, these Mayflower puritans—a most indispensable search—and yet, like Saul, the son of Kish, seeking a small thing, they found this unexpected great thing. Honour to the brave and true! they verily, we say, carry fire from heaven, and have a power that themselves dream not of. Let all men honour puritanism, since God has so honoured it!"

Their intention was to make for the mouth of the Hudson, but the captain changed his course, and made for Cape Cod, which, to the inexpressible joy of the weary pilgrims, they reached on the 9th of November—more than two months after leaving Plymouth, more than three from their embarkation at Southampton, and nearly four from the day they left their

brethren at Delfthaven. It was a dreary and most desolate shore opposite which the Mayflower dropped anchor. So uninviting did it appear, that, notwithstanding all the miseries of their voyage, the pilgrims hesitated, and wished to explore the coast; but the captain was determined to put them ashore, and threatened to employ physical force if they refused. But the long-boat had been so damaged and opened with the people lying in her, that the carpenter was more than a fortnight in making her seaworthy. Meanwhile a party went on shore on an expedition of discovery. While on this expedition, they found the trail of Indians, and lighted on a number of graves, in one of which they found a quantity of corn, which, considering that its proprietor no longer needed it, they judged it advisable to secure. Further on they found a large quantity of corn buried in the earth; it was an inestimable treasure. Under such circumstances things are seen in their true value. Had they hit upon the richest diggings in Australia at that time, all the treasures of those golden regions would have been contemptible compared with the corn which they found in the Indian's grave, for that corn, reserved as seed, became the salvation of the infant colony. They found great numbers of graves, but no more corn. Nothing but graves, graves, graves —a striking circumstance, which superstitious minds would have interpreted into an omen of calamity; but these brave men were not superstitious. Yet they saw the sorrowful emblems of death; they saw that the destroyer had been busy on that coast, for they beheld no other human habitation than the narrow house appointed for all living. But, after all, see here again the wonderful dispensations of God's providence. The Hebrew minstrel, referring to the history of his nation, said, "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt; thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it. Thou preparedst room before it." Thus did the superintending care of God anticipate the pilgrims' necessities. Had those pilgrims landed there a few years earlier, they would in all probability have been massacred by the wild tribes of Massachusetts, who had experienced bad treatment from the crews of fishing vessels that had sometimes touched on the coast. But, marvellous to relate, not long before the landing of the pilgrims, a pestilence had actually swept over the entire district, and almost utterly extirpated the tribes inhabiting the very spot to which, contrary to their intentions and desire, the pilgrims had been led.

Poetry.

"WHAT'S THE NEWS."

The following, it is said, was sent to a Lady in the South of England, by her Brother-in-law the day before his death.

WHENE'ER we meet, you always say, What's the news? what's the news?
Pray, what's the order of the day? What's the news? what's the news?
Oh! I have got good news to tell; my Saviour hath done all things well?
And triumphed over death and hell. That's the news! That's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary. That's the news! That's the news!
To set a world of sinners free. That's the news! That's the news!
'Twas there his precious blood was shed; 'twas there he bowed his sacred head;
But now he's risen from the dead. That's the news! That's the news?

To heaven above the Conquerer's gone. That's the news! That's the news!
He passed triumphant to his throne. That's the news! That's the news!
And on that throne he will remain, until as Judge he comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train. That's the news. That's the news!

His work is spreading all around. That's the news. That's the news!
And many have redemption found. That's the news! That's the news?
And since their souls have caught the flame, they shout Hosannah to his name;
And all around they spread his fame. That's the news! That's the news!

The Lord has pardoned all my sins. That's the news! That's the news!
I feel the witness now within. That's the news! That's the news!
And since he took my sins away, and taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day. That's the news. That's the news!

And Christ the Lord can save you now. That's the news! That's the news!
Your sinful heart he can renew. That's the news! That's the news!
This moment, if for sin you grieve, this moment if you him believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive. That's the news! That's the news!

And then if any one should say, What's the news? What's the news?
O tell them you've began to pray. That's the news! That's the news!
That you have join'd the holy band, and now with joy, at God's command,
You're marching to the better land. That's the news! That's the news!

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE SABBATH NECESSARY TO HUMAN LIFE.—A celebrated English physician has lately given the following evidence before the House of Commons on the physical uses of the Sabbath:—"I have been in the habit, during a great many years, of considering the *uses* of the Sabbath, and its *abuses*. The abuses are chiefly manifested in labour and dissipation. The use medically speaking is that of a day of rest. In a theological sense it is a holy rest, providing for the instruction of new and sublime ideas in the mind of man, preparing him for his future state. As a day of rest I view it as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labour and excitement. If I show that there are provisions in the laws of nature which correspond with the divine commandment, you will see that the Sabbath was made for man, as a necessary appointment. A physician is anxious to preserve the balance of circulation as necessary to the restorative power of the body. The ordinary exertions of man run down the circulation every day of his life; and the first general law of nature by which God (who is not only the giver, but also the preserver and sustainer of life) prevents man from destroying himself, is the alternating of day and night, that repose may succeed action. But although the night apparently equalizes the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life. Hence, one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system. I consider that, in the bountiful providence made by Almighty God for the preservation of human life, the Sabbatical appointment is not, as it has been sometimes theologically viewed, simply a precept partaking of the nature of a political institution; but that it is to be numbered amongst the natural duties, if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty, and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act. This is said simply as a physician and without reference at all to the theological question; but if you consider further the proper effect of real Christianity—namely, peace of mind, confiding trust in God, and good will to man—you will perceive in this source of renewed vigour to the mind, and through the mind to the body, an additional spring of life imparted from this higher use of the Sabbath as a holy rest. I would point out the Sabbatical rest as necessary to man, and that the great enemies of the Sabbath, and consequently the enemies of man, are all laborious exercises of the body or mind, and dissipation, which force the circulation on that day on which it should repose; whilst relaxation from the ordinary cares of life, the enjoyment of this repose in the bosom of one's family, with the religious studies and

duties which the day enjoins, (not one of which, if rightly exercised, tends to abridge life,) constitute the beneficial and appropriate service of the day."

"Renewed Day by Day."—Balmy sleep! It is a blessed thing to be refreshed by sleep. The body was wearied through the mind's working more than by physical toil. Each remaining task seemed difficult as the evening still lasted. Rest does not come at once. The mind is wakeful and thoughtful. But soon the drooping wings of sense are folded over all the quieted faculties. They nestle and sink into unconsciousness. Hours pass. We awake in the morning and know, not by the light alone, but by that half consciousness which keeps watch over the slumberer, as well as by the rested limbs, that a night has passed. Nature seems rested and freshened by a night of darkness. The air is pure. The light is soft. The sky is like one awaking. Slowly, the faculties unfold like the leaves of a morning flower, as fresh and untainted. Then we are ready for anything pure, for anything generous. Strength is in the morning. We begin our labour like a strong man rejoicing to run a race. Toil seems easy. We forget that we were ever weary or that we shall be again. We bless Him who giveth his beloved sleep, and go forth to our toil again until the evening. Soon will come that awakening to be weary never more. Soon that

"——blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

"Asleep in Jesus—far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

None Liveth to Himself.—No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world—everywhere his presence or absence will be felt—everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import—that we are forming characters for eternity. Forming characters! Whose, our own or others? Both; and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived!—*Elihu Burrit.*

THE USE OF A PENNY.—What could a journeyman shoemaker do with a penny? I answer at once: Buy a pennyworth of leather, make a pair of trouser-straps, and sell them for twopence. Put another proposition: What could a journeyman tailor do with a penny? I have known boys' caps to be made out of the merest scraps of cloth, and to be sold at a profit very large in comparison with the cost of the material. A carpenter with a bit of wood—a tinman with a bit of tin—a comb-maker with a bit of bone—an engraver with a piece of copper or a bit of wood—a fan-maker with a piece of paper and a few chips—a designer with a black-lead pencil and a sheet of paper—a glazier with a bit of glass—a needle-woman with needle and thread—a gardener with a small packet of seed and a square yard of ground—a ticket-writer with a little colour and a piece of cardboard—an engrosser with pen and ink—indeed, anybody with anything, resolved upon making a beginning, can do it.....Many will say that, had they a few pounds they feel that they could do something. To such persons I say: Begin and get the few pounds. Do not let life slip away and see you still lamenting the want of opportunity. Begin—work first for the opportunity—and then for the result.

How a Penny became a Thousand Pounds.

THE LIQUOR BLACK-LIST FOR THE YEAR.—The *Alliance Weekly News*—a paper devoted to the Total Abstinence and Maine Law cause—says in its number for July 19, 1856:—"It is a solemn and awful truth, that from an average of not more than twenty newspapers, and one or two private correspondents per week, we have been enabled to derive information during the last fifty-one weeks, wherefrom to register two thousand two hundred and ten cases of serious accidents, premature deaths, robberies, suicides, murders, or other crimes encountered or perpetrated by or upon persons who were under the operation of alcohol. Including those in this week's list, we have recorded within the year—711 brawls or violent assaults, including many cases of stabbing, cutting, and wounding; 294 robberies by or upon drunken persons; 237 cases of atrocious cruelty upon wives or children; 166 cases of serious accident or striking bodily peril; 162 actual or attempted suicides; 520 premature deaths, generally with horrible accessories; and 121 manslaughters and murders."

CARE OF PROVIDENCE.—It is a great comfort to have faith in Providence constantly impressed upon the mind, so as to have recourse to it in the midst of all confusions and all calamities, whether from without or from within—to be able to say, The great King who is also my Father, is the Supreme Ruler of all these things, and with Him all my interests are secure—in every distress, when all hope of human assistance is swallowed up in despair, to silence all my fears with these comfortable words—"God will provide."

A Sad Death.—Died, in Laodicea, the *Prayer Meeting*, aged one year. The health of this meeting was poor most of the year, and its life was despaired of. But anxious friends kept it alive, and sometimes it would so revive as to encourage them. Discouragement, however, at last prevailed, and the prayer meeting is dead. It died from neglect. Not a christian was present when it died. Over forty were living within a mile of it, and not one of them was there. Had two only been there, its life might have been saved; for where two are agreed as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them. Two-thirds of the forty might have been there, had they been so disposed. But they were not, and the prayer meeting died. But it may have a resurrection. Who will bring it to life?

Family Harmony.—It is one of the greatest of domestic blessings to be a member of an united family; and nothing can be more mischievous than to let any root of bitterness spring up amongst those who ought to cultivate this union. With these views, I have always been anxious, in our own family, over which it has pleased God to place me, that we should put the most liberal construction upon each other's conduct—that we should not do or say anything to disturb our mutual affection and good-will—and that, whenever anything that might interrupt our harmony should arise, we should endeavour as much as possible to reunite, and to remove the cause of misunderstanding. *Life of Edward Baines, of Leeds.*

Looking to Christ.—"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," Isaiah xlv. 22. It is as if a child were so very ill, as not to be able to go to his father, nor even stretch out his hand for help, nor speak a word, but merely to look. Such an imploring look the father understands perfectly, and all his compassions are moved within him. So it is with the dying sinner; as long as he can look there is hope. Let him look to Christ by an eye of faith in his greatest extremity, and he shall be saved.

Effective Preaching.—A religion without a Saviour is the temple without the Shekinah, and its worshippers will all desert. Few men in the world have less pretensions as a preacher than myself—my voice, my look, my manner, all of a common kind; yet I thank God there is scarcely a corner in our little church where you might not find a streaming eye and a beating heart. The reason is, that I speak of Christ; and if there is not a charm in the name, there is in the train of tears, and hopes, and joys, which it carries along with it. The people feel—they must listen.
Cunningham.

The Fireside.

ON TEACHING CHILDREN TO WORK.

MRS. PULLAN, in her useful little book—"Children, and how to manage them"—wisely says:—

"That in the sweat of our brow we should eat our bread, is a decree to which we are all subject; and while, undoubtedly, it is a punishment, it is also a blessing in disguise. The children of rich parents need not, indeed, to labour for their daily bread, but with very many it is of the utmost consequence that they should early gain something towards their own subsistence; and in this country no one is so completely above the frowns of fortune, that he may not, at some time, find it imperative to earn his own bread. How hard must this be to those whose parents have brought them up in luxury, and with the sinful idea that labour is disgraceful! How comparatively easy to those who have, from early childhood, been taught to exercise their faculties for the benefit of some one! The love of exertion is so natural, however, to a healthy child, that it will be little trouble to teach it to enjoy work, and to appreciate the power of doing good, and the dignity of labour. Here, too, the heart and the affections may be cultivated. If the aim of its exertions is to gratify its friends, parents, brothers, or sisters, the pleasure will be double. Children should be taught that their first work should be for others, rather than for themselves; and thus the affections will be cultivated, while the habit of labour is acquired. In order to give the child some free power, it is well, too, to pay in money for certain work. It is easy to guide the child in the expenditure of that money, without assuming an arbitrary control over it. Even diligence, may, however, be perverted to bad uses, and may be made to minister to avarice and selfishness, or love of display."

Yes: this is good advice, and it is just such as Paul gave to the early christians when he advised them to work with their own hands the thing which is good, that they might have to give to him that needeth. And children cannot be too early taught that they must all through life depend upon their own labour for whatever they may want. If mothers teach all their boys such lessons as these, and if fathers set them the example, then we shall see a more manly race growing up in our land, before whose strong arms, guided by clear heads, poverty, though he come like an armed man, will flee away. It is because thousands never have such lessons from their mothers, and such examples by their fathers, that they grow up such poor lounging spiritless creatures that when poverty comes he soon knocks them down and keeps them down; and there they lie sprawling and calling out to every one that passes by to come and help them. Mothers, if you really love your children and wish them well, teach them to work—*make* them work.

The Penny Post Box.

A NEW BEVERAGE.

I PRESUME, Mr. Editor, that you will let us write about anything that is likely to be good for either the bodies or souls of our fellow-creatures. I noticed, with pleasure, what you told us about the roots of that troublesome weed called twitch being used to make paper, and it reminded me of another use that may be made of it. But I will tell you how I heard of this.

I was one day attending some religious meetings at a village in Nottinghamshire, and after they were ended, I called at a friend's house on my way to the station. Being thirsty, as well as weary, I asked, for he was a shop-keeper, if he had any "Ginger Beer," or "Imperial Pop." His wife replied that they had not, but she could give me some "Twitch Beer," which was quite harmless, and would do just as well or better. I tasted it and found it very agreeable, without, I believe, any intoxicating qualities. This led me to make further inquiries, and my friends told me that it was strongly recommended for its medicinal virtues, especially in healing the lungs of young persons liable to consumption. My friend afterwards sent me directions how to make it. I copy his note:—

"As you have written to know how we make our herb beer, I send the receipt with pleasure. To make one gallon of it, take a double handful of Twitch, one handful of Cumfrey, one handful of Gill.* Wash them well in cold water, then boil altogether twenty minutes. Afterwards take them out and strain them. Then put the liquor in the pot again, with one ounce of ginger and one pound of sugar, and boil it ten minutes. Then let it stand till nearly cold, and add two table-spoonsful of barm. Let it stand about twelve hours, and then put in a quarter of an ounce of cream of tartar. Stir it up well, and put it in bottles and let it finish working. You may drink it any time of the day."

I only add, that one day, passing through a field, I examined a root of twitch to discover, if I could, its properties; and I found that inside it was glutinous or starchy, and therefore adapted to make pulp for paper, or a nourishing drink. I have said what I have with a good intent; and if these things be correct, then we shall again find that there are many things all around us which we have regarded as curses—and this twitch was one—but which if we only knew their true properties would be found blessings. I am

ALWAYS LEARNING SOMETHING.

* Is not this Ground Ivy?

Facts, Hints, and Gems.

Facts.

RAILWAYS.—These iron roads, which take 20,000 tons of metal and 3,000,000 of trees per annum merely to keep them in repair, have immensely subserved the conveniency, and promoted the wealth, of the people of this country. They save the public two-thirds of their time in transit, and two-thirds in fares and tolls; they have given us the penny-post, which could not have existed without them; they have intersected the country with telegraph-wires employing 3000 persons, stretching a distance of 86,000 miles, and flashing a million of messages in the year, many of them to and from places hundreds of miles apart; they have reduced the cost of many articles of general consumption, and rendered others common where nature had seemed to plant an interdict against them. In 1854, it is calculated that 2,000,000 of livestock were brought to the metropolis, and that two thirds of this enormous number came by railway and steamers. Independently of lessened expense of transit, cattle lose twenty pounds in weight for every hundred miles they are driven, and all this is saved in addition to the difference in the cost of transit. Besides livestock, railways bring to London in the course of the year upwards of 80,000,000 pounds of killed meat, much of which is distributed by the same means throughout neighbouring towns. More than half her supply of fish—230,000 tons in the year—is transported by rail; more than 1000 tons of green food every week, and milk by millions of quarts in the year—the itinerant dealers selling their "railway m ilk" more than 25 per cent. under the usual price. In many important inland towns, fresh fish were unknown luxuries before the fiery locomotive came to their aid. Birmingham is a hundred miles distant from salt-water; yet fish may be bought there in the afternoon, taken fresh out of the sea the same day. The carriages of these railways, 150,000 in number, drawn by 5,000 engines, travel every year an aggregate distance of 80,000,000 miles. In 1854, they transported 111,000,000 passengers, travelling an average distance of twelve miles each, and in such safety that in the first half of the year but one accident happened to every 7,195,341 passengers. In these journeys, each passenger gains an hour in time, amounting in all to 38,000 years of working-life at eight hours a day. Supposing the day's labour to be worth three shillings, these railways save the nation £2,000,000 a year in the item of time alone.

Hints.

YOUR TRUE AGE.—The question should be, not so much, how long have you lived in the world, but, how long have you lived to God, and some good purpose to yourself and others.

THREE THINGS, Martin Luther said, he could not bear to think of without thinking of Christ at the same time, and they were sin—death—judgment.

DONT PERSECUTE!—John Wesley said, "If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the Judge of all.

FLOWERS AND WEEDS.—A lady once asked her gardener how it was the weeds always outgrew the flowers. "Because," was the reply, "the soil is mother to the weeds, but only stepmother to the flowers.

CIVILITY has been compared to an air cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it makes the jolts of life more easy as we pass along.

A GREAT OBSTACLE in the way of success is trusting that something will some day turn up, instead of falling to work and turning up something.

THE THREE CLASSES of men into which the whole world may be divided are, those who are moving on, those who are standing still, and those who are going back. To which of these do you belong?

Gems.

TRUST IN THE BLOOD OF CHRIST, and you shall never perish; trust in the word of Christ, and you shall never fail; trust in the promises of Christ, and you shall never want; trust in the grace of Christ, and you shall have everlasting life.

GOD'S PURPOSE IS, that we shall have no salvation but by Christ; no holiness, but by the Spirit; no comfort, but in obedience; and no happiness, but in fellowship with himself.

DISCONTENT arises from the state of the heart; if we are not contented now, we should not be if we had more, for all that is given will only feed the disease; let us therefore seek to have our hearts right with God in Christ and then we shall be happy.

DAILY USE OF THE BIBLE.—Carry on a daily intercourse, and cultivate a holy and intimate familiarity with the pages of the inspired volume. Read them, recollect them, weigh them, contemplate them in their magnificent whole, in their beautiful parts, and their harmonious connexions.

CHRISTIAN DUTIES.—The christian has, when alone, his thoughts to watch; in the family, his temper; in company, his tongue. It will be his endeavour to illustrate his devotions in the morning by his actions during the day.

PIETY AND MORALITY. — True piety and morality are inseparable, or rather they are the same spirit differently manifested. *Piety* is *love*, with its face towards *God*; and *morality* is *love*, with its face towards *men*.

Poetic Selections.

AN EARNEST PRAYER.

By a Countryman.

O GREAT and gracious God,
Thy Son on earth below
Once dwelt, to save us sinful men
From everlasting woe.

O great and gracious God,
Thy Son on Calvary
Once groan'd and suffer'd bitter pains
For sinners such as me.

O great and gracious God,
Thou gav'st thy Son to die,
That sinners who on him believe,
Might live beyond the sky.

O great and gracious God,
Thy love can ne'er be told;
My heart from thee, my Lord and God,
How can I dare withhold?

O great and gracious God,
Take this poor heart of mine;
Root out all sin, fill it with love,
That love which is divine.

Isle of Wight. J. E.

CHRIST IS ALL!

CHRIST is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondsman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he?
To dead men, life he is; to sick men health;
To blind men, sight; and to the needy, wealth;
A pleasure without loss; a treasure without stealth.

The Children's Corner.

SUNSET AT EVENING.

How fine has the day been! how bright was the sun!
How lovely and joyful the course that he run!
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
  And there follow'd some droppings of rain;
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best,
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
  And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the christian; his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
  And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
  Of rising in brighter array.

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LANDING OF THE ENGLISH "GOSPELLERS" IN AMERICA.

THE long-boat was at last ready. Carver, Bradford, Winslow, and Standish set out, with some eight or ten more, to explore the coast and fix upon a place of settlement. They coasted for many leagues in vain; no landing-place, nor anything like a harbour, could be seen. December had set in, and on the 8th of that month, as they were reconnoitring, a storm came on at nightfall—a gale of wind, with snow and drenching rain; the sea rose angrily, foaming darkly, threatening instant destruction. One of the crew, a sailor, who had been on that coast before, had a notion that a convenient harbour was not far off. They crowded all the sail, but the mast was snapped in a sudden squall, the rudder was broken by a sea, and the boat drifted in among the breakers. Happily they gained the land, where they kindled a fire, and spent the night standing to their arms, lest they should be attacked by Indians. The next day was Sunday—their first Sunday ashore. Desolate as their condition was, and pressing as was the time, these brave men, there, on that desolate island, in the unknown bay, and far from their friends, resolved to keep their sabbath; and there upon that rock, underneath the inclement sky, they offered up their thanksgivings to God for having at last delivered them from the dangers of the deep, and "brought them to the desired haven." Was there in all European christendom, on that sabbath-day, anything so grand as the song of the storm-beaten pilgrims? and of all the offerings that day presented to the God of heaven by any of his creatures upon earth, was there any sacrifice so grateful, so

acceptable to him as the sacrifice of thanksgiving offered up by the pilgrims on the New England shore? They saw a harbour nigh at hand, and "on Monday," says the old pilgrim chronicler, "we sounded the harbour, and found it a very good harbour for our shipping. We marched also into the land, and found divers corn-fields and little running brooks—a place very good for situation—so we returned to our ship again with good news to the rest of our people, which did much comfort their hearts." But before they landed, they drew up and subscribed an important document, to this effect:—"In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the christian faith, and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

These important preliminaries settled, and John Carver unanimously elected governor for that year, the pilgrims landed in the middle of December, amid the rain and snow. There they stepped upon the rock which has ever since been memorable. See that girl sitting thoughtfully at her pastor's right hand. Mary Chilton—brave girl! Tradition says she was the first that placed her foot on Plymouth rock. The women and children all landed on that desolate shore, with their scanty provisions and household stuffs around them, and no habitation nigh. But the brave men shouldered their axes and went to the woods, cut down trees, and, in the pauses of the storm, built houses for the shelter of their families. They selected a hill, on which they placed their four pieces of ordnance, and formed it into a fort in which they might hold out against the savages, of whose assaults they were in perpetual anticipation. They worshipped there from sabbath to sabbath, and, in grateful remembrance of the hospitalities they had enjoyed, in the last town they had seen in England, they named their humble

settlement New Plymouth. No worldly ambition fired their breasts—no love of lucre had led them thus far from their fatherland. The love of freedom, and, above all, the desire for liberty to worship God and to enjoy gospel ordinances—this was the passion that filled their heroic bosoms, and this consoled them through the hardships and the horrors of that wintry season. It was an event the importance of which none could have foreseen. When Columbus discovered Guanahani, he went on shore habited in a gorgeous dress, and bearing in his hand a naked sword; but there was something more worthy of admiration in the landing of that young English girl, and I would rather have seen Mary Chilton, in the plain garb of puritan precision, step on the shores of Massachusetts, than the landing of Columbus. It was the beginning of a glorious era for the Anglo-Saxon race, and worthy of being recorded by one of her own daughters of song:—

"Not as the conqueror comes, they, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the stirring roll of drums, and the trumpet that sings of fame.
Not as the flying come, in silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang—and the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang with the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared from his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared; this was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair amid that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there, away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye, lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high, and the fiery heat of youth.

What sought they thus afar? bright jewels, or the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found—Freedom to worship God!"

For a few moments longer let us trace their history. As may be easily imagined, their perils and calamities were not over now. When they landed they had seen only the beginning of sorrows. The privations they endured through that first winter in New England were fearful in the extreme. Death came upon them like an armed man. Poor Governor Carver did not long live to enjoy the honours of his office. He had scarcely landed when, with a heavy heart, he was called upon to dig a grave for his son; and just as the winter terminated, and the blossoms of spring were beginning to appear, he too sank under the severities he had endured; and ere long his widow was laid by his side, in the humble cemetery on the hill, which was also their fort, and which, to this day, is called Burial-hill. The following extract from the

journal of Bradford, who succeeded Carver as Governor, is enough to shew the mournful state and discouraging position of the poor pilgrims:—"In three months past dies half our company, the greatest part in the depth of winter, wanting houses and other comforts, being infected with the scurvy and other diseases, which their long voyage and unaccommodate condition brought upon them; so as there die sometimes two or three a day. Of a hundred persons scarce fifty remain; the living scarce able to bury the dead; the well not sufficient to tend the sick, there being, in their time of greatest distress, but six or seven who spare no pains to help them. The like disease fell also among the sailors, so as half their company also die before they sail."

The spring, however, came on with "fayre warme days," and the birds began to "sing in the woods most pleasantly," but even now their tribulation was not at an end. The Mayflower did not leave New Plymouth until then, and the pilgrims being by that time in good hopes, wrote home to Leyden in rather too flattering a strain, intent, no doubt, upon relieving the anxiety of Robinson and their other friends. Summer also came. They had sowed their seed, and were in good hopes of the harvest. Autumn came, and the decaying leaves and chilling blasts began to warn them that another season of severity was at hand. All along they had lived on very scanty rations, and they just thought it possible, with frugality and care, to live through the coming winter. But on the 9th of November, 1621, they were surprised by the arrival of the "Fortune," conveying fifty-five of their brethren from England and Holland. These good brethren were utterly unprovided for, having arrived with not so much as a barrel of bread, and the colonists were now doubled in number, and had nothing to subsist on but their scanty harvest. They were, moreover, at the same time, threatened with an invasion from a neighbouring tribe of Narragansetts. A messenger from the chief arrived at the settlement, and brought with him a bundle of arrows, wrapt up in the skin of a rattlesnake, which he left in the settlement and hastily departed. The sagacious Governor Bradford at once discovered the terrible significance of this symbol, and so taking out the arrows he stuffed the rattlesnake's skin with powder and shot, and sent it back to the combative chief. The Indian trembled at the sight of such murderous weapons, and was so horrified that he durst not

keep them in his house or his country, and after being sent from place to place through all the tribe, they came back untouched to the hands of Governor Bradford. This put an end to the threatened invasion of the savages.

But still the winter came on, and food was scarce; for six months the whole colony had barely one half of the ordinary allowance of rations; at last they were brought to the very brink of starvation. "I have seen," says Winslow, "men stagger by reason of faintness for want of food." There is a tradition to the effect that they were once reduced to their last pint of corn, which, equally distributed, yielded just five grains to each individual. They lay down to rest at night not knowing where to obtain a morsel the next day, and were fain to wander into the woods and dig up the roots, and to search the shore at low water for mussels and other shell fish.

Such were the perils and sufferings amidst which the colony of New England was founded, and through which the pilgrim fathers passed, and such was the price at which they purchased freedom. But their condition slowly improved; their comforts gradually multiplied around them, and they diligently traded with the mother country. They maintained the most friendly relationship with the Indians, and to this largely they owed their preservation, while other settlements which were afterwards planted near them were abandoned. Their worthy pastor, however, was destined never to visit New Plymouth. He died in Leyden, in the year 1625.

Of course it must not be supposed that simply from the settlers at Plymouth the present population of Massachusetts has descended. Various other colonies were founded, which, like Plymouth, flourished and grew strong; but the pilgrim fathers were the first to select this portion of the world, and many of those who followed were kindred spirits, whom the persecuting fury of Charles I. and Archbishop Laud compelled to seek a refuge in the Western world.

To trace this history to all its consequences would be to enter on the history of the United States. I therefore carry it no further. I have endeavoured to describe to you the flourishing commonwealth of which Boston is the capital—I have shewn the early history of the first settlers in that state —I have followed them in their pilgrimage from Scrooby to Amsterdam, from Amsterdam to Leyden, from Leyden to New England; and I have briefly sketched the hardships to which

they were exposed on their landing, and through the first two years of their colonial existence. I believe you will heartily concur with me when I say that the world has seldom seen such a noble band as the men and women who on board the little Mayflower braved the Atlantic storms in the autumn of the year 1620. If we may be permitted to quote from "The Psalm of Life" (and an American poet is not here out of place), I think you will scarcely find in modern history a finer illustration of these words, so encouraging to all who are struggling after the good, the useful, and the true:—

> "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us footprints on the sands of time.
> Footprints, that perhaps another, sailing o'er life's solemn main,
> A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, seeing, shall take heart again."

The pilgrim fathers have left such footprints. You see them in the growth, the freedom, the intelligence, the power of Massachusetts, and in all that is good, great, and free in the mighty federal union of the Western world. They were great men of God's own choosing, fashioning, and training. And, indeed, valuable as are the lessons which their history furnishes us in reference to human character and examples of faith and fortitude, patience and perseverance, equally valuable to the intelligent student of history, are the illustrations which the lives and labours of the pilgrim fathers present of the dispensations of Divine Providence. When we contemplate the complicated circumstances which originated the enterprise, the unparalleled difficulties through which it had to pass, and the grand and momentous results which have ensued from it, I think we cannot but recognise in it all the finger of God just as clearly as in the exodus of Israel from Egypt. They did not see the pillar of cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, as they were tossed upon the watery desert of Atlantic storms; but the guiding hand was there, though, shrouded in the clouds and darkness of autumnal tempests, it was not visible to the eye of sense. But she was safe, the little Mayflower—safe as the ark when borne upon the watery deluge of old. For was she not an ark, bearing far from the floods of royal and priestly despotism the elect heirs of liberty, who, like Noah and his sons, were destined to be the founders of a new world. And now the pilgrims rest together. Side by side they repose in their graves on Burial Hill, which was their fort, their sanctuary, and their graveyard—on which was

heard, now the booming salute of cannon that greeted their brethren on their arrival from Europe, now the clear harmony of praise, accompanied by the sounding sea, which, grander far than the music of cathedral choirs, welcomed the morning light and died away in the evening shade of the returning day of rest; and sometimes, too, alas, on that hill was heard the voice of weeping, answered by the moaning of the forest, as the pilgrims, with heavy hearts, laid one after another of their famished children in the grave. Yet, though these fathers and founders of New England are dead, they still speak in the manly independence, they speak in the wide philanthropy, they speak in the growth and power of the Western confederation of states, which bids fair to make some of the powers of Europe look small, shrivelled, and contemptible. The spirit of the puritan still lives in the hearts of their posterity. Their memory is revered, their example is held forth for the encouragement of faith and patience, of diligence and hope, and the hill of their sepulture is pointed to as the very altar of freedom—a spot more sacred than the precincts of the most hallowed cathedrals in christendom.

Poetry.

TO THE GREAT FATHER OF ALL!

FATHER of Lights! all perfect gifts bestowing,
Gifts of unfailing providence and grace;
From Thy rich store, fresh streams of mercy flowing,
Fall, like soft showers, to bless a guilty race!

Father of Love! Thy love to man revealing
In Christ, Thy Son, for me a victim slain;
Bind up my wounds—my broken spirit healing—
Save me through Him, who died but lives again!

Father of Truth! to my petition bending,
Lead me away from error into light;
Open mine eyes—thy Holy Spirit sending—
Shew me Thy truth, and guide my steps aright!

Father of Life! in Thee I have my being,
Thou art my God, in whom I live and move!
Grant me Thine aid—that to my Refuge fleeing,
I may find Life Eternal in His love!

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—Thomas Clark, who is said to have been a mate of the Mayflower, and one of the first persons who landed on the island in Plymouth harbour that bears his name, died at the age of 98, in 1697; although he had been tomahawked by the Indians, he long survived the blow, and became a patriarch. In the year 1801 there died in Kingston a gentleman of the name of Cobb, who was born in Plymouth in 1674, and, consequently, was three years old when Clark died, and might have been spoken to by the old man. He did know Peregrine White well, who was born in 1621, the first child born in the colony, and who died in 1704. Many of those who survived the first sufferings of the colonists lived to be very old. They were a tough race, those old English nonconformists, and though not quite the angelic natures they are set down as having been by their eulogists, were probably as heroic a race as the world has ever seen. They were just the sort of stuff, both in minds and bodies, as goes to the formation of successful colonists. Their history is yet to be written properly, and, perhaps, they will gain as well as lose by having the exact truth told of them. I speak of the Plymouth men, for the founders of Massachussets, though of a higher social rank than the "Pilgrims" proper, were morally their inferiors.

A STRIKING CONFIRMATION OF SCRIPTURE.—One of the most interesting of the monuments of ancient Rome, is the triumphal arch erected to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem by Titus, who after the destruction of the temple made a triumphal march to Rome, bringing with him a long train of captive Jews and the spoils, among which were the sacred vessels of the temple. This procession is represented in the sculptures on the beautiful arch; which thus furnish an illustration of the Bible nowhere else to be found, these being the only representations that exist of the sacred vessels, the table of the shewbread, the golden candlestick with its seven branches, and the silver trumpets used by the priests to proclaim the year of jubilee. The Roman Senate and people little thought, when erecting this monument to a deified emperor, that they were erecting a monument to the true God in the verification of prophecy and divine history. A recent traveller says, not one of the Jews of Rome, of whom there are about 6,000, will even at this day, pass under the arch of Titus, although it spans one of the thoroughfares of the city; they shun it as a memorial of the subjugation of their nation, which has never been retrieved, and regard it with aversion.

THE HAND THAT SAVES US.—Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral. Both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved back slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the edge of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him, it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and, seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, bespattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of colouring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraidings; but startled at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shuddering over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him. Just so, we sometimes get absorbed upon the pictures of the world, and, in contemplating them, step backwards, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty, in mercy, dashes out the beautiful images, and draws us, at the time we are complaining of his dealings, into his outstretched arms of compassion and love.

A REMARKABLE MAN.—At a temperance meeting held not long ago in Alabama, Colonel Lehmanousky, who had been a soldier twenty-three years in the armies of Buonaparte, addressed the meeting. He arose before the audience, tall, erect, and vigorous, with the glow of health upon his cheek, and said, "You see before you a man seventy years old. I have fought two hundred battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horse flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, without stockings or shoes on my feet, and with only a few rags for my clothing. In the deserts of Egypt I have marched for days with a burning sun upon my naked head, feet blistered in the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, and with a thirst so tormenting that I have opened the veins of my arm and sucked my own blood! Do you ask how I could have survived all these horrors? I answer, that next to the kind providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigour, to this fact, that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life; and," continued he, "Baron Larry, chief of the medical staff of the French army, has stated it as a fact, that the 6000 survivors who safely returned from Egypt, were all of them men who abstained from the use of ardent spirits."

Popish Cruelty.—On the entry of the French into Toledo, during the peninsular war, General Le Salle visited the palace of the Inquisition. One of the instruments of torture there found deserves a particular description. In a subterraneous vault adjoining to the audience chamber stood, in a recess in the wall, a wooden statue, made by the hands of the monks, representing the Virgin Mary. A gilded glory beamed round her head, and she held a standard in her right hand. Notwithstanding the ample folds of the silk garment, which fell from her shoulders on both sides, it appeared that she wore a breast-plate; and it was found, upon a closer examination, that the whole front of the body was covered with extremely sharp nails and small daggers, or blades of knives, with the points projecting outwards. The arms and hands had joints, and their motions were directed by machinery placed behind the partition. One of the servants of the Inquisition was ordered to make the machine manœuvre. As the statue extended its arms and drew them back, as if she would effectually embrace and press some one to her heart, the well-filled knapsack of a Polish grenadier supplied, for this time, the place of the poor victim. The statue pressed it closer and closer; and when the directors of the machinery made it open its arms and return to its first position, the knapsack was pierced two or three inches deep, and remained hanging upon the nails and daggers of the murderous instrument. This statue is a fair representation of Romanism. It has, to the eye of the careless observer, a beauteous form. It has a countenance of much simplicity and quiet devotion. It is arrayed in rich and flowing robes, but beneath them are daggers. It has joints in its arms and hands, which enable it to make what motions its ministers please. These motions are regulated by an unseen machinery. It extends its arms with great deliberation and apparent affection, and, with a smiling face, presses its deluded victim to its heart, of—wounds and death!

Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it Holy.—In one of our large cities, some years since, there was a youth, an apprentice in a druggist's shop. He was poor, but he was conscientious; and it was his solemn vow, on leaving home, that he would keep the sabbath-day holy. As his finances were very slender, his master one day gave him a recipe for making blacking, and lent him money sufficient to get a few boxes made, with the assurance that he should have all the profits. The boy prepared his blacking and placed it in the window, but nobody came to purchase till one sabbath morning, when a gentleman came in and in great haste demanded a box of blacking. The youth put out his hand to take it, and then recollected it was the sabbath-day. His arm fell, and his tongue informed the customer that he could not sell it on the sabbath. The boy went to worship; but even there the lost bar-

gain haunted him, till he told the tempter he had done right, and would do so again. On opening the shop early on Monday morning a man came in, looked at the blacking, and at last purchased all the lad had. He then paid for the materials and boxes, and found he had just a dollar left, probably the first dollar he ever called his own. With more faith and fortitude than many possess, he takes this dollar and in a few minutes has paid it to the Bible Society—his first and only dollar—feeling that he is safe who honours God with the first-fruits of his increase. From these principles he has never varied, and he is now a prosperous and wealthy man. Was he wise in honouring God's sabbath and God's word when the temptation was strong to do otherwise? Judge ye.

From America.

Work To-day.—On one occasion a minister requested a lady, whom he thought qualified, to undertake some charge in district-visiting, or some kindred engagement. She answered him, rather declining the proposal,—"My stay here will probably be too short for me to be of any use. I do not know that I shall be here three months." His answer was brief, calm, and solemn. "I do not know that I shall be here one." He alluded to his time and life in this present world. She saw his meaning and answered no more, but heartily embraced the work offered her to do. In God's sight time has in reality no remnants, no shreds, no patches to be thrown away; and the habit of speedy and ready application of our talents is one of the most important acquisitions which can possibly be formed.

To Delight in God merely as a God of mercy is nothing more than pure selfishness—a passion which must be very offensive to God—for this is to delight in him only in so far as he is kind to us. There are some unconverted men who have got the persuasion (no matter how they have come by it) that God loves them in Christ, that he has so loved them from all eternity, and that he will, to a certainty, bestow upon them heaven at last. That they are unconverted men is obvious from their living in the practice of much which is manifestly sinful. The love of such men to God (and they do talk of their love to him) is, therefore, nothing more than the love of themselves. If they were in any way to come to have an opposite persuasion, that is, a persuasion that God does not love them, they would actually turn round and hate him.

Vengeance.—A person happened to complain in the hearing of a pious man of some conduct which had been manifested towards him by his neighbours, and concluded that he had a large portion of vengeance in store for them. "You have stolen it, then," was the answer, "for I know it does not belong to you, because God says, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay.'"

THE DAUGHTER'S CHOICE.—When Philip Henry, the father of the commentator of the bible, sought the hand of the only daughter of Mr. Matthew in marriage, an objection was made by her father, who admitted that he was a gentleman, a scholar, and an excellent preacher, but he was a stranger, "and they did not even know where he came from." "True," said the daughter, who had well weighed the excellent qualities and graces of the stranger, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him;" and they walked life's pilgrimage together.

INDESTRUCTIBLE TREASURE.—John Newton was one day called to visit a family that had suffered the loss of all they possessed by fire. He found the pious mistress, and saluted her with, "I give you joy, madam." Surprised, and ready to be offended, she exclaimed, "What, joy that all my property is consumed?" "Oh, no," he answered, "but joy that you have so much property that fire cannot touch." This happy allusion checked her grief, and she wiped away her tears; "for where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

The Fireside.

"SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY."

A PLAIN marble stone in a New England churchyard bears this brief inscription: "She always made Home Happy."

This epitaph was penned by a bereaved husband, after sixty years of wedded life. He might have said of his departed wife, she was beautiful and accomplished, and an ornament to society, and yet not have said she made home happy. He might have added, she was a christian, and not have been able to say, "She always made Home Happy."

What a rare combination of virtues and graces this wife and mother must have possessed! How wisely she must have ordered her house! In what patience she must have possessed her soul! How self-denying she must have been! How tender and loving! How thoughtful for the comfort of all about her!

Her husband did not seek happiness in public places, because he found purer and sweeter enjoyment at home.

Her children, when away, did not dread to return, for there was no place so dear for them as home. There was their mother thinking for them, and praying for them, and longing for their coming.

When tempted, they thought of her. When in trouble, they remembered her kind voice and her ready sympathy. When sick, they must go home; they could not die away from their dear mother.

This wife and mother was not exempt from the cares common to

her place. She toiled; she suffered disappointments and bereavements; she was afflicted in her own person, but yet she was submissive and cheerful. The Lord's will concerning her was her will, and so she passed away, leaving this sweet remembrance behind her, "She always made Home Happy."—*New York Evangelist.*

The Penny Post Box.

PROFANE SWEARING.

Because of this the land mourneth. It is really painful as we pass along our streets to hear the filthy conversation of the wicked. There is difficulty in reproving such. But I lately read two little facts which may be useful in showing that something may be done if we do that something wisely and well. Here is one:—

"A gentleman, when travelling in a stage coach one day, long before railroads were dreamed of, was annoyed by a young man who had acquired the 'polite' art of swearing to such an extent that he interlarded his discourse with it as though it were a constituent part of the language. As there was a lady present, the matter was doubly annoying. After enduring the young man's displays for some time, the gentleman asked permission to tell the company a little anecdote, and thus commenced:—'Once upon a time (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes) there was a king of England who, at a grand ball, (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes) picked up the Duchess of (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes) Shrewsbury's garter (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes) and said "*Honi soit qui mal y* (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes) *pense*," which means in English, "Evil be to him who (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes) evil thinks." This was the origin of (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes) the order of the garter.'

When our friend had concluded, the young gentleman said, 'A very good story, sir—rather old—but what has boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes to do with it?'

'I will tell you, my young friend, when you tell me what your oaths have to do with your conversation. In the meantime, allow me to say, that's my way of swearing.'"

The other is this:—"*Profane Language.*—It is related by Dr. Scudder, that on his return from his mission in India, after a long absence, he was standing on the deck of a steamer, with his son, a youth, when he heard a gentleman using loud and profane language. 'See, friend,' said the doctor, accosting the swearer, 'this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country, and a land of pagan idolatry; but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now.' The man coloured, blurted out an apology, and looked not a little ashamed of himself."

Facts, Hints, and Gems.

Facts.

Books in the United States have so multiplied that it now takes 750 paper-mills with 2000 engines in constant operation, to supply the printers, who work day and night, endeavouring to keep their engagements with publishers. These tireless mills produced 270,000,000 pounds of paper the past year, which immense supply has sold for about 27,000,000 dollars. A pound and a quarter of rags are required for a pound of paper, and 400,000,000 pounds were therefore consumed in this way last year. The cost of manufacturing a twelvemonth's supply of paper for the United States, aside from labour and rags, is computed at 4,000,000 dollars.

We have lately heard that a machine is in use in New York for type-setting, and that the second volume of Mr. Irving's "Life of Washington" was prepared for the press by its aid. Four hundred years ago, a single book of gossiping fiction was sold before the palace-gate in the French capital for 1500 dollars. The same amount of matter contained in this expensive volume, Mr. Harper now supplies for twenty-five cents.

The Harper Printing establishment covers half an acre of ground. If old Mr. Caxton, who printed those stories of the Trojan war so long ago, could follow the ex-mayor of New York in one of his morning-rounds in Franklin Square, he would be, to say the least, a little surprised. He would see in one room the floor loaded with a weight of 150 tons of presses. The electrotyping process would puzzle him somewhat; the drying and pressing process would startle him; the bustle would make his head-ache; and the stock-room would quite finish him. An edition of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* alone consists of 160,000 copies. Few persons have any idea how large a number this is as applied to the edition of a book. It is computed that if these magazines were to rain down, and one man should attempt to pick them up like chips, it would take him a fortnight to pick up the copies of one single number, supposing him to pick up one every three seconds, and to work ten hours a day.

Hints.

Time may be compared to a river, which, though it is continually going away, is continually coming, and our little boats are floating on its stream to the boundless ocean of Eternity.

Good Books have more influence on the well-being of mankind than the best governments ever invented.

A Virtuous Woman, though clad in plain apparel, is far more lovely than she is, who, though dressed out in her gaudy colours, is known to be a—doll.

Winning and Wearing.—That which is won ill will never wear well. He who gets money by sinful ways will spend it in sinful ways. Gamblers do.

Grumbling.—When any one complains without cause, he may soon have cause to complain. For as he sows he reaps.

It is said, and we believe it is true, that if, "Do as you would be done by" were more observed, there would be less employment for lawyers and less demand for parchment.

GOING WRONG OR RIGHT.—You may go wrong with ease and without effort; but to go right you must deny yourself and struggle hard and long. But keep your eye on the end.

HABITS OF EVIL come over us as lightly as flakes of snow. You may not perceive or feel them as they come. But take care or they will be as fatal to you at last, as the snowflakes which destroyed the mightiest army the world had ever seen.

TWO THINGS few men can do—the mighty task of combining high thoughts with humble doings.

Gems.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.—The whole of the christian religion lies in this:—Faith in Jesus Christ as the way of salvation; the Word of God as the source of light; the Spirit of God as our guide; the love of God as our law! heaven as our home; eternal life as our end.

THE SABBATH.—The streams of religion in a country, or in an individual soul, run deeper or shallower as the banks of the sabbath are kept up or neglected.

THE BEST GUIDE.—It should cheer the steps of a servant of Jesus Christ through this wilderness to know, that even in darkness his guide is still with him, and that that guide is the King of the country through which he is travelling.

GRACE TO HELP.—Little things often disturb our peace as much as great, and we bear small adversities with less patience than greater, because we do not seek "grace to help."

EFFECTS OF FAITH.—A peaceful conscience, a happy heart, a holy life, and a joyful prospect beyond the grave, all spring from faith in a once crucified but now risen and glorified Saviour.

TROUBLES come from God that they may lead us to himself; when they have done that they withdraw.

THE BACKSLIDER says by his conduct, "I have tried religion, and it wont do. I am tired of God and his ways." Can anything be more awful?

Poetic Selections.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

DEAR FATHER, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
O, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

O, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

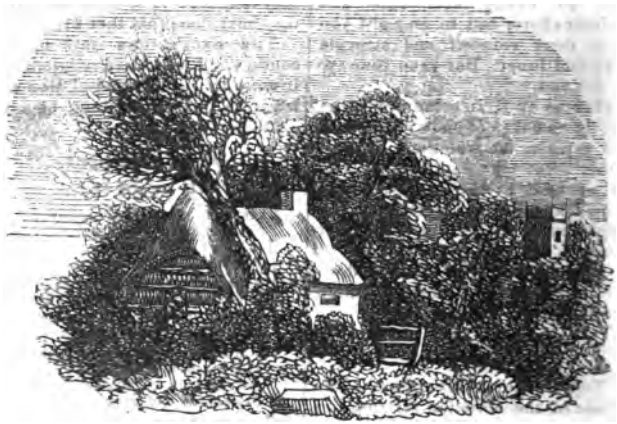
The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied.
Since He for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

DESIRE OF HUMILITY.

LET thy grace, Lord, make me lowly,
Humble all my swelling pride:
Fallen, guilty, and unholy,
Greatness from my eyes I'll hide.

Weaned from earth's delusive pleasures,
In thy love I'll seek for mine;
Placed in heaven my nobler treasures,
Earth I quietly resign.

Thus the transient world despising,
On the Lord my hopes rely;
Thus my joys, from him arising,
Like himself, shall never die.



The Children's Corner.

BORN IN A COTTAGE.

WELL, suppose you was; you may grow up to be good and happy for all that. Many who were born in cottages have grown up to be amongst the wisest and best men in the land.

And suppose you live in a cottage all the days of your life, as your father did before you, with the blessing of God you may be more happy than many rich people are who live in grand houses.

For to be truly happy a man must live in the fear of God and the love of Jesus Christ. If he does not, then though he be ever so rich he cannot be happy.

Indeed it is a sad thing that many rich men do not fear God or love the Saviour, and on the other hand it is quite true that many poor men do.

The great end of living at all is to get to heaven by Jesus Christ, and it will, I think, be found at the last day that more have found their way to heaven from cottages than from palaces.

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THE

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THE EDITOR TO HIS READERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

As this is our last number for the present year, we may be permitted to express our gratitude to God that he has permitted us to occupy this department of christian labour for another period of time. We assure you that we esteem it both a privilege and an honour, however lightly it may be esteemed by those who seek the honour that cometh from man only.

We now look forward with hope to the future, and trust that we shall yet be permitted, by a gracious Providence, thus to serve our generation according to His will. This is our desire; and we ask for the prayers of all who wish to promote the diffusion of that knowledge which maketh men wise unto salvation, through faith that is in Christ Jesus.

But we have more to ask. Sincere good wishes and prayers are invaluable; but their sincerity can only be proved by active effort. "Words are but air," says Dr. Watts; and, "good actions are better than good words," is an old adage. What we want is, and we shall mention it in few words, that all our friends will, during the present month, make a spirited effort to extend our circulation. Just look! *If one will get one our sales will be doubled for next year!* How easy! Will you try? More if you can; but just this, if no more, will not only aid us greatly, but may it not be hoped that a proportionate extension of benefit to the readers of the *Pioneer* would, under the Divine blessing, be effected?

We do not wish to multiply words. We would rather cheerfully leave ourselves and our humble publication in the hands of our friends. We only add, that it is to our poorer readers we look for the doing of this. They can do it if they try, and do it better than any other persons. The rich might circulate the *Pioneer* by hundreds and thousands if they would, and thus do great good among multitudes who never attend public worship, or hear a gospel sermon. But alas! alas! most of our richer christians devote their wealth, if they devote it at all,

(Continued on the third page of cover.)

THE CHRISTIAN PIONEER.

No. 126. DECEMBER, 1856. Vol. 10.

THE PRAIRIES.

The scenery of America is of that vast and extensive character which impresses the mind in most instances with a sense of wonder rather than of beauty. The hedge-rows of old England, the grassy meadows, the homely sheep; the velvet dimpled orchards and mossy-trunked clumps of venerable trees; the forest rivulets and the wood-side flowers are such prominent features of the scenery of this country that there is little in Britain (excepting in the civilization and enterprise of its people) to excite wonder. We have beauty, freshness, homely thoughts, and hospitality; but we have little that is grand, imposing, or wonderful. On the American continent, on the contrary, the scenery is of that breadth and majesty which form the first elements of grandeur, and the wonderful is plentifully sprinkled through its plains and forests and mountains. The Mississippi, rolling its broad flood through three thousand two hundred miles of country, its white wavelets laving the fertile plains and mountain sides through scenery the most extraordinary in the world; the falls of Niagara, the sublimest object on earth, with its large waters plunging down a depth of one hundred and sixty feet; the rocky mountains, with their grand sterility and snow-capped solitudes; and savannahs and prairie lands, with their wide grassy plains, and innumerable herds of cattle, are but a few of the striking features of that broad territory of wonder.

The Prairies are extensive plains, which in some parts of North America stretch continuously over many hundreds of miles of country. They are, in fact, great natural meadows, covered with luxuriant grasses and multitudinous flowers,

variegated occasionally by clumps of stunted brushwood and low undulations or hills, which rise and fall over the entire surface like billows. These undulations are sometimes so regular, and so completely fill up the landscape with their dimple slopes and softened summits, and the eye is so deceived by their continuity and softly swelling outlines, that they seem perpetually in motion, rolling one upon the other, like grassy waves of verdure and flowers. Except these, however, there are no hills sufficiently elevated to break the surface of the plain, and the utter absence of large trees renders the prairie a strange wild scene, silent and mournful, and reaching out to the horizon in all directions, with its undulating surface of herbage and flowers. Occasionally the solitude is enlivened by the presence of wild deer and by innumerable birds; and at times the herds of bisons associate in thousands and crop the herbage which they find provided for them in these natural and almost boundless meadows. The surface of the prairies is sometimes blackened by their numbers. "It is no exaggeration," says Mr. James, "to assert that in one place, on the banks of the Platte, at least ten thousand burst on our sight in an instant. In the morning we again sought the living picture; but upon all the plain, which last evening was so teeming with these animals, not one remained."

The prairies are most numerous in the central parts of North America, reaching from the Mexican Gulf to the inhospitable shores of Hudson's bay and the Arctic Sea. This vast region, almost as large as the whole of Europe, is the site of two of the greatest rivers in the world, that of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and that of the St. Lawrence, with the chain of the Canadian Lakes. In this great district a person may have been born, may have lived to old age, and travelled much, without once seeing an elevation worthy of the name of a mountain. The prairies form the chief portion of the scenery of this extensive district, and present many varieties of character and aspect. The heathy prairies are covered with bushes of hazel and furze, swale, sassafras, shrubs, with grape vines, and an infinite variety of flowers in the summer season. The wet prairies occur by the side of the great water-courses, and are scenes of exhaustless fertility, almost dead levels; though some are found apart from rivers, and form unhealthy swamps, such as the "dismal swamp" of Virginia and the morasses of Florida. The dry prairies constitute the

most extensive class, and are for the most part destitute of springs, and of all vegetation but weeds, flowering plants, and grasses. Describing his approach to one of these plains, Washington Irving says, "Here one of the characteristics of the 'far west' broke upon us. An immense extent of grassy, undulating, or, as it is termed, 'rolling country,' with here and there a clump of trees dimly seen in the distance like a ship at sea, the landscape deriving sublimity from its vastness and simplicity. To the south-west, on the summit of a hill, was a singular crest of broken rocks, resembling a ruined fortress. It reminded me of the ruin of some Moorish castle, crowning a height in the midst of a lovely Spanish landscape. The weather was verging into that serene but somewhat arid season, called the Indian summer. There was a smoky haze in the atmosphere that tempered the brightness of the sunshine into a golden tint, softening the features of the landscape, and giving a vagueness to the outline of distant objects. This haziness was daily increasing, and was attributed to the burning of distant prairies by the Indian hunting parties."

This burning of the prairie is repeated every summer. When the ground is dry and the herbage parched and withering, the Indians make up hunting bands, and setting fire to the low stubble, devote all their energies to secure the game which the fire drives from the covert. Deer, wapitis, bisons, hares, rabbits, and birds of all kinds fly together from the danger, and the plain is covered by the affrighted creatures seeking shelter and safety. Now the huntsman plies the bow or rifle, and bags the game in immense numbers; while the flames, fanned by the wind and fed by the crackling branches of the shrubs, and the withered stubble of the weeds and grasses, soon spreads on all sides and envelopes the country in one wide aspect of burning and advancing desolation. At night the scene is terrific. The horizon is lighted all round by a fringe of orange flame, and the low roar of the flames as the wind sweeps them rapidly along over the dried up landscape, the cries of the creatures, hastening on weakened feet or wing, panting for water, and half suffocated by the hot wind which advances before the flame, defies description, and fills the mind with terror. Viewed from an eminence, and out of reach of danger, it is awfully grand and imposing, but seen from the midst of the plain, with the wind blowing towards the spectator, it is like the unfolding of a scarlet scroll on which

his death is written. If overtaken by these fires when travelling over the plains, escape is almost impossible, and the rapidity with which the fires spread, and the suffocating heat and smoke together, make destruction almost certain to any living creature which the fire meets. A party who were overtaken in this way, while leisurely riding over one of the prairies beside the Missouri, were driven to a most revolting expedient in order to save their lives. They saw the air thickening, and presently a burnished red line appeared upon the horizon. They knew in a moment what it foreboded, and calculated their chances of escape. Putting spurs to their horses, they flew before it; but the fire advanced more rapidly than they, and its seething sound soon reached them and their terrified steeds. The thin red line had grown into a fringe of flames, and in half an hour it would reach the spot where they were, and the horses were too exhausted to carry them further. Reaching a somewhat barren and elevated spot, they quickly shot their horses, and removing the entrails from the warm carcasses of the bleeding beasts, committed themselves to the Almighty, and crept into the hollow bodies of the lifeless brutes. Scarcely had they taken shelter within the warm hides, in a manner so revolting to their feelings, than the air became insupportably hot, and the full surge of the blood-red flames played over and around them. The brushwood crackled and spurted in the flames; the huge volume of advancing fire roared like a raging sea, and while the travellers heard the scorching of the hides of their steeds, they held their breath almost to suffocation, there were a few moments of intense agony, during which the heat penetrated through the carcasses which sheltered them, and with no escape, while it was impossible to breathe without inhaling the contending flames themselves—death seemed inevitable. But when danger had reached its height, and the mind had become delirious from the heating of the blood and brain, the fire had entirely passed, and a fresh cold breeze, and then a strong current of bracing wind swept over them, and they crept out panting, and returned thanks for their deliverance. The bodies of their martyred steeds were almost wholly consumed, and the black, charred, unctuos, and still steaming and frizzling remains showed how narrow and frail a partition had stood between them and the most hideous death.

Though the burning of the prairie is thus fraught with

danger, it is, on the other hand, most beneficial; for the ashes left on the plain form a rich manure for the next crop of vegetation which springs from the black surface as soon as the rains fall, and where desolation had brooded in darkness and silence, fresh troops of flowers spring forth, and the desert is again enlivened with the humming of the bee, and the songs of rejoicing birds.

Say unto God—"How terrible art thou in thy works."

Anecdotes and Selections.

Preaching to Saints and Sinners.—When Mr. Moody was on a journey, in the western part of Massachussets, he called on a brother in the ministry on Saturday thinking to spend the sabbath with him if agreeable. The man appeared very glad to see him, and said, "I should be very glad to have you stop and preach for me to-morrow, but I feel almost ashamed to ask you." "What is the matter?" said Mr. Moody. "Why, our people have got into such a strange habit of going out before meeting is closed, that it seems to be an imposition upon a stranger." "If that is all, I must and will stop and preach for you," was Mr. Moody's reply. When the sabbath day came, and Mr. Moody had opened the meeting, and named his text, he looked round on the assembly, and said, "My hearers, I am going to speak to two sorts of persons to-day, saints and sinners." Sinners, I am going to give your portion first, and I would have you to give good attention." When he had preached to them as long as he thought best, he paused, and said, "There, sinners, I have done with you now, you may take your hats and go out of the meeting house as soon as you please!" But no: all tarried and heard him through.

Prayer in the Ball-room.—A number of gay young persons got up a ball in a neighbourhood in which Dr. Nettleton had been preaching with great success, and, for the amusement of themselves and others, inserted the reverend gentleman's name at the top of the list of managers. The company assembled at the time appointed. About the time for commencing the dance, Dr. Nettleton made his appearance, and said to the company, that he perceived, from the tickets that had been issued, that he had been appointed a manager, and therefore he proposed to open the services by prayer. He then offered up a very affecting prayer for the thoughtless group, which was blessed of God to the conviction of a number of those present, several of whom afterwards professed conversion, united with the church, and were never afterwards found within the walls of a ball room.

A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, who was engaged to preach at Winchester next morning arrived at Southampton one Saturday evening. What was he to do? It was late, and there was no public conveyance. He would rather walk there that night than hire a conveyance next day. He at length engaged a man to drive him to the old city. During the two hours they were on the way he talked to him of religion, and repeated a short prayer for the man to commit to memory. After several years he met with the same man, who told him that at first he only repeated the prayer to fulfil his word, but afterwards he thought about it, and, by the favour of God, he understood it. He was now a pious man, and had succeeded in business. W. P. A.

A STRIKING SIMILE.—If a kind man could say when a dove (scared by a hawk) flew into his bosom for refuge, "I will not kill thee, or betray thee to thy enemy, seeing thou fliest to me for refuge." Much less will God either slay or give up the soul that seeks refuge beneath the cross of Christ.

NO ZIGZAGS.—I once asked a deaf and dumb boy, "What is truth?" He replied by pointing his finger forward in a direct line. I then asked him, "What is falsehood?" when he bent a zigzag with his finger. Try to remember this: let who will take a zigzag path, go you on in a true course, direct as an arrow to its mark.

The Fireside.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

To be at home again is the wish of the seaman on stormy seas and lonely watch. Home is the wish of the soldier, far away, and tender visions mingle with the troubled dreams of trench and tented field. Where the palm tree waves its graceful plumes, and birds of jewelled lustre flash and flicker among gorgeous flowers, the exile sits staring upon vacancy; a far-away home lies on his heart; and, borne on the wings of fancy over intervening seas and lands, he has swept away home, and hears the lark above his father's fields, and sees his fair-haired brother, with light foot and childhood's glee, chasing the butterfly by his native stream. And in his best hour, home, his own sinless home, in his Father's house, above that starry sky, will be the wish of every christian man. He looks around him —the world is full of suffering; he is distressed by its sorrows and vexed with its sins. He looks within him—he finds much in his own corruptions to grieve him. In the language of a heart grieved and annoyed by earthly scenes, he often turns his eye upwards, saying, "I would not live here alway. No; not for all the gold of the world's mines—not for all the pearls of her seas—not for all the pleasures of her frothy cup—not for all the crowns of her kingdoms

—would I live here alway." Like a bird about to migrate to those sunny lands, where no winter sheds her snows, or strips the grove, or binds the dancing streams, he will often in spirit be pluming his wing for the hour of his flight to his Father's house, where are many mansions prepared by his Saviour and his Lord.

The Penny Post Box.

We have been looking over our papers to see if we had any letter in our *Penny Post Box* that would be suitable for this number. We have several; but as they will be more in season at some other time, we shall reserve them for future use. In the meantime, and for the present, we may just say, that we intend to keep this portion of our columns open for any letters that our friends may send us on any subject, the discussion of which may be useful to themselves or their neighbours. Let it be remembered that we invite our poorer friends especially to speak for themselves, and we again assure them that they need not hesitate because they have not been used to write for the press. If they will only give us their thoughts, that is all we want. We will correct the writing, and make the papers they send ready for being printed.

Facts, Hints, and Gems.

Facts.

The Emperor of Russia has been crowned with great splendour at Moscow. He has a diamond, the history of which is very curious. It once formed the eye of an Indian idol, and a French soldier having taken a fancy to it, he became priest to the idol, in which capacity he managed to extract the diamond eye and replace it with a glass one. Escaping with his treasure, he sold it at what he thought a good price, but which was in reality a very low one. The jewel, after passing through a number of hands, was purchased by the Empress Catherine of Russia, who gave a sum of £90,000 for it, besides an annuity of £4,000 as a further remuneration!

Hints.

A SWARM OF B'S WORTH HIVING.

Be circumspect in every place.
Be suppliants at God's throne of grace.
Be chaste and modest, meek and mild.
Be harmless as a little child.
Be watchful every day and hour.
Beware of satan's trying power.
Be diligent to know God's word.
Be careful that you serve the Lord.
Be honest, upright, all your days.
Be active, useful in your ways.
Be sober, temperate, just, and wise.
Beware of flatterers in disguise,
Be cautious how you act and speak.
Be kind and loving to the weak.
Be not conformed to this world's pride.
Be sure that sin must be denied.
Be careful that you do not grieve
Beloved friends, nor them deceive,
But always to your Saviour pray
Before you enter on each day. F. B.

Gems.

ETERNAL LIFE.—The sum of the Bible is this—that God hath given us Eternal Life, and this life is in his Son. This is the substance of the record—our charter of salvation—our title deed of immortality.

AS EACH YEAR CLOSES the christian may say—"Now is my salvation nearer than when I first believed. How soon shall I see the land that is very far off, and mine eyes behold the king in his beauty!"

WE MEASURE TIME by the annual course of our globe around the sun, and how soon he performs his journey! But who can measure eternity?

THE TRULY HAPPY MAN is he who has the witness in himself, and always carries about with him a conscious sense of Divine favour through Christ. This is an antidote for all troubles, and a pledge of eternal life.

Poetic Selections.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

ANOTHER year is nearly gone,
Its hours are past, its moments flown;
Another year we nearer stand
The borders of the eternal land.

Our life is ever on the wing;
Each flying hour doth nearer bring
Our souls to heaven's celestial joys,
Or hell's eternal miseries.

'Tis wise with waiting heart to be
Prepared to meet death's stern decree—
Prepared that change to undergo
That takes us from this world below.

Prepared to meet our God most high—
Prepared to live, prepared to die—
Prepared to stand before his bar,
And answer for our conduct there.

Then pain or death, whate'er may come,
Will only speed our journey home,
And haste us to those blissful plains
Where our exalted Saviour reigns.

Then foes may rage with all their might,
And every evil power unite;
We fearless of their dread array,
Will travel on the narrow way.

Grant us thy grace to persevere
And trust in thee, for ever near;
And when we leave this world of strife,
Give us in heaven eternal life. T. N. C.

The Children's Corner.

"HERE MY MOTHER PRAYED WITH ME."

AFTER spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both of my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before; but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before, took my hand and said, "Come, my dear, kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer." This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed, and fell upon my knees, just on the spot where my mother kneeled, and I thanked God that I had once a praying mother. And oh! if every parent could feel what I felt then, I am sure they would pray with their children, as well as for them.—*Knill.*

WINKS & SON, PRINTERS, LEICESTER.

(Continued from third page of Cover.)

to objects more grand and imposing—to the erection and ornamenting of splendid buildings for themselves and those of their own class to worship in, and are content in doing that, whilst few or no efforts are put forth by them to reach thousands upon thousands of their fellow-men who are living in constant neglect of the sabbath, the bible, the gospel, and the great salvation. Let them erect chapels and churches for themselves if they will, but let them not forget such as these; and how can they better find access to their houses and their hearts than by means of christian publications of this character—at once attractive, interesting, and instructive. Who can tell the amount of good that might be effected by the employment of some pious poor man or woman to give away, once a month, only 100 of these little monthly periodicals among the poor of any locality?

It is pleasing to us that we continue to receive from many kind friends cheering expressions of satisfaction and encouragement. One of these has expressed his desires for our extension and success in a number of verses expressive of his delight that the *Pioneer*, and many similar publications, are now issued from the press, and his hope that they will prove a powerful antidote to the numerous poisonous publications of the day. He says:—

"I'll tell you what I do myself, though but a working-man,
I take the *Christian Pioneer* and spread it all I can.
I look for them from month to month with eager appetite,
And always read their pages o'er with profit and delight.

And as I wish my neighbours round to profit by it too,
I'll tell you of another thing which now I always do—
I buy as many as I want, and take my monthly round
To all their houses, and in this have always pleasure found.

Oh! Christians, do whate'er you can to scatter far and wide
These cheap religious magazines on every hand and side,
To counteract those trashy works which you will always find,
Draw ever from what is true and good, and curse the human mind."

R. C.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We desire to thank all the friends who have continued to send us, during the past year, either original or extracted pieces. We are not able to acknowledge all we receive every month, but we never fail to look over carefully all that is sent, and we always use, sooner or later, all that is adapted to our purpose.

THE

CHRISTIAN PIONEER;

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

ISSUED IN NUMBERS, ONE HALFPENNY EACH.

EDITED BY JOSEPH FOULKES WINKS.

VOLUME XI.

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PREFATORY ADDRESS.

The Editor to his Agents and Readers.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

Next year we commence, if the Lord permit, our *Twelfth Volume* of this humble, but, we hope, useful little periodical.

Of its merits we say nothing. But in another part of this, the last number for the year, we have permitted others to express their opinion. If your opinion of the work, and its tendency to benefit the working classes, agrees with theirs, we shall have your attention to the following suggestions for its wider circulation, and your active aid in carrying them out successfully.

First, however, listen to this; for it is to us of vital importance. Look at any single number of the *Pioneer*, and see how much we give for *one halfpenny*, and then take into consideration the expenses of publishing, reducing what we receive for it to nearly *one farthing*, and you will see in a moment that we must have a large circulation or it will never pay. If the Editor did not reckon *nothing* for his work, it could not live. Had we to pay an Editor it must die.

We do not believe it is your wish that it should die, or that we should be unremunerated for our time and trouble. So we state these things plainly, having no wish to conceal the facts.

Will you, then, all of you, readers and agents, give us your willing and hearty help? What we ask you to do is no heavy task; it is only to shew the *Pioneer* to any friends or neighbours, and get them to take a copy. This is all. Will you do it, and do it at once?

More, we hope, we need not say to persuade you; and so we leave the matter in your hands, trusting you will not forget or fail.

But to encourage you, we wish to say that several friends have sent us some valuable suggestions for the improvement of

the work, which we intend to carry out, and we shall be able to do so, if by increasing our sales you place the means for doing so within our reach.

And here we return our best thanks to those kind friends who have long and constantly sent us original or selected matter, adapted to our pages, and we solicit their further valuable aid.

We have several very interesting papers yet in hand, which we shall introduce as opportunities offer.

Finally, all the help any of you can give, either in obtaining new subscribers, or in forwarding suitable papers for insertion, will be appreciated thankfully, by your willing servant for Christ's sake,

THE EDITOR.

CONTENTS.

WORKING MEN'S HINDRANCES.

SET FORTH BY A WORKING MAN.

Among the good signs of the times, none are more pleasing and hopeful than the interest that is now taken by many in the well-being of the hard-working classes. Even the rich and the noble are giving a helping hand. The Earl of Shaftesbury and Sir Morton Peto have done great good in this way, both for their temporal and eternal welfare.

And yet the good work of improvement will never go on and succeed as it ought to do until the working classes know how to help themselves, and set about it in good earnest. They can do more for themselves than any one else can do for them. To guide such in their efforts, Jarrold & Sons* have lately published a number of excellent twopenny pamphlets, among which is one with the above title, from which we now give a few paragraphs. This "Working man" says:—

"'O for the good old times!' said Thomas Harris to John Wilson, as the two men were intently gazing at a print-seller's window, upon a representation of one of the merry May-pole gatherings of what are called 'The golden days of good Queen Bess.'

Now it would be hard work for the advocates of such backward progress to fix upon the exact time to which they would have us return. Should it be the Anglo-Saxon period, when the workman was the mere thrall or personal slave of his master, who reaped the whole produce of his labour?—or would they select the Norman dynasty, when the workman's "castle," as he now proudly calls his house, would have been swept away to enlarge the hunting domain of his monarch, or of his baron-master, whose battles he was expected to fight?—or would they prefer to come down to a much later date,—that which our mistaken friend, Harris, sighed for—but when the letters of the alphabet were still a set of mystic marks to the operative, and the bull-bait was his darling pastime; and when refusing to work for such wages as were commonly given, was an offence which rendered the envied May-pole dancer liable to branding, whipping, transportation, and death.† No; fellow-workers, let men say what they will, our own times are better than those were.

* St. Paul's Church-yard, London. To be had from any Bookseller.
† Statutes of the 5th, 14th, and 39th of Elizabeth.

One thing is certain—never before was the working-man so thoroughly recognized as a man. Admitting that at one period of the 'olden time' he was sure of meat and drink at his master's table; and at another, that he was certain to be kept in good fighting trim for his master's battles; yet, in each case, the principle which led him to be cared for, was the same which led his owner's pig to be cared for, that he might be fit for use when wanted. There was no recognition of the common brotherhood of all men; this has been left for later times; and let us rejoice that in such times we live.

Now as there happens to be manifested, on the part of others, a strong desire for our general advancement, ought not that desire to be rather more apparent amongst ourselves than it really is? Other classes organise plans for our welfare; but too often these are hindered of success by our indifference, and, in some cases, our direct hostility. This is strange; but sadly true!

Let us, then, strive to ascertain what are the practical hindrances to our progress. Those which rest mainly with ourselves! Do not let us gloss them over, or blame others for what we are, and then be willing to remain as we are. Let us search out in what we are wrong, that we may set ourselves right; and make thorough work of it, when once about it.

Foremost among the impediments to our advancement must be placed the "Beer Shop" and the "Gin Palace."

We cannot deny this; facts stare us too stubbornly in the face. If we had devoted only a tenth part of the money to our social elevation that we have spent in our debasement, we should, as a class, have cut a very different figure. How does the case really stand? We have more than 100,000 houses for the sale of intoxicating drink; and, on the average, £600 a-year is spent in each. Every thirty families support one of these houses; and, as if to render it an indisputable fact that intemperance is a leading characteristic of our class, such houses flourish in proportion to the poverty and wretchedness of a district. In one London gin palace, in the parish of Shadwell, 885 persons were seen to enter in one hour and a quarter on a Saturday night; of these, 339 were women, and 49 children, apparently under twelve years of age. There are some cities and towns which appear to have obtained an unenviable notoriety for their number of houses for the sale of intoxicating

drink in proportion to their population. One of these has 800 public houses and beer shops, and a population of less than 70,000—one of such houses to twenty families! Now is it reasonable to expect that we shall become a well-fed, well-clothed, and well-educated people, whilst we furnish such astounding facts as these?

But we must remember that the money paid for drink itself is not all the cost of drinking habits. There is the time consumed in drinking. Many thus waste a whole day in a week, and then call it Saint Monday! 52 days in the year! Two months' wages absolutely lost! A practice just as sensible as it would be for an employer of labour to burn or destroy in some other way a sixth part of his yearly production. Nay, the comparison is, in one sense, unequal, for that employer might be able to spare such a proportion for the gratification of his folly, without abridging his domestic comforts; but let the families and homes of the Saint Mondayites prove whether they can continue their practice, and lay claim to the possession of ordinary humanity and intelligence. It is certain that whatever may be the advantages high wages are capable of placing within the reach of working-men, none will ever find their way to such houses as these. Domestic comfort does not depend so much upon the amount of money earned, as it does upon the manner in which whatever may be earned is spent. A large employer of labour was surprised to find that many of his indifferent workmen were better off with their 18s. per week, than several of his best hands who could earn 30s. One reason was, that many of these hands, as soon as they had earned a few shillings, went to squander them in drink, and thus wasted time and money together; whilst the others, in order to secure their smaller amount, were compelled to labour throughout the week, and thus were preserved from temptation; another was, that in one class were to be found men who aimed at promoting the comfort of their families, whilst in the other many could be pointed out who cared for nothing but their own gratification, and seemed to work only that they might drink.

It is rather remarkable that some of these barterers of domestic happiness for the beer-barrel are very eloquent, in their way, upon the necessity of what they call "progress!" Now it is certain that if there are any amongst us who are doing their best to keep us just where we are, these pot-house

"reformers" are the men. Our measure has been too often taken from the standard of these gentry, who having made up by noise what they have lacked in brains, have unfortunately attracted sufficient attention to be regarded as the representatives of those who alike abhor their practices and repudiate their pretensions.

It is certain that if we desire to raise ourselves in the social scale, this vice of intemperance must be eradicated from us—at all events it must cease to be as general as it now is amongst our class. We cannot advance many steps up the ladder of progress, if we are to drag a parcel of sots with us. No more of us must become like them, and they must be made sensible of their folly.

We must next notice, as prejudicial to our progress, *A Disregard of the High and Holy Principles of the Christian Religion.*

That there really should be a lurking antagonism to the Bible, on the part of any working-man, is surprising. If ever any book had a right to command our sympathies on the score of its advocacy of justice—its denunciation of those who use their wealth not to bless but to oppress—its direct sympathy with the cause of "the poor and the needy"—that book is the often-abused, but ever-triumphant Bible!

One great blunder of our class has been its confounding the grand and holy teachings of Christianity, with the practices of some of its professors. It is high time to lay aside this weakness, for no lesson do the sayings and doings of men teach more plainly than this—judge principles by their real excellence, not by the doings of those who profess them.

It is easy to put aside Christianity on account of the inconsistency of its professors; but let it not be forgotten that those who thus excuse themselves, do, in their way, honour the religion, the claims of which they strive to evade, for they assert its purity in giving their opinion of what its professors ought to be.

There is one institution connected with that religion, which establishes its claim to the especial regard of working men—the appointment of one day in seven as a time of rest from labour. Now it is certain that but for Christianity, the obligation of such rest would never have been recognised. It is right, therefore, to ask, If there had been no sabbaths, where

would have been our sabbath schools? and, If there had been no sabbath schools, where would have been many a working-man, who to their instrumentality is entirely indebted for an education which has materially advanced his position in life?

Whilst there are some who denounce the sabbath as a remnant of puritanical cant, and as a check upon the nation's industry and the growth of its wealth; others, well knowing that the divine command to rest harmonizes with the human want of rest, would divest the day of all which would imply gratitude to its Giver, and have it regarded as a good opportunity for men to seek their own pleasure and gratification. Now it is high time for working-men to look seriously at this matter; for, disguise it as some people may, the direct tendency of all this indifference to the origin of the sabbath is to deprive us of fifty-two days in the year, and to present them as an offering to mammon. There is not a man of us who would not wish his children to possess the same and even greater advantages than himself; why then tolerate the smallest chance of their having to devote every day of the week to how to get a living. Let us firmly resolve to hand down to them, inviolate and intact, the right to a day of rest.

But we are mainly regarding the religion of the Bible as a means of temporal benefit to our class. Let us look at its still higher claim upon our attention as creatures gifted with immortality.

It comes to us, asserting our need of God's mercy as breakers of His laws, and at the same time places that mercy within our reach. It reveals to us God's love in sending his Son into the world to die for its redemption; and whilst it urges us to consider the shortness of time, it invites us to a happy eternity.

Now, it is quite certain that whilst to every class these are "glad tidings," they deserve an especial welcome from us. It is for us to rejoice that the very lowest upon earth may receive a welcome admission into heaven—that the poorest here may be the richest there—that the trodden down of men may be elevated of God. Let us not forget that on earth the Redeemer especially identified himself with our class; for he choose, as his immediate associates, not the wealthy nor the mighty, but plain working-men. Well might the common people hear him gladly! So ought we to receive his message, however others may disregard it.

Poetry.

GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

NEIGHBOURS, hark, and hear me tell,
One hath struck upon the Bell.
God is One, a friend indeed;
Be to us a friend in need;

CHORUS.

Earthly friends from harm can't guard us,
God will watch and he will ward us,
Give us, through thy heavenly might,
Peace by day and rest by night.

Neighbours, hark, and hear me tell,
Two hath struck upon the Bell;
Two the paths from which we choose,
Heaven to gain or heaven to lose.

Neighbours, hark, and hear me tell,
Three hath struck upon the Bell;
Three in One, ye angel host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Neighbours, hark, and hear me tell,
Four hath struck upon the Bell;
Four the gospels which were made,
To tell us what our Saviour said.

Neighbours, hark, and hear me tell,
Five hath struck upon the Bell.
Five the loaves by which were fed,
Five thousand men with heavenly bread.

Neighbours, hark, and hear me tell,
Six hath struck upon the Bell;
Six days' work the world we see,—
Six our working days should be.

Neighbours, hark, and hear me tell,
Seven hath struck upon the Bell;
One day in seven God has blest,
On it read, and pray, and rest.

Neighbours, hark, and hear me tell,
Eight hath struck upon the Bell;
Eight were they the ark did save,
Christ to us salvation gave.

Neighbours, hark, and hear me tell,
Nine hath struck upon the Bell;
Nine times nine years few shall see—
Think of God's Eternity.

Neighbours, hark, and hear me tell,
Ten hath struck upon the Bell;
Ten are the Commandments given—
To man on earth from God in heaven.

Neighbours, hark, and hear me tell,
Eleven hath struck upon the Bell;
Eleven disciples true and good,
Faithful to their master stood.

Neighbours, hark, and hear me tell,
Twelve hath struck upon the Bell.
Twelve Apostles preached the word;
Give us hearing ears, O Lord!

Anecdotes and Selections.

MARTIN BOOS was a popish priest. This account of his own conversion is very simple. "In 1788 or 1789 I visited a sick person, who was respected for her deep humility and exemplary piety. I said to her, 'You will die very peacefully and happily.' 'Why so?' she asked. 'Because you have led,' I replied, 'such a pious and holy life.' The good woman smiled at my words, and said, 'If I leave the world relying on my own piety, I am sure I shall be lost. But relying on Jesus my Saviour, I can die in comfort. What a clergyman you are! What an admirable comforter! If I listened to you, what would become of me? How could I stand before

the Divine tribunal, where every one must give an account, even of her idle words? Which of our actions and virtues would not be found wanting if laid in the Divine balances? No; if Christ had not died for me, if he had not made satisfaction for me, I should have been lost for ever, notwithstanding all my good works and pious conduct. He is my hope, my salvation, and my eternal happiness.'" This opened the priests eyes, and divine grace changed his heart.

Bilney, the Martyr, had been a zealous papist. He almost killed himself by austere and severe penances. At length he met with a copy of the Greek New Testament of Erasmus. He opened it—his eyes caught these words: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." He laid down the book and meditated on the astonishing declaration. "What? St. Paul the chief of sinners, and yet St. Paul sure of being saved?" He read the verse again and again. "Oh, assertion of St. Paul, how sweet art thou to my soul!" he exclaimed. "I also am like Paul, and more than Paul, the greatest of sinners. But Christ saves sinners. At last I have heard of Christ." There followed a wonderful transformation. An unknown joy pervaded him; his conscience, until then sore with the wounds of sin, was healed; instead of despair, he felt an inward peace, passing all understanding. "Jesus Christ," exclaimed he, "yes, Jesus Christ saves." "I see it all," said Bilney; "my vigils, my fasts, my pilgrimages, my purchase of masses and indulgences, were destroying, instead of saving me. All these efforts were, as St. Augustine says, a hasty running out of the right way."

One Year of Life.—Who can estimate so important a portion of human life as a year? How many of your precious days, dear reader, have been wasted? How many years have been irretrievably lost, so far as respects the great duty of human life? Life, at the longest, is but short, and that which was short at the first has only been reduced by your passing—shall I say?—wasted years? Wasted, they have been worse than wasted—if they have not been devoted to the great object for which they were given, to glorify God on the earth, and to prepare to enjoy Him for ever in heaven. Have ten or fifteen years passed? then so much the less time remains to you. Have thirty? have forty? Oh, how rapidly is the span reduced! Have we ten—have we twenty—have we forty left? Who can count upon forty? Forty years hence, and most of those who are now moving amid the busy scenes of life, will be awaiting the morning of the resurrection. We stand, as it were, on a little bank of crumbling sand, washed by the waves on every side. Every wave leaves our foothold less secure. Every flying hour, every closing day, every revolving year, leaves the number less. Time, loiter as we may, lingers not. And though we may neglect

our work, death does not neglect his. There is probably not an hour of the day, and not a minute of the hour, when some souls are not passing from these mortal scenes to a dread eternity.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.—Repent—believe on the Lord Jesus Christ—commence a life of obedience to the Divine commands, and you may be able so to say of that dark grave, that "unwindowed cell," which is sunk across your path, as a good man once said of his, with an almost supernatural animation and emphasis, "It is the brightest spot in all my course on earth;" because faith will enable you to view it as the portal to everlasting bliss.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS' PROSPECT.—"This world is not my home. I have made it my resting-place too long. I hear a voice to-day, in accents sweet as angels use, whispering to my lonely heart, Arise and depart hence, for this is not your rest. I am away from my Father's house. I have felt vexations and trials. I have experienced disappointments and losses. I have known the alienation of earthly friends. I am not a stranger to dejected hopes. I know something of conflicts within. But now and then I have a glimpse of the distant promised inheritance, which more than compensates for all. I would fain feel like one who is passing from place to place, and going from object to object, with his eye fixed on some long-wished for abode beyond; while every successive scene brings me nearer the end of my course; and all these earthly vicissitudes endear the hopes of that final rest. O glory! Welcome glory!"

The Fireside.

MOTHERS OF THE BIBLE AND THEIR SONS.

NEARLY twenty times does the sacred historian of the book of Kings hand down the names of mothers, with the record of the good or evil deeds of their sons. Thus: Josiah reigned thirty and one years in Jerusalem; and his mother's name was Jedidah; and he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord." Or, "His (Abijah's) mother's name was Maachah; and he walked in all the sins of his father." See, also, 1 Kings xi. 26, xv. 2, xxii. 42; 2 Kings viii. 26, xii. 1. We are not usually told what was the character of these mothers, nor how far it was due to their influence that their sons did good or evil; but surely the introduction of their names, in immediate connexion with the good or evil, is sufficiently significant. "His mother's name was Jedidah; and he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord." One almost feels as if further information about her were superfluous. "Blessed are those among women," is the thought at once suggested by the words.

On the other hand, what memorable notoriety is given to Maachah! She may have been a good woman herself; yet, what volumes are in that handing of her name—only her name—down to posterity along with the misdeeds of her son! And it seems as if the father's bad example might have been more than counteracted, had she but duly exerted her maternal influence; for, "his mother's name was Maachah; and he walked in all the sins of his father!" Christian mother's! watch well your every-day life among your little ones. Think of this being said of a lost soul—"Yes, he did evil all his life; he lived as he was taught at home; and his mother's name was ——!"

The Penny Post Box.

THE CHRISTIAN PIONEER.

We have received several letters of commendation of this Magazine, and some pleasing information as to the efforts many are making to extend its circulation. We find again, as we always have done in former years, that no plan succeeds so well as that of showing the *Pioneer* to others. In this way one active person may secure dozens, or even scores, of new subscribers. May we be permitted to suggest that January is the month, above all others, when this work should be set about and done. Let each of our readers take one of these numbers in his hand and go about among his neighbours, taking down the names of subscribers, and we will warrant him that he will succeed. If the person who seeks for subscribers would kindly engage to get them and deliver them himself, all the better. But it should be fully understood that any person may get any number of any month, of any bookseller, by telling him to send for the *Christian Pioneer*, published by Simpkin's, London.

Here are a few verses which one of our warm-hearted friends has sent us.

Now "fifty-six" its course has sped,
And all its precious moments fled,
We ask our readers all to spread
The "Christian Pioneer."

That now the new year has come in,
Some hundreds more may now begin
To take that little monthly in,
The "Christian Pioneer."

It comes each month to aid and bless,
And seeks to make life's troubles less,
So let us wish it large success.
The "Christian Pioneer."

It finds its way to many a nook,
Where anxious eyes oft in it look,
This little useful monthly book,
The "Christian Pioneer."

Come order it now in a trice,
And have it monthly fresh and nice,
For it will come at little price,
The "Christian Pioneer."

Its circulation should be high,
And so it might if friends would try,
And ask their neighbours round to buy
The "Christian Pioneer."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

NATIONAL BEVERAGES.

All Europe has chosen its prevailing beverage. Spain and Italy delight in chocolate; France and Germany, Sweden and Turkey, in coffee; Russia, Holland, and England, in tea; while poor Ireland makes a warm drink from the husks of the cocoa, the refuse of the chocolate mills of Italy and Spain. All Asia feels the same want, and in different ways has long gratified it. Coffee, growing in Arabia or the adjoining countries, has followed the banner of the Prophet wherever his false faith has triumphed. Tea, a native of China, has spread over the hill country of the Himalayas, the table-lands of Tartary and Tibet, and the plains of Siberia — has climbed the Altais, overspread all Russia, and is equally despotic in Moscow as in St. Petersburg. In Sumatra, the coffee-leaf yields the favourite tea of the dark-skinned population, while Central Africa boasts of the Abyssinian *chaat* as the common warm drink of its Ethiopian peoples. Everywhere un-intoxicating and non-narcotic beverages are in general use—among tribes of every colour, beneath every sun, and in every condition of life.

Professor Johnston.

Hints.

TO STRONG AND SOBER YOUNG MEN.

Try to improve your condition in life. You may do that without doing wrong, or giving up the fear of God. Nay, you will get on better if you fear and love Him. Remember, there are no laws to hinder you in England, where every young man, with a strong arm and a clear head, not weakened or muddled with foul drink, may rise to eminence if he tries his best. Here are a few specimens:—"Mr. Cobden was the son of a small farmer, and, entering a warehouse in London when a boy, rose through its various grades of service. Sir William Cubitt was a working miller, then a joiner, and then a millwright. Faraday, the eminent chemist, was

the son of a poor blacksmith, and began his career as the apprentice of a bookbinder. Mr. Lindsay, M.P., the great shipowner, left his home in Ayr with 3s. 6d. in his pocket, to push his fortunes as a shipboy; he worked his passage to Liverpool by assisting in the coal-hole of a steamer; and for a part of the time after he arrived, begged during the day, and slept in the sheds and streets at night. Thomas Wright, the Manchester prison philanthropist, was a weekly worker in an iron-foundry for forty-seven years. Hundreds, nay thousands more, might be named, but these may suffice if you are disposed to try.

Gems.

THE MIGHTIEST POWER in the universe is love, and hence God used it to subdue a world of rebels.

WICKED MEN delight to fix on the faults of christians, but never on their good deeds, just as flies settle on a sore place rather than a sound one.

NONE ARE TRANSPLANTED into the garden of God in Paradise, but from the nursery of grace on earth.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.—What can be more truly glorious than the spectacle of advancing age softened, and ripened, and mellowed into sweetness, under the influence of genuine piety.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.—And what can be a more lovely spectacle, in the sight of angels themselves, than the young soul expanding, like the flowers of spring, its opening powers towards God and goodness.

HUMILITY OF HEART brings us to Christ, teaches us how to follow him, devotes us to his service, and tunes our songs to his praise.

FEAR NOT CHRISTIAN, for if the Almighty Redeemer—the Lord Jesus Christ—be thy friend, it is of little matter who may be thy enemy.

EVERY FAILING the christian can discover in himself after close examination, should lead him, not to despair, but to a new application to the Lord Jesus for mercy and grace.

JESUS CHRIST IS GOD, or he is no Saviour for man. He is God our Saviour—Immanuel, God with us; and all his words, and works, and ways, attest the divinity of his character.

THE DIVINITY OF JESUS stamps the sacrifice he made of himself on the cross with infinite value; and hence God is well pleased, and the guilty conscience of man is pacified. Nothing but that blood could give it peace.

Poetic Selections.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

YES: there is such a thing on earth
As holding heads too high;
While those who are of humble birth
Soar swiftest to the sky.
The soaring lark springs from the ground,
The violet blooms low;
And we must stoop for happiness,
If we its joys would know.
Then let us daily learn to love
Humility and worth,
For not the Eagle but the Dove
Brought peace again on earth.

MY OWN FAULTS FIRST.

WHAT are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone.

REDEMPTION.

WAS not earth's most auspicious hour
One darksome, sad, and wild?
When Crucifixion was the birth,
Redemption was the child."

WORTHY THE LAMB.

THROUGHOUT the universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and sun:
Th' eternal theme of praise is this,
To Heaven's Beloved One:—
"Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow."

The Children's Corner.

"AWAY TO SABBATH SCHOOL."

"When the morning light drives away the night,
With the sun so bright and full;
And it draws its line near the hour of nine,
I'll away to the Sabbath-school."

THERE they go! those happy children, on their way from the school to the house of God. How nice and neat they all look, and I dare say they are all as happy as they look.

How much better is this than it once was in our own land. One hundred years ago, you would not have seen even in England a sight like this! Then, all such children were left to run about in the streets, or lanes, or fields, untaught and uncared for.

Now millions of them in our happy land are met every sabbath morning by thousands of loving teachers, who not only teach them how to read the book of God, but tell them of the Lord Jesus, the Son of God, who came down from heaven and died on the bitter cross to save us from our sins, and who said, when he was here on earth, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Oh, happy land, where princes in palaces and children in cottages can read the Bible, and have a Bible to read!

Long may English children, and soon may children of all nations sing of their sabbath school,—

"I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all my pleasure or my play,
Shall tempt me to forget this day."

CONVERSION OF COLONEL GARDINER.

MANY pious persons have entertained doubts as to whether a man can be a soldier and a christian—whether he can at the same time be a follower of Him who enjoined his disciples to love their enemies, and yet do all he can to injure and destroy them. We do not pretend to decide this doubtful question; but we dare not lift an arm or a finger with the intent of depriving one fellow-creature of life. Far sooner would we lay down our own. That there have been pious men both in the army and navy we have no doubt; but we must regard them to some extent in the same false position as that of a pious man holding his fellow-men in the bondage of slavery.

James Gardiner was born in the year of the English Revolution—1688; and was killed at the battle of Preston-Pans, near Edinburgh, with the Scotch rebels, in 1745. He was a man of war from his youth. Such was his reckless daring that he had fought three duels before he attained to the stature of a man. In the first of his country's battles in which he was engaged, he was left among the wounded on the field of action, and his conduct in this melancholy position shows how godless and hardened his heart was. He was now in the nineteenth year of his age. His life had already been steeped in licentiousness, but he had no thoughts of repentance; his one concern was how to secure the gold which he had about him. Expecting to be stripped by the enemy, he took a handful of clotted gore, placed his gold in the midst of it, shut his hand, and kept it in that position till the blood so dried and hardened that his hand would not easily fall open if any sudden surprise overtook him. The next morning he lay faint and exhausted, through loss of blood, and overheard one Frenchman say to another, "Do not kill that poor child." And when he was able to open his fevered lips, the first thing he did was to tell a deliberate falsehood, namely, that he was nephew to the governor of Huy, a neutral town in the neighbourhood. His sufferings the following night were such that he begged those who were carrying him to Huy to kill him outright; but still he had no thoughts of God. And when his recovery was perfected, and he was restored to his country, it was only to plunge into all manner of excesses. The most criminal intrigues formed the staple of his existence from this period till the thirtieth year of his age. By his military companions he was called "the happy rake." But he was not

happy. On one occasion while his profligate associates were congratulating him on his criminal successes, a dog happened to enter the room, and the young soldier (as he well remembered afterwards) could not forbear groaning inwardly, "Oh that I were that dog!" "His continual neglect of the great Author of his being, of whose perfections he could not doubt, and to whom he knew himself to be under daily and perpetual obligations, gave him, in some moments of involuntary reflection, inexpressible remorse; and this, at times, wrought upon him to such a degree, that he resolved he would attempt to pay him some acknowledgments." Accordingly, for a few mornings, he repeated some passages of scripture, and bent his knees before the throne of God. But the remonstrances of reason and conscience soon yielded to the power of temptation; and hairbreadth escapes by sea and land only confirmed his alienation from God.

In the thirty-first year of his age, however, Gardiner became the subject of a moral change as thorough and striking as any which human history can present, while the singularity of the circumstances in which it occurred has seldom been equalled.

Towards the middle of July, 1719, he spent an evening of folly with some of his gay associates. The company broke up about eleven, and at twelve he had made a criminal appointment. The intervening hour must be bridged over by some employment. A pious mother had, without his knowledge, slipped into his portmanteau Watson's "Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm." The title attracted him, and he expected some amusement from its military phraseology. He took it and read; but it produced no seriousness nor reflection. While the book was yet in his hand, however, impressions were made on his mind, the fruit of which must be regarded as the best index to whence they came. Whether he was asleep or awake at the time, he felt it afterwards difficult to determine. But if asleep, so vividly was what he saw and heard impressed on his mind, that it seemed to be a waking reality. "He thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall on the book while he was reading, which he at first imagined might happen by some accident in the candle. But, lifting up his eyes, he apprehended, to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded on all sides with a glory; and was impressed, as if a

voice, or something equivalent to a voice, had come to him to this effect, 'O, sinner! did I suffer this for thee? and are these the returns?'" Affected as were Daniel and John by the supernatural visions they saw, "there remained hardly any life" in colonel Gardiner, and he continued, he knew not how long, insensible, but when he opened his eyes he saw nothing more than usual.

It were easy to dismiss this tale as the dream of an enthusiast; but such a proceeding would be far too summary to be worthy of inquirers after truth. If Gardiner had returned to his evil courses, we should have treated his vision as the mere offspring of an excited imagination and a disturbed conscience. And, as it is, it need not be doubted that imagination and conscience were both at work; but then, they were called to their work, and guided in the part which they performed, by some power foreign to the man's own soul. This we infer from the results. And what that power was, they will not doubt who are willing to be guided by the Book in their interpretation of spiritual changes. "It cannot, in the course of nature, be imagined," says his biographer, "how such a dream should arise in a mind full of the most impure ideas and affections, and, as he himself often pleaded, more alienated from the thoughts of a crucified Saviour than from any other object that can be conceived; nor can we surely suppose it should, without a mighty energy of the Divine power, be effectual to produce not only some transient flow of passion, but so entire and so permanent a change in character and conduct."

The dreamer arose from his seat, after a period of unconsciousness, and walked to and fro in his chamber under a tumult of emotions, "till he was ready to drop down in unutterable astonishment and agony of heart, appearing to himself the vilest monster in the creation of God, who had all his lifetime been crucifying Christ afresh by his sins. With this was connected such a view both of the majesty and goodness of God, as caused him to loathe and abhor himself, and to repent as in dust and ashes. He immediately gave judgment against himself, that he was most justly worthy of eternal damnation, and was astonished that he had not been immediately struck dead in the midst of his wickedness." For several months after, it was a settled point with him that the wisdom and justice of God almost necessarily required that such an enormous sinner should be made an example of ever-

lasting vengeance, and he dared hardly ask for pardon. His mental sufferings were now extreme; but he often testified afterwards that they arose not so much from the fear of hell, "as from a sense of that horrible ingratitude he had shown to the God of his life, and to that blessed Redeemer who had been, in so affecting a manner, set forth as crucified before him." Those licentious pleasures which had before been his heaven, became now absolutely his aversion. "And, indeed,' says his biographer, "when I consider how habitual all those criminal indulgences were grown to him, and that he was now in the prime of life, and all this while in high health, too, I cannot but be astonished to reflect upon it, that he should be so wonderfully sanctified in body as well as in soul and spirit, as that, for all the future years of his life, he, from that hour, should find so constant a disinclination to and abhorrence of those criminal sensualities, to which he fancied he was before so invariably impelled by his very constitution, that he was used strangely to think and to say that Omnipotence itself could not reform him, without destroying that body and giving him another."

At length the heavy burden fell from off this weary pilgrim, as from others, when he saw the cross. His peace came by means of that memorable Scripture, "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins;—that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." He had used to imagine that the justice of God required his eternal death. But now he saw that the Divine justice might be vindicated, and even glorified, in saving him by the blood of Jesus Christ. "Then did he see and feel the riches of redeeming love and grace in such a manner as not only engaged him, with the utmost pleasure and confidence, to venture his soul upon it, but even swallowed up, as it were, his whole heart in the returns of love, which from that blessed time became the genuine and delightful principle of his obedience, and animated him with an enlarged heart to run in the way of God's commandments."

The future life of colonel Gardiner, from the hour of his conversion till he fell at Preston Pans in defence of the House of Hanover—a period of twenty-six years—was one of distinguished excellence. The "new man" was virtuous, and pure, and godly, as the "old" had been licentious and profane.

Anecdotes and Selections.

"THE BEGGAR DIED."—The sacred narrative says nothing respecting the burial of Lazarus. "Of course," says Dr. Adam Clarke, "he was buried; though, doubtless, he had a pauper's grave." But to the good man it is a consideration of small importance where his ashes may repose; for he knows that neither the lofty pyramid, nor the lowly grave, can conceal from the eye of God the precious dust of his saints. "And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom." What a wondrous fact is that of the ministry of angels! Highly art thou exalted, O christian! Angels attend thy steps; they will watch over thee during life; they will be nigh thee when thou passest through the waves of the dark river—and never will they withdraw their protecting care till thou art landed in safety on the radiant shores of the heavenly Canaan! How often has the christian been heard to exclaim on the bed of death, "the angels, the angels are come!"—"Hark! hark! sweet music fills the room, and angels whisper in my ear—

> "Fear not, fear not the valley's gloom,
> There is a *pathway* bright and clear."

Isaac Ambroise, an eminent christian minister, had retired to his study for the purpose of meditation and prayer; when, thinking he staid long, one opened the door, and found him breathing his last, with these words, "Now, angels, do your work!"

> "Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
> O Grave, where is thy victory?
> O Death, where is thy sting?"

"And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom." An allusion is here made to a practice which prevailed among the inhabitants of the East, at their social feasts. "At these entertainments it was customary to recline upon couches, or benches, around the table. The most favoured guests, however, generally sat next to the master of the house, and were said to lie in his bosom." Thus we read that John, the beloved disciple of our Lord, sat next to his master at the paschal supper; *i. e.*, according to the phraseology of the Jews, he was in the bosom of Jesus, possessed of the privilege of immediate converse. So, when it is said that Lazarus was in "Abraham's bosom," it simply means that "he was in the society of Abraham;" and "that he was distinguished by the friendship of that eminent saint." Here, then, we behold "the beggar," who suffered so much misery while on earth, enjoying the felicity and glory of heaven. He shall know sorrow no more; all tears are wiped from his eyes; he dwells in the presence of his God—in a land of perfect joy, purity, and

peace. "To die is gain." "And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom."

"We speak of the realms of the blest;
Of that country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin;
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there?"

Lavenham. F. H. P.

A Striking Confirmation of Scripture.—One of the most interesting of the monuments of ancient Rome, is the triumphal arch erected to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem, by Titus, who after the destruction of the temple made a triumphal march to Rome, bringing with him a long train of captive Jews and the spoils, among which were the sacred vessels of the temple. This procession is represented in the sculptures on the beautiful arch; which thus furnish an illustration of the Bible no where else to be found, these being the only representations that exist of the sacred vessels, the table of the showbread, the golden candlestick with its seven branches, and the silver trumpets used by the priests to proclaim the year of jubilee. The Roman Senate and people little thought, when erecting this monument to a deified emperor, that they were erecting a monument to the true God in the verification of prophecy and divine history. A recent traveller says, not one of the Jews of Rome, of whom there are about 6,000, will even at this day pass under the arch of Titus, although it spans one of the thoroughfares of the city; they shun it as a memorial of the subjugation of their nation, which has never been retrieved, and regard it with aversion.

The Cup of Cold Water.—A young Englishwoman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot (Protestant) school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, in 1572, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in some part of the town where there were sentinels placed, perhaps on the walls; and you know that when a soldier is on guard he must not leave his post until he is relieved; that is, till another soldier comes to take his place. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and that it would be as much as his life was worth to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on, much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them, all but the young Englishwoman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procured some water, and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode; and this she did. When she rejoined her companions some blamed and others ridiculed her attention to a com-

mon soldier; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the grateful soldier contrived to save the young Englishwoman on the night of that dreadful massacre, when all in the house in which she dwelt perished.

THE SOUTH-SEA ISLANDERS.—One day, says Mr. Gill, a fine, tall, half-naked native was observed running up the pathway leading to the house, and his entrance commanded immediate silence. Seating himself cross-legged on the floor, and for a minute or two vigorously using his fan to cool himself, addressing Mr. Williams, he said, "Blessing on you, I am the messenger of the chief Jeminana." "Blessing on you, my friend," replied Mr. Williams, "what is your message?" "You promised that when you returned from Beritani you would bring a missionary for our part of the island. I am in haste; tell me, have you done so?" Pointing to one of the young brethren, Mr. Williams signified with a nod that he had kept his word. "It is enough!" said the messenger, and bounding from the assembly with the swiftness of a hunted deer, tarried not till he had reached his distant village. Never was there a more *literal* fulfilment of the exclamation, "Behold! how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings of good things." There are now in the South-sea Islands 119 European missionaries; 45,929 communicants; 239,900 native Protestant population, and about 55,000 male and female scholars; less than fifty years ago these people were idolaters and cannibals.

NEWSPAPERS AND THE SCRIPTURES.—The plan of the American Bible Society of publishing the Bible in the newspaper form for more general circulation, though novel at the present day, was partially adopted in past time by the printers of some of the English papers. When newspapers were first established they were quite destitute of advertisements, and nothing was more common than for newspapers to be published with a blank page. This was remedied, however, after a while, by publishing selections from the Scriptures; and many an old newspaper is now extant with a whole page copied from the Bible. Chapters from the New Testament were placed at the head of the column, and the space below was filled out with a psalm of the required length. Doubtless, in some quarters, even in this day, extracts from the Bible would be "news indeed."

GIVING A LIFT.—Dr. Johnson, who carried a cripple on his back along Cheapside, has found a rival. The Countess of Ellesmere was in Worsley the other day, when she saw an old woman, named Margaret Berry, who had been to the coalpit for a barrowful of coals (about a hundredweight), and was then resting with her load. The noble countess, who is one of those truly noble women who delight in the "gentle luxury of doing good," stepped up to the poor woman, and, accosting her with the words, "You seem rather fatigued—I will give you a lift," forthwith took up the barrow and wheeled it a distance of at least a hundred and fifty yards.

An Aged Female, and very deaf, recently visited a popular London preacher in his vestry, and told him that she had long desired to "help the cause;" and, in proof, began to uncover a cake, which she begged his acceptance of. She proceeded to say that she very much enjoyed his ministry, although she never heard a word that he said! Of course the minister felt pleased with this singular testimony to his usefulness.

The Fireside.

EDUCATION AT HOME.

Schools may be, and are, very useful; but the best moral education is, after all, that which is given at home, in your own house, and by your own fireside; and parents, especially mothers, are the best teachers in the world. They are, depend upon it. Moral education is mainly the parents' province; and solemn indeed is their responsibility—would that it were more acknowledged! Few are the parents who do not wish their children to grow up moral young men and women—respected and respectable. Now, valuable as school instruction may be, it is assuming too much to suppose that without the influence of good home-training, it is always sufficient to accomplish this. The home, therefore, must be a moral training institution.

Little, however, can be done in the home moral training of our children, unless we succeed in making home *attractive* to them; they must thoroughly realise the spirit of the familiar lines—

"Home!—Home!—sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!"

Particularly does this apply to young people when verging upon maturity. It is then that they are in danger of contracting immoral acquaintances; and nothing is more likely than a "good home" to preserve them from that danger. Let young lads and lasses feel that when their day's toil is ended, a cordial welcome will meet them *at home*—kind words and a cheerful fireside—and much indeed will be done in the way of disarming vice of the attractiveness it presents to youth.

Perhaps there are especial reasons why this should be looked to in relation to girls. If girls are led to love their parents' homes, they will make their own future homes loveable. The domestic happiness, as well as the tone of morality of the coming generation, is then in no small degree dependent upon ourselves.

A CAUTION FOR MOTHERS.

Mr. Wakely, coroner for West Middlesex, lately held an inquest at Somerstown, on a child named Chalken, who died from the effects

of a cup of hot tea upsetting over its arm, and the distressing occurrence was proved to be purely accidental. The coroner remarked that such cases should act as a caution to parents, for he had no doubt that he would have, as on previous occasions during the winter months, to hold about one hundred inquests on children who met with their deaths either through burns or scalds, owing to the want of a little more caution on the part of their guardians. It was astonishing what a little injury would produce death in a child; for only a short time back he held an inquest on a fine little boy who died from the effects of a scald on the chest not larger than a crown piece. The jury then recorded a verdict of accidental death, acquitting the poor parents of all culpable negligence in the matter.

The Penny Post Box.

ATTEMPTS TO DO GOOD IN VILLAGES.

We always love to hear of every, even the most humble and feeble, attempt at doing good. Our blessed Lord has told us, for our encouragement, that he shall conduct the solemn proceedings of the last great day on the principle of rewarding those who have been "faithful over a few things," and instal such as "rulers over many things." We have received a letter from a friend, a labouring man, we believe, in a village in Herts, who gives us the following pleasing information. He says:—

"Some time since I told you of a plan I had adopted for doing a little good; and, as I think if others were to do so too in other villages great good might be the result, I will tell you something about it. You would be surprised if you knew how many grown-up persons in such places either cannot read at all, or are ignorant of the many good little publications, like your *Pioneer*, which are now issued at such a low price. The plan I adopted was, to open my own house for two evenings of the week to teach reading. We soon had plenty of scholars, both young men and fathers of families, who not only minded their lessons, but heartily joined in singing a hymn of praise at the close. Sometimes the best readers would read a piece out of the *Pioneer*, or some other magazine; and this gave me an opportunity of talking about such publications, and advising them to take one for themselves, for they all seemed interested with what was read. I would advise others to try this plan of doing good. Some who were once in Sabbath Schools have also come amongst us, in order to improve themselves. Another thing I ought to mention I am sure, and it is this: some of my cottage scholars have saved money by it, for here they have nothing to pay; but it is very likely that some of them, if they had not been here, would have found their way to a beer-shop!"

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

METALLIC LIFE-BOATS.—The usefulness of these metallic boats, in cases of shipwreck, has been so well established and appreciated, that the government of the United States has stationed them along the whole line of sea and lake coasts, where they have been instrumental in saving many thousands of lives. It has also passed a law compelling every passenger-ship to be provided with a certain proportion of these boats. We have, however, a still more valuable application of them in the "life-car." The life car is a kind of boat or chest, made of copper or iron, and closed over by a convex roof. A door or hatchway in the centre admits the passengers—a car generally holds about four or five. When the passengers are settled inside, the door is shut down, and bolted to its place, so as to prevent the surf from beating in upon the inmates. All inside is, of course, dark as night, and the terrified prisoner may almost think it better to be drowned in the open air, than run the risk of it closed in his little car; but a few minutes relieves his mind and dissipates his terror. The car is drawn to the land, suspended by rings from a hawser, which has previously been stretched from the shore to the ship, by ropes, or rather lines attached to the two ends of the hawser. By means of these, the empty car is first drawn by the unfortunate passengers to the ship, and then, when freighted, drawn back by the people on the beach. A writer in the *Life-boat Institution Journal*, in an article on the Life-boat Saving Benevolent Institution of New York, remarks, "It will be observed that two-thirds of the persons saved as above quoted—namely, 1000 out of 1500—have been, through the instrumentality of a life-car, drawn through the surf, after a communication has been effected with the stranded ship by means of the mortar and rocket apparatus.

Hints.

GOOD CONDUCT is the best proof of good professions, whether in religion or business; without it one is a sham, and the other a cheat.

GOOD SLEEP is a great blessing. What a relief from the cares and struggles of life! Miserable is the man who, though on a bed of down, cannot enjoy "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

CARE OF HEALTH.—How much pain, regret, and sorrow might be avoided, by timely and prudent care of health. To take care of money is well, but to take care of health is better.

PRECIOUS TRUTHS are things which may be picked up everywhere, but you must stoop to get them. Even heavenly things cannot be secured without stooping as a little child to reach them.

HAPPINESS AMONG MEN is more equally divided than some people imagine. One may have the means, but little of the thing—another may have much of the thing, but little of the means.

FEAR NO MAN so much as thine own self. For if thou doest evil, thou canst never escape the reproach of thine own conscience.

TIME FLIES FASTER as we grow older—that is, it seems to do so. We all go down into the vale much faster than we climbed up the hill.

OTHERS AND OURSELVES.—It is a failing of human nature, that if we can get others to do something for us, we will not attempt to do it ourselves; and then this becomes a habit, and we think we can do nothing.

CLOUDS OF TROUBLE may cover us, and darken our prospects, but, as we cover the cages of birds to teach them to sing, so these clouds may be spread over us to teach us to sing of mercy and judgment.

Gems.

BLESSING OF HUMILITY.—He that feels that he is unworthy of the least of all God's mercies, may expect the greatest; for God "resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the lowly."

OUR PRAYERS purchase nothing, because they possess no intrinsic value; yet they obtain much, because they are according to God's appointment.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF GOD are unspeakably precious, but the God of consolation is more precious still; let us therefore look more at God as our portion, than at the gifts conferred by him.

THE MORE WE FEAR GOD, the less we shall be afraid of him; the fear of God brings us near to him, and gives us boldness before him, so that we cannot dread either his presence or his power.

OUR WEAKNESS and our STRENGTH.—He that feels that he can do nothing, and yet sets to work in the strength of Christ, can do more than any man; as the strength of Christ is made perfect in our weakness.

MUCH DEPENDS UPON PRAYER, for God says, "I will be enquired of;" no one can tell what is lost by neglecting prayer, or by allowing prayer to dwindle into a mere customary service.

THE COMING OF CHRIST is the greatest event predicted in God's word, and the most momentous results to nations and individuals hang upon it; let us therefore think of it, look for it, expect it, and be prepared to rejoice in it.

Poetic Selections.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

Our Father's house! that home above,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
Will make amends for all the woe
We suffer in this world below.

Our Father's house! that endless rest,
Where not a sigh can heave the breast,
Will more than recompense the fears
And heart-aches of this vale of tears.

Our Father's house! that happy land,
Where meets the blood-wash'd pilgrim band
Who brav'd the dangers of the way
That led them to eternal day.

Our Father's house! that glorious home,
Where all the saved at last will come,
To tell the wonders of the grace,
That brought them to that blissful place.

Our Father's house! no tongue can tell
The rapture that our bosoms swell,
At thought of meeting loved ones there,
No more to shed a parting tear.

Our Father's house! what joy divine
To know this happy home is mine;
'Tis bliss surpassing thought or word,
To be for ever with the Lord!

Pattishall. S. S.

I MUST DIE!

"And the time drew nigh that Jacob must die."

OH, solemn thought, I soon must die!
Soon must my spirit wing its flight
To scenes of brilliant day on high,
Or shades of darkest night.

My Saviour, let thy power subdue
My strongest sin; impart
Thy Holy Spirit to renew
My guilty, stony heart.

And when my little span is o'er,
And icy death draws nigh,
And I am hovering on the shore
Of vast eternity,

O! sweetly whisper thou didst die,
And make my trembling soul thy care,
And lead me to thy house on high,
To live for ever there!

The Children's Corner.

"AWAY TO THE SABBATH-SCHOOL."

When the morning light drives away the night
With the sun so bright and full;
And it draws its line near the hour of nine,
I'll away to the Sabbath-school:
For 'tis there we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be
At the Sabbath-school.
Chorus.—I'll away, away, I'll away, away:
I'll away to the Sabbath-school.

On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn,
When the earth is wrapp'd in snow;
Or the summer breeze plays round the trees,
To the Sabbath-school I'll go:
When the holy day is come,
And the Sabbath-breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home,
For the Sabbath-school.
I'll away, &c.

In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there:
In the holy book of truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath-school.
I'll away, &c.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

We expect that there can be but few of our readers who have not heard of this horrid tribunal, impiously called the "*Holy Office.*" A very interesting book has lately appeared, called "Ladies of the Reformation," by the Rev. James Anderson. The nations to which these ladies belonged are Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, and Spain. The chapter on Spain is introduced by a history of the Inquisition. We now give a sketch of its institution. We intend to give more extracts relating its infernal proceedings.

"Luther had not long lifted up the standard of defiance against the pope as Antichrist, when in Spain his opinions awakened attention, and found converts. After the elevation of Charles V. to the imperial dignity, Spain, from the more frequent intercourse then maintained between it and Germany, became accessible, in a still greater degree, to the inroads of the Lutheran heresy.

The diffusion of the Protestant principles in Spain was, at an early period, promoted by the works of the German Reformer, some of which in Latin, and others of them translated into the Spanish language, having been printed at Antwerp, were sent into the Peninsula, where they were eagerly read. Those learned Spaniards who, on visiting foreign heretical countries, as England and Germany, became infected with heresy, were also instrumental, on returning home, in propagating the contagion among their countrymen. And in Spain, as in other nations of Europe, the stability of Popish superstition was greatly shaken in many minds, and the doctrines of the Reformation extended by vernacular translations of the Scriptures. From the vigilance of officers placed at all the seaports and land-passes to search every package and the person of every traveller that should enter the kingdom, it seemed a task of great, apparently insuperable, difficulty to introduce these translated editions of the Scriptures into Spain. Yet, in 1557, Julian Hernandez, who, from his small stature, was usually called Julian the Little, undertook the seemingly desperate enterprise, and, by his address, succeeded in conveying safely from Geneva by land to Seville, two large casks filled with the vernacular Scriptures and other Protestant books in Spanish. Pretending commercial speculations, he deceived the officers by concealing the precious cargo in double casks,

holding a small portion of French wine between an outer and an inner range of staves.

The Spanish converts included many of the most learned and the most distinguished of all ranks. 'In Spain,' says a contemporary Protestant author, Cypriano de Valera, 'many very learned, many very noble, and many of the most distinguished of the gentry, have for this cause been led forth to the scaffold. There is not a city, and, if one may so speak, there is not a village, nor a hamlet, nor a noble house, that has not had, and still has, one or more that God of his infinite mercy has enlightened with the light of the gospel. It is a common proverb in Spain in the present day, when speaking of a learned man, to say he is so learned that he is in danger of being a Lutheran.' 'Perhaps,' says Dr. M'Crie, 'there never was in any other country so large a proportion of persons, illustrious either for their rank or their learning, among the converts to a new and proscribed religion. This circumstance helps to account for the singular fact that a body of dissidents, who could not amount to fewer than 2000 persons, scattered over an extensive country, and loosely connected with one another, should have been able to communicate their sentiments and hold their private meetings for a number of years, without being detected by a court so jealous and vigilant as that of the Inquisition.'

Such was the progress of the Reformed faith in Spain, that within a short time, had not severe measures been adopted, it would, in all probability, have become the prevailing religion in that kingdom. The character, talents, and zeal of the converts, threatened this dreaded consummation. Had not the Inquisition interfered when it did, says Paramo, heresy would have run like wildfire through Spain, so disposed were persons of all degrees and of both sexes to embrace it. An emphatic testimony to the same effect is borne by the contemporary Roman Catholic historian, Illescas, in his Pontifical History. 'Formerly,' says he, 'Lutheran heretics were now and then apprehended and burned in Spain; but all these were foreigners—Germans, Flemings, or English. At other times mean people, and of a base race, used to be sent to the scaffold, and to wear *san-benitos* in the churches; but in these latter years we have seen the prisons, the scaffolds, and even the burning pile crowded with persons of noble birth, and, what is even more to be deplored, with persons illustrious, in the opinion of the world, for letters and piety. . . . I withhold their

names, in order not to tarnish, with their injured reputation, the fair fame of their descendants, or even of some illustrious houses to whom this poison attaches. They were such and so many, that, it was believed, if two or three months more had been suffered to elapse before applying a remedy to this mischief, the conflagration would have spread itself all over Spain, and brought upon her the most dire misfortunes she has ever seen.' 'If you will but stay persecution for four months,' said the celebrated Cazalla to the inquisitors at one of his examinations, 'we shall, at the end of that time, be equal in number to yourselves.'

The great instrument by which the Reformation was resisted and ultimately suppressed in Spain was the Inquisition.

The general principle upon which the Inquisition was founded may be said to have been acted upon as far back as the fourth century, when the secular power for the first time sent out searchers to discover, arrest, and deliver up heretics for punishment. But as a distinct tribunal it did not exist till the thirteenth century, when it was established for the special purpose of assisting in the war for the extermination of the Albigenses in France. It was soon extended to Spain. This has been called the old Inquisition, in distinction from the modern or the new form in which it was organized in Spain towards the close of the fifteenth century, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Then it was revived by statutes and regulations so severe, as, under the control of able but sanguinary inquisitors, to become the most effective and dreadful engine for the repression of heresy which it is perhaps possible for merciless and envenomed bigotry to invent. This properly constitutes the Spanish Inquisition, for the tribunal under this terrible form was confined to Spain, Portugal, and their dependencies.

The avowed object of the establishment of the modern Inquisition was to prevent the Spanish Jews who had professed the Christian religion from relapsing into Judaism, and to punish such as had relapsed; but the real or the principle motive was to prosecute against the Jews, whose wealth was immense, a vigorous system of confiscation. Ferdinand was easily persuaded to adopt a measure which promised to replenish the royal coffers, exhausted by the expenses of protracted wars; and the humane scruples of Isabella, at establishing so severe a tribunal, being overcome by the priests' working upon

her superstitious fears, a bull was granted by Pope Sixtus IV., in 1478, for erecting it in Castile. On the 17th of November, 1480, Ferdinand and Isabella appointed two Dominicans as inquisitors, with an assessor and a fiscal attorney. In 1583, Father Thomas de Torquemada, a Dominican monk of remorseless cruelty, was appointed inquisitor-general of Aragon, and thus the modern Inquisition was erected in that kingdom.

Being thus established, the Inquisition proceeded in its career with appalling rigour and relentless vengeance, sparing neither sex, nor age, nor rank. Ferdinand and Isabella, by its agency, committed to the flames more than 20,000 persons suspected of maintaining the Jewish religion, confiscating their property,* and expelled from Spain 800,000 Jews.

After the doctrines of Luther had made their way into Spain, the energies of the Inquisition were directed against a new class of heretics. In 1534, several persons suspected of being favourable to the new opinions, and in danger of being apprehended, made their escape; others less fortunate were arrested and thrown into the secret prisons of the Holy Office. It was not, however, until the year 1557 that the fury of the Inquisition against the Lutheran Reformers in Spain rose to its utmost pitch. For a considerable time previously to this, many of the Spaniards who had embraced the Reformed doctrines had held secret assemblies in Valladolid, then the capital, and in Seville, one of the most noted commercial cities, as well as corresponded with their brethren in other parts of the country. But they succeeded in eluding the vigilance even of the lynx-eyed inquisitors until that year when the adherents of the Reformation in both these cities were discovered. Upon their making this discovery, the rage of the monks, who had not imagined that heresy was so widely spread in Spain, was unbounded, and the most vigorous proceedings were instituted to repress and crush the obnoxious opinions. Vast numbers, not a few of whom were distinguished for their rank and learning, were thrown into prison; † and in 1559 and 1560, many were committed to the flames at Valladolid, Seville, Toledo, Logrono, and other cities. Alarmed at the

* "A third of all the confiscated property went to the inquisitors; a third to the extraordinary expenses of the faith—that is, it went the same way; the remainder was the government's share of the plunder."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. vi. p. 329.

† In Seville alone the number of prisoners amounted to 800; and the prisons not being large enough to contain them, private houses were converted into prisons for the occasion.

dangers to which they were exposed, multitudes fled from their native land and sought refuge on foreign shores.

For carrying on its work the apparatus of the Inquisition was immense. In the united kingdoms of Castile and Aragon there were eighteen different inquisitorial courts, all regulated and controlled by the council of the supreme, consisting of the inquisitor-general as president and three councillors. Each of these courts had its apostolic inquisitors, secretaries, sergeants, and other officers. Besides these there were 20,000 familiars dispersed throughout the kingdom, who acted as spies and informers, and who were employed to apprehend all suspected persons, and to commit them for their trial to the prisons of the Inquisition.

As all the ladies in the following sketches, with one exception, suffered martyrdom by the Inquisition—for history has supplied us with nothing in the lives of the Spanish female friends of the Reformation but the persecutions they endured—it may not be inappropriate here to glance, in a few particulars, at the criminal process through which they had to pass, and to describe the solemnity of the *auto-de-fe*, in which all of them, with one exception, were made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men."

Poetry.

POOR PATRICK.

Poor Patrick had lived, the chief part of his life,
In a cabin of mud, with his pig and his wife;
All ate their potatoes together; and, sure,
It was all that in common they sought to procure.

No learning had Patrick, so each holiday,
After Mass, he did nothing but idle and play;
Or, joining in mischief, if whiskey were in,
At once with his neighbours to fight he'd begin.

His children in rags and dirt he scarce knew;
Where they choose they might go—what they pleas'd they might do;
And so he got Mass and a Priest when he died,
No other concern had poor Patrick beside.

In this state was poor Patrick, and thus had remain'd,
By poverty, vice, and ignorance chain'd;
When some good Christian people, who think for the poor,
Now opened a Free School just close to his door.

This was just what he wanted; and gladly he sent
His children for learning, and cheerful they went;
And made such improvement, that in a short space
There were no better readers that liv'd in the place.

One book, 'twas their custom to get off by heart,
'Twas THE TESTAMENT called, in which CHRIST doth impart
The way of salvation to lead us to heaven;
And in this good book all their lessons were given.

Poor Patrick observ'd, as he heard them repeat,
The words of the book were exceedingly sweet;
And soon as he listened, the charm was so great,
He could hear it with pleasure both early and late.

"Look to CHRIST as your Saviour," it counsell'd all through:
He attempted and soon the blest consequence knew;
For his heart that was fill'd with pollution before,
Could incline to the ways of transgression no more.

The effect was so great, he was scarcely the same,—
Poor Patrick was chang'd from a wolf to a lamb;
So humble, so gentle, so harmless and mild,—
He seem'd to his neighbours just like to a child.

His wife and his children were now all his care,
And soon did the fruits of his industry share;
Till the book had been minded, they never were seen
So happy and orderly, well fed, and clean.

Thus the book brought salvation, and taught him to look
To JESUS, its subject, whose grace fills the book;
And all who regard it will certainly be,
Like Patrick, made better, and happy as he.

S. D.

Anecdotes and Selections.

SINNING BY SEEING.—Since the hearts of our first parents flew out at their eyes on the forbidden fruit, and a night of darkness was thereby brought on the world, their posterity have a natural disease, which Solomon calls, "The wandering of the desire," (or as the word is, *the walking of the soul*, Eccl. vi. 9.) This is a sort of diabolical trance, wherein the soul traverseth the world; feeds itself with a thousand airy nothings; snatcheth at this and the other created excellency, in imagination and desire; goes here and there and everywhere, except where it should go. And the soul is never cured of this disease, till grace bring it back to take up its everlasting rest in God through Christ: but till this be, if man were set again in paradise, the garden of the Lord, all the pleasures there would not keep him from looking, yea, and leaping over the hedge a second time.

Drunk with the Blood of the Saints.—According to the calculation of some, about two hundred thousand suffered death in seven years, under Pope Julian; no less than a hundred thousand were massacred by the French in the space of three months; the Waldenses who perished, amounted to one million; within thirty years, the Jesuits destroyed nine hundred thousand; under the Duke of Alva, thirty-six thousand were executed by the common hangman; a hundred and fifty thousand perished in the Inquisition; and a hundred and fifty thousand by the Irish massacre; besides the vast multitude of whom the world could never be particularly informed, who were proscribed, banished, burned, starved, buried alive, smothered, suffocated, drowned, assassinated, chained to the galleys for life, or immured within the horrid walls of the Inquisition, or others of their church or state prisons. According to some, the whole number of persons massacred since the rise of the papacy, amounts to fifty millions!

Early Impressions.—A rich and respectable Jew of Silesia employed a christian nurse in his family. She was a pious woman, sincerely devoted to the Lord. When she rocked the little girl in the cradle, or bore it in her arms, instead of singing silly songs, she repeated, in a mild voice, some pretty hymn. As the little child grew she seemed to take pleasure in the hymns, and as the nurse remained several years in the service of her father, there was time for a strong attachment. The seed sown in the heart of the child was not lost. Hidden from the eyes of men, it grew under dew from on high. At the age of sixteen, the young girl had no rest till a protestant pastor took her under his instructions, and soon after she had the pleasure of being admitted on a profession of her faith in Jesus. Often did she refer to her nurse as the instrument of her conversion. The hymns sung to her in her childhood had left on her mind impressions so deep that nothing could efface them from her memory and her heart.

Asleep and Awake.—A candidate for admission to church-membership under the Rev. Rowland Hill being required to give some account of his first impressions as to the evil of sin, and the need of the gospel, related a dream by which he had been affected, led to serious inquiry, and to the hearing of sermons. When he had ended, Mr. Hill said, "We do not wish to despise a good man's dreams by any means; but we will tell you what we think of the dream, after we have seen how you go on when you are awake."

The Celebrated Boerhaave, who had many enemies, used to say, that he never thought it necessary to repeat their calumnies. "They are sparks," said he, "which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves. The surest method against scandal is to live it down by perseverance in well-doing, and by prayer to God, that he would cure the distempered minds of those who traduce and injure us."

An Aged Christian, more than seventy years of age, who had long been known as an "Israelite indeed," was called, in the providence of God, to pass her last days in a poor-house. She was visited one day by a Wesleyan minister; and while in conversation with her on the comforts, prospects, and rewards of religion, he saw an unusual lustre beaming from her countenance, and the calmness of christian triumph glistening in her eye. Addressing her by name, he said, "Will you tell me what thought it was that passed through your mind which was the cause of your appearing so joyful?" The reply of the "old disciple" was, "O! sir, I was just thinking what a change it will be from the poor-house to heaven!"

Care of Body and care of Soul.—Is it not natural for us to care for the body, even at the expence of the soul? This was the sin of our first parents, Gen. iii. 6. O! how happy might we be, if we were but at half the pains about our souls that we bestow upon our bodies! If that question, "What must I do to be saved?" did run but near as oft through our minds as those other questions do, "What shall we eat? what shall we drink? wherewithal shall we be clothed?" many a now hopeless case would turn very hopeful. But the truth is, most men live as if they were nothing but a lump of flesh; or as if their soul served for no other use but, like salt, to keep the body from corrupting.

The Fireside.

THE EVE OF THE SABBATH.

A FAMILY SKETCH.

The sixth day's toil was drawing to a close,
In arm-chair snug the cotter sought repose:
His wife was tending, with a mother's care,
Her infant babe, so lovely and so fair:
She press'd her tender offspring to her breast,
Then laid him in his tiny bed to rest.
Her eldest daughter, kneeling by her side,
Was doing what the thoughtless oft deride;
No matter that—'tis but for me to say,
She was preparing for the Sabbath day.
Meek on her knees to God she raised her prayer,
Methought I never saw one look so fair.
She prayed, that on her parents He would pour
Unnumbered blessings, till their life was o'er;
And that, when pleased to summon them away,
Their souls might quit the world without dismay,
And gain through the Redeemer's matchless worth,
Far greater blessings than are found on earth. E. M. S.

The Penny Post Box.

CIRCULATION OF RELIGIOUS PERIODICALS.

The power of the press is now admitted on all hands. Politicians call it a fourth estate of the realm—so we have now Queen, Lords, Commons, and Press. Nearly every art, trade, or profession has now its own periodical. But it is to the Christian Press as opposed to the Infidel Press, that we now refer; and surely every intelligent christian will see and feel the importance of sustaining the former to the utmost of his power. By teaching to read you give a power that may be used for evil as well as for good. The appetite for reading being thus excited, we ought certainly to provide, not deleterious, but healthy food.

A Friend of ours in Yorkshire says:—

"I have often thought that more might be done by our churches and sabbath-schools, to induce persons to take and read the many excellent periodicals which are now issued. Why have not religious magazines more than double the circulation they have at present? Simply, because there is little or no effort made to induce people to take them. If those who read religious publications would only imitate the conduct of those who read trashy publications, by shewing them to their friends and neighbours, I am sure they would not only double the circulation, but it would be increased fourfold if not more. I enclose a copy of a circular which we have sent to the parents of the children of our Sunday-school, and also to those who attend our place of worship. We have done this with a desire to furnish the parents of our scholars with useful and interesting books, and also to encourage you and others in your work of faith and labour of love.

I may state, that to carry out our plan, we intend to form a committee of the elder boys in the school, to deliver the magazines on the week evenings, and thus avoid delivering them in the school on the sabbath, which is often a great annoyance to the Superintendents and Teachers. When we have tried the plan a few months, I will write to inform you how we succeed."

Our friend enclosed a copy of a small hand-bill, on which was given in bold type the names and prices of about twenty monthly magazines, adapted to parents and children, selected impartially, with the following notice.

"Persons desiring to take in any of the undermentioned periodicals are requested to send their names, with the titles of the magazines required, to the Superintendents or Secretaries of the above School."

We only desire to add one remark—It is not too late to adopt such a plan for the present year in any school or congregation.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

METALLIC LIFE-BOATS.

We have given a description of these "boats," and of the "cars" used for saving from wrecks, at page 26. Here is a fact which shows how successfully the life cars may be brought into use under prompt and proper management:—

"During a severe snow storm in the month of January, 1856, the *Ayrshire*, with about 200 passengers on board, was driven upon the shore of New Jersey, and stranded. The sea beat and the surf rolled so heavily, that it was physically impossible for a boat to put out and reach her; and there she might have lain, battered about amongst the breakers until the timbers had given way, and all on board perished, had not a life-boat station providentially been at hand. The life-car and its apparatus were at once brought out: the first shot from the mortar carried the line across the wreck; the hawser was expeditiously hauled through the surf, and the car attached. In a short time every passenger, to the number of 200, was drawn through the foaming surges, and landed at the station *dry and comfortable.* We need not enlarge upon the importance of having this life-car introduced into England, and kept at stations along the coast. It is impossible to estimate the number of lives that might be saved by its instrumentality in the course of a year."

To shew the great necessity that exists for the use of these boats and cars on our own coasts, we give the following:—

"The *Wreck Register* for the year 1855, states that 1,141 vessels representing 176,544 tons, occurred that year upon the coast of the United Kingdom, being an increase of 15·6 per cent. over the wrecks of 1854. The total number of lives lost was 1,469, to 1549 of 1854. The increase in collisions is remarkable. In 1852 they amounted to 67; in 1853 to 73; in 1854 to 94; and in 1855 to 247."

Hints.

A STRING OF "NEVERS."

Never put off to another day what you can do, and what would be better done, to-day.

Never trouble others to do for you what would hinder them, and which you can do yourself.

Never engage to spend your money before you have got it, or are quite sure of having it.

Never buy what you dont want because it is cheap. It will be dear to you at any price.

Never indulge the expense of vanity or pride. They always cost more than you can afford.

Never indulge the purchase of expensive food. A proud belly will cost even more than a proud back.

Never have to repent of eating or drinking too much. Moderation in both is the highway of health.

Never promise to do what you may not be able to perform. Better decline to do it at once.

Never make a man of violent temper your friend. He is no more to be trusted than a viper.

Never put trust in one who flatters you. He is only licking you that he may eat you more easily.

Never make yourself uneasy about troubles that may never come. But be ready if they should.

Never forget that you must soon leave this world for ever! Ask yourself, "Where am I going?"

Gems.

OUR FIRST TABERNACLE.—There was not one wrong pin in the tabernacle of human nature when God set it up, however shattered it is now.

MAN AND BEAST.—God made man erect that he might look up to him for all things. But the beast he made to look down on the earth for what it needed.

THE DOOR OF DEATH.—Behold the door by which Death came in! "Ye shall not surely die," was the false key with which the devil picked the lock and let in the monster.

MAN WAS MADE HOLY.—The holy God made man a holy creature in his own likeness. But when man became unholy there came from him an unholy son in his own likeness.

CORRUPTION AND VIOLENCE were the two great curses of human nature which brought the flood on the ungodly. But even that flood did not quench these burning evils in the heart of man. They are always bursting out flames kindled of hell.

MAN'S EVIL DESIRES—lusts, the Bible calls them—often rise above all law, human or divine, shewing man is naturally a lawless being. Well may we long for heaven, where law and love reign, for who would prefer to live in a lawless world?

ISHMAEL.—This name is said to signify *a wild ass-man*. Verily, the world is full of Ishmaelites, for though vain man would fain be reputed wise, yet is he born like the wild asses colt.

ICHABOD is another name by which man may now be called, for the conduct of the natural man is as if there were written on his forehead, "The glory is departed."

HOW HAPPY MAN was ere he listened to the devil's lies. No pain or penalty, no sickness or sighing, were his! Heaven shone down upon him, and earth smiled around him.

HOW HAPPY MAN MAY BE YET! —Christ, the second Adam—the bruiser of satan—the destroyer of death—the breaker-up of the grave —has opened for man the way to a more glorious Paradise. Trust him, and he will save you.

Poetic Selections.

A WIFE'S EPITAPH FOR HER HUSBAND.

I LOV'D thee, fond partner, and love was thy due;
I lov'd thee, fond partner, and tenderly too;
My wish for thy welfare was fervent and free,
And the heart in my bosom beat warmly for thee.
When my spirit is sad, and my bosom oppress'd,
Thy faith in the Saviour gives peace to my breast.
I remember thy love, thy affection for me,
And I smile mid my sorrows when thinking of thee.
I smile though my pathway is shrouded with gloom;
I smile though thy dust is consigned to the tomb;
For I gaze on the skies when most bright they appear,
As thy heaven and thy home, and I long to be there.

HEAVEN'S HAPPINESS.

YES, far beyond the clouds outspread,
Where soaring fancy oft hath been;
There is a land where thou hast said,
The pure in heart shall enter in.

There, in those realms so calmly bright,
How many a loved and gentle one
Bathe their soft plumes in living light,
That sparkles from thy radiant throne!

There, souls that once were sad as ours,
Look up and sing 'mid fadeless flowers;
They dream no more of grief and care,
For Thou, the God of peace art there.

NEVER DESPAIR.

WHAT though thy sun be overcast
With clouds, it cannot always last.
Soon shall his bright enlivening ray
Turn all thy darkness into day;
Wait patiently a little while,
And thou again shalt see him smile;
And should he long seem to neglect
To give the smiles thou dost expect,
Remember, though his head he shrouds,
There's sunshine now beyond the clouds.

The Children's Corner.

THE PLOUGH-BOY'S DREAM.

I AM a plough-boy stout and strong,
As ever drove a team;
But three years since, asleep in bed,
I had a dreadful dream.

I dreamed that on a frosty day,
I had to go and plough
A field which look'd like lumps of clay;
An awkward job I trow.

I took at early dawn my team—
Old Dobbin and old Star—
But could not make my furrows clean;
The plough would go ajar.

The fault, I thought, was in my team,
And so I whipt them more;
And then I thought that in my dream,
I shouted and I swore.

But all in vain, they would go wrong,
In spite of all I did;
And neither blows nor wicked tongue
Could make them do as bid.

When, lo! above an Angel bright,
Before me did appear;
He seemed all drest in glory bright,
And put me in great fear.

"Give over, cruel boy," he cried,
"Nor thus thy team abuse,
For were the ground not frosted so,
They would not work refuse."

And then I thought the thunder roared,
And lightnings flashed around,
The rain in awful torrents poured,
And covered all the ground.

And then I heard a voice which said,
"Repent of all thy sin,
Seek pardon through a Saviour's blood,
And a new life begin.

Thus only canst thou find reprieve,
From hell so dark and deep."
Then quaking like an aspen leaf,
I waken'd from my sleep.

Now as the dream has done me good,
I put it into rhyme,
That other plough-boys, rough and rude,
May fear the Lord in time.

Whether you think it false or true,
It matters not one pin,
One thing I now can say, I know
It made me leave off sin.

And now I know the Saviour's blood
Can cleanse us from all sin,
And wish the boys who read this would,
A better life begin.

SPANISH AUTO-DE-FE.

In conducting a criminal process, the Holy Office, if the evidence obtained against a person accused was deemed sufficient, issued an order for his arrest. If he succeeded in eluding the officers by flight, they were furnished with a minute description of his person and with his portrait, rendering it next to impossible for him ultimately to escape. If he was apprehended he was thrown into one of the secret dungeons—those dungeons especially intended for heretics or persons suspected of heresy—narrow and unventilated, damp, if subterraneous, and dark, admitting the light only by a small chink. Here the prisoner lay, strictly excluded from intercourse with all save a priest of the Romish church and his jailor, and without a fire or light in winter to dispel the cold and the darkness during the long and cheerless nights.

Meanwhile, a circular was sent to all the tribunals in the province to ascertain whether any charge or charges existed against him in their registers. If it turned out that there did, the depositions of the different witnesses recorded in one of the registers, or the entries in different registers, though referring to the same fact yet being expressed in different terms, were, with flagrant injustice, converted into so many distinct charges—it might be four, five, or six—against the prisoner. These extracts thus constructed were then communicated in writing to the qualificators of the Holy Office, who were the interpreters of what constituted heresy. The qualificators being monks almost always ignorant and fanatical, generally found heresy in everything above the reach of their own understandings, or belonging to a region beyond the limited range of their own studies, which had been exclusively confined to scholastic theology.

In the three first days following the imprisonment of the culprit he had three audiences of monition, in which he was recommended to speak the truth, without evasion or concealment, both respecting himself and others, otherwise he would be proceeded against with the utmost rigour. Kept in ignorance of the precise nature of the cause of his arrest, he was simply told that no person was taken to the prisons of the Holy Office without sufficient proof, and that it would be for his own interest to confess his crimes voluntarily. By this base artifice, resembling that to which the witnesses were subjected, he was not unfrequently, like them, betrayed into making

declarations implicating others and giving rise to new processes for heretical offences.

If the inquisitors concluded, as they usually did, that he had not made a full confession, they ordered him to be put to the question by the rack, the pulley, or the fire—the three modes of torture to which they had recourse. This ordeal he went through in a subterraneous vault, where the cries of the victim could be heard by none save his tormenters, and the horrors of which it is impossible to exaggerate. If the extremity of pain extorted from him a confession of guilt, he was required on the following day to confirm it upon oath, and should he retract instead of confirming it, he was condemned to a repetition of the same sufferings.* At the conclusion of the torture he was conveyed back to his dungeon, where in solitude and darkness he was left, racked with pain and parched with fever, to await the doom, which, if he was obstinate, was to consign him to the flames, or if he was penitent, to deprivation of rank, titles, and dignities—provided he was a person of noble condition—to confiscation of goods, perpetual imprisonment, and to various penances involving his degradation for life, and entailing infamy, beggary, and ruin upon his offspring to the latest posterity.

The prisoner never received his accusation in writing, to enable him deliberately to reply to the charges. He simply heard it read in the audience-chamber by the secretary, and the procurator-fiscal, between each article, called upon the prisoner to reply to it instantly, and to declare whether it was true or false—a proceeding calculated and intended to throw him into embarrassment by compelling him to give his answers without previous reflection. He was, indeed, allowed a sort of defence; but he could select his counsel only from a list of advocates belonging to the Holy Office, and instead of the original process, the advocate was favoured only with garbled extracts from the depositions of the witnesses, nor was he permitted to confer with his client. The prisoner, besides, was never confronted either with his accuser or with the witnesses, of whose names he was even kept in ignorance; and the whole proceedings were shrouded from the public view in impenetrable secrecy.

* By a regulation of Philip II., the repetition of the torture in the same process was forbidden. But the inquisitors evaded the law by pretending, after every new infliction, that the torture was only suspended, not terminated; and thus they could repeat it upon the same person as often as they pleased.

From these few particulars as to the mode of conducting the criminal process against the prisoners, the reader may judge of all the rest, which equally set both humanity and justice at defiance. "The whole was a confused labyrinth, from the snares and windings of which the honour, and life, and liberty of the accused could scarcely be extricated. An impossibility, almost absolute, on the part of the culprits to substantiate the justice of their cause, and a facility almost boundless on the part of the inquisitors to aggrieve them, were the two principal hinges on which its judicial examinations turned in criminal cases."

The closing scene of this horrible tragedy was the *auto-de-fe*, or *act of faith*, being the public exhibition connected with the pronouncing and execution of the sentences upon the respective prisoners. It was celebrated with great pomp and solemnity, that, by striking dismay into the minds of the people, it might contribute to uphold the majesty and authority of the Holy Tribunal. It was borrowed from the imposing spectacle of the ancient Roman triumph, and with unmatched impiety it was at the same time an imitation of, and intended to represent by anticipation, the awful solemnities of the last judgment.

The *auto-de-fe* was particular or general. The particular, called *autillo*, or the little *auto*, which took place when the culprits were few, was conducted either in the church publicly, or privately in the sessions-hall of the court. It is of the general *auto*, which took place when the culprits were numerous, that we here treat. It is horrifying to think that the sabbath, the standing memorial of redeeming love, and consecrated to be a day of rejoicing to the children of men, was generally selected, and when not the sabbath a holiday, for the celebration of this bloody demonstration of Catholic zeal. It was solemnized sometimes in a large church, but more frequently in the principal square of the town or city. And as a multitude of spectators served to enhance the display, and heighten the effect, it was previously intimated in all the churches and monasteries in the neighbourhood, sometimes proclaimed also by the public crier; and as an inducement to the people to attend, an indulgence of forty days was announced and promised to all who should be present.

On the evening preceding the *auto*, all the male prisoners whose punishments and penances were to be short of death, were collected together into one large prison, and the female

prisoners of the same class into another, to hear read to them their respective sentences. Those who were doomed to expiate their offences at the stake were kept apart, each in his own prison; and at ten or eleven o'clock at night, a priest was sent to communicate to them the tidings of their doom, and to prepare them for it by confessing them, if penitent, and exhorting them, if obstinate, to abjure their damnable heresies, in which case, besides securing the salvation of their souls, they would obtain the favour to die by strangulation, before being touched by the fire.

Early on the following morning, the great work of the day was announced by the ringing of the church bells. On hearing this signal, all the familiars and officers of the Holy Tribunal hastened to the prison to make the necessary arrangements, especially to attire the prisoners in the several habits in which they were to make their appearance, and which, with slight variations in different places and at different times, were of the following description:—The penitents were clothed in the *san-benito*, a coarse woollen garment of a yellow colour, brought close round the neck, and descending loosely like a frock to the knees;* and it was the same for them all, except that it was differently decorated according to the different classes of the penitents. Those of them who abjured, as slightly suspected of heresy, wore it without the cross; those who abjured as strongly suspected, wore it with half the cross; and those who were formal heretics, wore it with the cross entire. The prisoners condemned to death wore, besides the san-benito, a pasteboard conical cap, three feet high, called *coroza*, on the head. These two articles of dress were the same for them all, with the exception of being differently decorated for the different classes. Those who had repented before being sentenced, wore them embroidered, each with a scarlet cross; those who had repented after their sentence, and before they were conducted to the *auto-de-fe*, wore them ornamented, each with a portrait representing the wearer in the midst of flames, which were reversed, denoting that he was not to be burned until he had been first strangled; and those who had refused to recant, wore them decorated, each with a portrait representing the

* This was a habit worn by penitents, as the name imports. The penitential habit was called *sac* by the Jews. Before the thirteenth century it was the custom to bless the *sac* which was worn in a public penance, and hence it had added to it the epithet *Benidito*, *i. e.*, *blessed* The word san-benito is a corruption of these two words. The real name in Spanish is *samarra*.—Llorente, chap. iv.

wearer in the midst of flames which were ascending, to denote that he was to be burned alive, and garnished, in addition, with black grotesque figures of dragons and devils in the act of carrying faggots and fanning the flames, typical of the torments of hell, which were awaiting the obstinate heretic in another world. The prisoners had also a rope round the neck, and were required to carry a yellow wax taper unlighted in the hand. The ceremony of dressing the prisoners being concluded, they had provided for them, as if in mockery of their misery, a sumptuous breakfast, which, as they had little appetite to partake of the dainty fare, was greedily devoured by the familiars of the Holy Office.

At the appointed hour, the various parties who were to join in the solemnities of the day assembled in the court of the prison; and the procession, in pompous ceremonial, moved slowly on, generally in the following order:—A party of soldiers went before to clear the way. Then came first a body of priests in their surplices, attended by a company of students, who, with the priests, made great show of piety, chanting the Liturgy, which they repeated alternately with the chorus, "*Ora pro illis*"—*i. e.*, "Pray for them." Succeeding these were those officials who carried, fixed upright on long poles, the effigies of persons condemned, previously dead, or who had made their escape, with their names inscribed in large letters on the breasts of their effigies. Next advanced the prisoners—first the penitents, in an order corresponding to the degrees of their reputed guilt, beginning with the least criminal; and then the prisoners destined to the flames, the most of them with gags in their mouths, those who had abjured heresy in the hope of obtaining pardon, but whom repentance could not save from the flames, going before, while such of them as had continued constant to the last closed this part of the procession. Each prisoner was guarded by two armed familiars, and those condemned to death were besides attended by two monks, who were incessantly attempting to convert them. The prisoners were followed by the magistrates and judges of the place, the king's lieutenant, and by a number of the nobility on horseback. Behind them were the ecclesiastics, priests, clergymen and curates of the parishes. After them, all the chapter of the great church. Then the abbots and priors of the monasteries, with their retinue. At a short distance from these were to be seen, marching with a grave and solemn step, the venerable members of the Inquisi-

tion, preceded by their procurator-fiscal, carrying the standard of the Holy Office, which was made of red silk damask, and embroidered on one side by the portrait, name, and arms of Pope Sixtus IV., and on the other side by the portrait, name, and arms of Ferdinand I., the two personages to whom Spain was indebted for the blessing of the modern Inquisition, and surmounted by a silver crucifix, overlaid with gold, which the superstitious people held in veneration, as peculiarly sacred. The holy fathers were followed by their body guard, the familiars, on horseback, among whom, as honorary members, were many of the Spanish grandees, all clothed in the same sable livery. Then followed in confusion an immense crowd of people, drawn together from curiosity from all the surrounding country to witness this triumphal show of catholic zeal.

The procession having arrived at the place where the ceremonies of the *auto* were to be performed, the inquisitors ascended the platform erected for them, and the prisoners were conducted to another directly opposite. All the parties having taken their seats, the proceedings began with a sermon, generally preached by some dignitary of the church, after which the sentences of the respective prisoners were publicly read, beginning with those who were reputed less guilty, or who were penitents, and ending with those who were pronounced obstinate. The penitents were publicly reconciled, and the obstinate were *relaxed*—that is, delivered over as impenitent heretics to the civil magistrate, whose office it now was to execute upon them the penalty awarded to heretics by the civil law, which was death by burning. To produce effect, all this was done with much formality, and with many ceremonies. Then the penitents were conducted back to their respective prisons, and the others were led away to the place where the stakes were fixed, which was without the walls of the town.

To pass through the fearful scenes now described, was, it might be supposed, a trial to which few, in respect either to the powers of their physical frame or to their mental energies, were equal. A long and solitary imprisonment—the privations and horrors of the grave-like dungeons— frequent and harrassing examinations before cruel and ensnaring judges—the repeated endurance of the torture—the agony of being kept in a state of constant suspense, all ending in the barbarous exhibitions of a whole day, "where the agency of shame and terror, and every circumstance which the ingenuity of cruelty could devise," were

employed to crush the spirits of the prisoners;—this overwhelming load, it might be supposed, was enough to lay prostrate the mental as well as the physical powers of the strongest. Yet many of the Spanish martyrs, including an honoured list of the tender sex, upheld, doubtless, by more than human strength, had the fortitude to endure all this, and to close the scene by braving the torment of the flames, repelling to the last all the officious distracting efforts made by the monks to overthrow their faith.

Poetry.

THE SURE FOUNDATION.

Ah! what are all the things of earth,
  Men, titles, honour, wealth, and fame?
And what the boast of royal birth?
  What but the phantoms of a dream?

What is there here whereon to trust,
  Where all is doomed to pass away?
Our frail foundation is the dust,
  Subject to ruin and decay!

But I will sing of regions fair,
  Whose glory passeth not away;
That city, whose foundations are
  Enduring as eternity.

No sorrow, pain, or sickness there,
  Can ever the redeemed annoy;
For bliss, unsullied by a tear,
  Dwells in that world of endless joy!

He who builds all his hopes below,
  Must suffer an eternal loss;
And all his hope of heaven forego,
  For what will prove but worthless dross.

But he who builds his hopes above,
  Hath a foundation firm and sure;
Built on a rock that cannot move,
  But shall eternally endure!

Behold in Zion there is laid
  A corner stone, a sure foundation,
Since Jesus hath a ransom paid,
  For every kindred, tongue, and nation.

S. S.

Anecdotes and Selections.

Bent on Ruin.—This seems to be the natural state of man. For there is in the will of man a natural proneness to evil, a woful bent towards sin. Men naturally are *bent to backsliding from God.* Hos. ii. 7. They hang (as the word is) towards backsliding; even as a hanging wall, whose *breaking cometh suddenly at an instant.* Set holiness and life upon the one side, sin and death upon the other; leave the unrenewed will to itself, it will choose sin, and reject holiness. This is no more to be doubted than that water poured on the side of a hill will run downward, but not upward; or that a flame will ascend, and not descend. But the grace of God in Christ is offered to all who seek it, and by its power working in us we are made able both to will and to do what will be acceptable to God, who says, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Tumbling into Perdition.—Unconverted men go rambling through the world like so many blind men, who will neither take a guide, nor can guide themselves; and therefore are falling over this and the other precipice into destruction. Some are running after their covetousness till they be pierced through with many sorrows; some sticking in the mire of sensuality; others dashing themselves on the rock of pride and self-conceit; every one stumbling on some one stone of stumbling or another: all of them are running themselves upon the sword-point of God's justice, while they eagerly follow whither their passions lead them; and while some are lying alone in the way, others are coming up and falling headlong over them. Thus are men tumbling into perdition, and they will not come to Christ that they may be saved. Oh, how sad is all this!

The Highest Honour.—One of the witnesses of the truth, when imprisoned for conscience' sake in Queen Mary's days, is said to have thus written to a friend: "A prisoner for Christ! what is this for a poor worm? Such honour have not all his saints. Both the degrees which I took in the university have not set me so high as the honour of becoming a prisoner of the Lord."

Dioclesian's Confession.—Dioclesian, the last and the worst of the Roman persecuting emperors, observed, that the more he sought to blot out the name of Christ, the more legible it became; and that whatever of Christ he thought to eradicate, it took the deeper root, and rose the higher in the hearts and lives of men.

The Countess of Burford, for the last few years of her life, had to ride, almost constantly, on horseback, upwards of sixteen miles to and from the place where she attended to hear the gospel; yet neither frost, snow, rain, or bad roads, were sufficient to detain her at home, nor to prevent her being there before the worship began.

The Fireside.

THE TWO HOMES.

In a real good *home* there are good parents, who will be sure to remember that their children have souls that will live for ever, and that they must try to take care of their children's souls above all other things. In such a *home*, that good book the bible will be read every morning at breakfast time, and the blessing of the great God will be sought every day, and the children will be taught to fear that great and dreadful name—"The Lord thy God," and to love the Saviour who died for their sins. If the parents are poor, they will see that their children go to a Sunday-school, and take care that they are sent in good time, all clean and nice as they ought to be. On such a house the blessing of God will rest, and they will live in peace and love.

But there is nothing of this sort in the dirty drunken man's house? No: perhaps there is not a bible—nor a leaf of a book to be seen; as for prayer it is never thought of, and the poor little creatures never hear the name of the Great Being except when their father utters some dreadful oath. They have never been taught to read, and having no clothes fit even to go to Sunday-school in, they set off on a sabbath morning and run about the fields, and over the hedges, and through the brooks, like so many wild heathens. Many of these dirty, ragged, wretched children may be seen almost every sabbath. Who does not pity them?

The Penny Post Box.

WHERE, AND HOW WOULD YOU DIE?

Perhaps very few think about this at all; but the most careless and thoughtless, if they must give an answer, would not say, "In a ball-room or a theatre." Few would do that. They would not like death to come then. But he may come then. He has come then sometimes. A Friend has sent us some verses about a young woman who died in a theatre. Neither he nor we would judge her. God has done that. All we say is we would not wish so to die. Would you?

She sat amid the thoughtless throng,
In wild excitement there;
She listened to the mirthful song,
Not thinking death was near.

The arrow sped its fatal course,
And soon its victim found:
She hears no more the mirth and noise
Of all who sit around.

Her soul has fled, but who can say
The state it now is in?
Oh! may I never love to dwell
Within the courts of sin.

May I now learn to tread below
The path the Saviour trod;
And as my moments onward flow,
Prepare to meet my God.

J. S.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

DREADFUL ARE THE EFFECTS OF DRUNKENNESS, as may be seen in every newspaper. It is known that in one year the results were—but there were many more—711 brawls and violent assaults, including many cases of stabbing, cutting, and wounding; 294 robberies, being upon drunken persons; 237 cases of atrocious cruelty upon wives and children; 166 serious accidents; 162 actual or attempted suicides; 520 horrible deaths; and 121 murders or manslaughters.

IT IS A SINGULAR FACT that men buried in an avalanche of snow hear distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking for them, while their own most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even a few feet of the snow!

COWS AND BUTTERCUPS.—Many people imagine that cows are fond of buttercups, and that they give a rich appearance to the butter. This, however, is a great mistake. Cows in every possible way avoid the buttercup, which is a nauseous, bitter herb; so they leave it to grow as it likes. Every particle of grass may often be seen cropped close round it, while the herb itself is left untouched. But farmers like to see buttercups, because they abound in good, sound, dry old pastures, and the remainder of the herbage is generally good.

SMOKE AND SOAP.—It is affirmed that the inhabitants of Manchester expend £200,000 per year in soap, to cleanse themselves, their clothing, and their houses, from the effects of smoke and blacks—the latter of which fall like snow flakes, only they are in mourning for the loss of the sun.

"HOW A PENNY BECAME A THOUSAND POUNDS."—This is the name of a book, the author of which took a penny in 1843, and traded with it apart from his other business. In 1855 it had produced £1000. The first penny he has had put into a handsome frame as an ornament.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—That is in 1756, robbers rode on horseback. They were called "highwaymen," and he who took one was entitled to his horse even if the highwayman had stolen it and the owner was known.

A FACT OF THE LATE WAR.—As much iron, it is said, was used in the bombardment of Sebastopol as would have laid down many hundreds of miles of railway.

Hints.

A STRING OF "ALWAYS."

Always avoid doing evil as much as you can, that you may have less cause of regret at the close of life.

Always keep down evil thoughts; for after them come evil words, and then evil actions.

Always remember that if you allow an evil passion to rule you, you make yourself a slave.

Always expect that in every cup of mere worldly pleasure there will be a mixture of bitterness.

Always do good if you can to an enemy, for by that you may shut his mouth and disarm him.

Always choose your friends from those who live in the fear of God; you will be more safe with them.

Always suspect that those who are fond of telling you of others faults will tell your faults to others.

Always ask yourself before doing a doubtful thing, whether you had not better leave it alone and think again.

Always save little things; for so' though you be not rich, you may have to give to him that needeth.

Always make good use of little bits of time. Never waste them; for you can never pick them up again.

Always be temperate in eating and drinking; for if you burden your stomach it will turn again and punish you.

Always consult your conscience; for if you do not it will speak and upbraid you for the neglect.

Gems.

JESUS CHRIST is the executor of his own will, and will see every legacy paid; he intended to give when he promised, and he will certainly fulfil, for he is in the same mind.

HOW VAST THE RICHES OF CHRIST.—He has supplied the wants of hundreds of millions, and made them wealthy to all eternity; and yet his riches are unsearchable.

POOR YET RICH.—The poorest moment of the christian's life will be his last, for then he will be stripped of everything, but the next will be his richest, for then he will have all the glory of heaven and eternity in possession.

STRONG FAITH will rest simply upon God's word, and thus honour him; but weak faith is not satisfied without sensible comforts, and gives way to doubt and despondency when it does not enjoy them.

SIN SINKS US below the level of a beast, but grace exalts us above the glory of an angel; sin makes the heart the hold of every foul spirit, grace makes it the temple of the Holy Spirit.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST is our example, the death of Christ is our salvation, the word of Christ is our study, the intercession of Christ is our security, and the second coming of Christ is our hope: we have all we want in Christ.

GOD'S GREAT COMMAND to us is, "Believe on my Son, and be saved;" and until this is attended to, our life is rebellion, and our danger imminent.

THE GOSPEL EXCLUDES NONE, but generously invites all; if any sinner is willing to receive Christ and be saved by him, he is heartily welcome: the only terms are, "let him come and take freely."

CONSCIENCE in some is like a lion asleep; sickness or death will arouse it, and its roar will be dreadful: nothing but the blood of Jesus can pacify it.

Poetic Selections.

DEPARTING TO BE WITH CHRIST.

'Tis the soul's desired peace:—
'Tis the spirit's wished release,
From this world of ceaseless strife,
From the ills of mortal life.

Happy change, that maketh free
Through a vast eternity;
Brings us to our Father's face,
Ripe in love, matured in grace.

Here we've nought that is our own;
There we shall receive a crown;
Rest from all our toil and woe,
Which we never could below.

O! how sweet to soar away,
To the realms of endless day!
Then to be with friends at home,
Ne'er to part and ne'er to roam.

Blissful thought! for we shall be
Like Him when our Lord we see;
Full of love, and full of grace,
When we see Him face to face!

J. L.

THOUGHTS OF CHRIST.

WHEN, O my Saviour! I survey
Thy matchless love to one like me,
My earthbound feelings all give way,
And I with Jesus long to be.

I'd leave all earthly joys behind,
To those who have no other fare,
While I would soar above to find
My Saviour, and his glory share.

O! when will these blest moments come,
When I shall bid this world adieu,
And be conducted safely home,
For ever there his face to view!

J. T.

The Children's Corner.

FORTUNE TELLING.

THE gipsies tell us they can read
The dark uncertain morrow,
Though well we know God hides from man
Its happiness or sorrow.

But some things we may all foretell,
They come to pass so certain;
I'll tell *your* fortune if you will,
And lift to-morrow's curtain.

Say, are you peevish, fretful, cross,
Nursing a vile ill temper?
Your friends will fly you as a curse,
Or horrible distemper.

Are you a vain and flaunting thing,
Proud of your dress or station?
Here or hereafter pride must bow,
And suffer degradation.

Is self the ruler of your heart,
The idol of your bosom?
If youth so base a bud produce,
How vile will be the blossom!

Are you an idle sluggish drone,
In youth's fresh seed-time sleeping?
Then your's will be a barren age,
An autumn with no reaping.

Our fortune thus we make or mar—
Our blessing or undoing;
Our habits are our fortune still,
Our happiness or ruin.

Heaven means to us the highest good
That we can be possessing,
And 'tis our fault if we should lose
Its everlasting blessing.

Such things are all we need to know
Of future joy or sorrow;
Do your own duty well to-day,
And fear no ill to-morrow.

THE CONVERTED PARSON.

John Isaac Harrison, A.M., had been a clergyman of the established church upwards of twenty years, before he became savingly acquainted with the things of God: his former character was judged rather moral, not having degenerated into those habits which have too often rendered the sacred office odious, even in the eyes of wicked men. However, like some other clerical gentlemen of fashion, he by no means thought 'the cheerful song,' 'the innocent game of cards,' or 'the generous glass,' inconsistent with the minister of Christ. Mr. Harrison possessed considerable talents; and being highly cultivated, by extensive literary knowledge, he ranked among the most celebrated pulpit advocates of charity, previous to the days of Dean Kirwan: but God, whose ways are not our ways, neither his thoughts as our thoughts, was pleased to display the riches of his grace in a manner that is worthy of being held in remembrance!

About the middle of the year 1807, Mr. Harrison heard one of the preachers of the Methodist Society, in the street of Naas, in Ireland, preach from these words: 'The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest.' Conviction accompanied the plain application of these words to his judgment and heart: he saw clearly, that instead of being a faithful labourer, he had been an idler, and an unprofitable servant in the Lord's vineyard. The word of salvation was blessed to his soul,—he became a new creature; and, through the divine influence of the Holy Spirit, was brought to rejoice in God his Saviour. Deeply impressed with a sense of his state, he introduced himself, immediately after the service, to the Methodist preachers; and his first salutation was, 'I am a clergyman of the established church; but, alas! I am one of the idlers which I have heard described in your sermon.' He then kindly invited them to his house; and they accepted his hospitable invitation.

Upon entering the house, they found a numerous party, all busy in playing at cards. Mr. Harrison introduced them with these words, 'These are Methodist preachers, whom I have been hearing in the street.' Instantly they laid down their

cards, and a general silence ensued. Being in a clergyman's house, the preachers judged it necessary to be cautious as to their manner of reproving. At length one of the preachers said, 'Will you allow me, though a stranger, to enter my protest against this idle practice of card-playing?' Mrs. Harrison replied, 'Sir, what harm is there in card-playing?' He said, 'Madam, is it not a loss of time, and a forgetfulness of God?' 'We have time enough,' replied Mrs. Harrison; 'for we have no other amusement when we meet together on a winter evening.' 'Pray, Madam,' said he, 'have you not the Bible to read?' Mr. Harrison immediately went to his book-case, brought out a large Bible, and laying it down on the table among the cards, said, 'We have Bibles enough in this house; but, God help us, we make bad use of them.' The preacher then added, 'Madam, when you have understood the Scriptures so well, that you can say there is nothing new in them, then resort to the cards, for the sake of variety; but while there are excellencies unknown, and beauties unseen in the sacred volume, be advised to lay aside the cards, and begin to search diligently after the riches of divine truth.' She instantly called a servant, and ordered the cards to be taken away. Mr. Harrison then addressed the company in these words: 'I have heard some very pointed truths delivered in the street to-day; I must say they were the truths of God; nor did any one need to hear them more than myself. I was also much affected,' he added, 'by the singing of the first hymn;' and then he requested them to sing it again, for him and his friends. The hymn began, 'From Salem's gate advancing slow,' &c. The effect produced by the singing of this admirable and pathetic hymn was truly grateful. Mr. Harrison requested them to sing it again; which they did; and then they went to prayer. When the sacred impression was made upon his heart, he did not hide his talents under a bushel. No; his love to Christ was ardent,—he felt himself constrained to declare the great love of God to all his dear connexions; and it is a circumstance not to be forgotten, that his amiable family joyfully participated with him in his humble and cordial devotion to God:—a blessing to a good man not to be appreciated!

Shortly after, being at Athy, he was invited to a ball as formerly; but he replied to the lady, 'I have done with dancing!' She said, 'Are you become a Methodist? Why, Mr. Harrison,

you was always a good liver, and preached the best sermons we heard in church!' 'Yes I was like Nicodemus,' said Mr. H. 'a master in Israel; but knew nothing of the new birth!'

His pious devotion to God soon became manifest, in an ardent zeal for the salvation of immortal souls. As chaplain of the garrison of Naas, he now felt it his duty to use other exertions than formerly, to do good to the poor soldiers; for whom he had occasionally read prayers. He frequently exhorted them with affection and zeal to flee from the wrath to come; and not a few, in different regiments which lay in that town, will remember the gracious warnings they received from his lips.

In order to follow up his sincere endeavours to be useful, he commenced an evening sermon on the sabbath-day, in his own house; which he continued till God took him to heaven. Though the congregation in church was small, yet such numbers attended his evening sermons, that he was obliged to erect a gallery in his school-house for their accommodation.

In the month of April, 1809, he caught the fever of which he died. He received the infection by visiting the sick and dying. He lay about three weeks; during which time he was blessed with unspeakable comforts. He told Mrs. H. that his time was come. He also assured the physician, that all medicines would be ineffectual; repeating the same words, 'My time is come!' At intervals he was delirious; but in his lucid moments he was all peace and joy. He delighted to speak of God and heavenly things; and frequently would repeat some suitable text of Scripture, or verse of a hymn. Through the whole of his illness he was happily assured of his interest in the blessed Redeemer, and enjoyed a sweet and heavenly serenity. His hope in Christ, as the refuge of sinners, was solid; the sting of death was taken away, and he was not afraid to die. Nothing could equal that calmness with which he looked the king of terrors in the face. In this state he continued until he bid an everlasting farewell to all the things that are seen and temporal, and ascended to join the elevated worship of heaven, the society of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect!

Thus an humble follower of the Lamb of God ended his mortal race! That race was short; but it is not for mortals to cavil at the dispensations of an all-wise God: it rather behoves

them to adopt that submissive and adoring language, 'Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'

'O Thou, whose steps, mysterious and profound,
No finite wisdom ever can explore!
May we, amidst this dire affliction round,
Await thy will, and all thy ways adore!

Not Harrison, but we have felt the stroke;
Ours is the loss,—th' immortal gain is his!
Adore, our souls, the hand that kindly broke
His mortal chains, and rapt him into bliss!

Enough, enough to selfish grief is given;
Lo! faith clears up the dark mysterious way;
With reverence opes the golden gates of heaven,
And shews the saint in realms of endless day!'

May every reader of this brief memoir be enabled to remember how uncertain is human life, where most desirable, and most likely to be prolonged! O Reader! thou art yet of the number of the 'living, who know that they shall die!' Oh! may it be thy concern and mine, so to 'number our days, that we may apply our hearts to that wisdom which makes men wise unto salvation, through faith, which is in Christ Jesus.

FROM AN OLD MAGAZINE.

Poetry.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

"I WOULD not live alway," though fortune and fame,
Should, smiling, caress me, and call me by name;
Those heights of ambition if I could attain,
Might cause me to sink into folly again.

"I would not live alway," lest tempted to roam,
In sin's crooked pathways of sorrow and gloom,
Where the smile of my God would be hid from my sight,
And my soul would be lost in the darkness of night.

"I would not live alway," far off from my rest,
And those who on earth I loved dearest and best;
And the presence of Jesus my Saviour divine,
For I long to be changed, in his likeness to shine.

"I would not live alway," far off from my home,
As a stranger and pilgrim in this world to roam,
When a crown is prepared me, and Jesus says "Come,"
And angels stand waiting to carry me home. C. M.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE FAULTY MILL.

An active and skilful young minister was once told of a miller who, with more than usual profaneness, had repelled every attempt to approach him on the subject of religion, and had discouraged the hopes and efforts of the few serious persons in his vicinity. Among other practices of sinful daring, he uniformly kept his windmill, the most striking object in the village, going on the sabbath. In a little time the minister determined to make an effort for the benefit of this apparently hopeless man. He undertook the office of going for his flour the next time himself.

"A fine mill," said he, as the miller adjusted his sack to receive the flour; "A fine mill indeed! One of the completest I have ever seen."

This was nothing more than just what the miller had heard a thousand times before, and would firmly have thought it, though he had only heard it once; but his skill and judgment were still gratified by this new testimony, and his feelings conciliated, even towards the minister.

"But oh!" continued his customer, after a pause, "there is one defect in it."

"What is that?" carelessly asked the miller.

"A very serious defect too."

"Eh?" replied the miller snappishly.

"A defect that is likely to counterbalance all the advantages."

"Well, what is it?" said the miller standing straight up, and looking the minister in the face.

But he still went on unmoved—"A defect that is likely to ruin the whole mill."

"What is it?" reiterated the miller.

"And will no doubt ruin the owner."

"Can't you say it out?" exclaimed the impatient miller.

"*It goes on the Sabbath?*" pronounced the minister in a firm, solemn, and monitory tone.

The astonished man stood blank and thunder-struck, and remained meek and submissive, under a remonstrance and exhortation of a quarter of an hour's length, in which the danger of his state and practices, and the call to repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ were fully proposed to him.

A Pretty Thought.—A little girl inquired of her friend, who had passed her eighth year, "What causes the rain?" to which the following beautiful reply was given—"The drops of rain are the tears shed by the angels over the sins of the world."

THE PREACHER AND THE PLAYER—A CONTRAST!—Shuter, the comedian, it is well known, at one time had serious impressions, and attended at the Tabernacle, where he heard, among others, Mr. Kinsman, to whom he was personally known. Sometime after he went to Plymouth, where he unexpectedly met him, and inquired if he lived there. "Yes," said Mr. Kinsman, "but I am just returned from London, where I have preached so often, to such large auditories, that Dr. Fothergill advised my immediate return to Plymouth to recover my health." "And I," said the comedian, "have been acting Sir John Falstaff so often, that I thought I should have died; and the physician advised me to come into the country for the benefit of the air. Had you died," added Mr. Shuter, "it would have been in the service of the best of Masters; but had I, it would have been in the service of the devil."

JUDGE HALE ON THE SABBATH.—This great man, in writing to his children on the duties they were called to observe, thus speaks of the sabbath;—"I have by long and sound experience found, that the due observance of this day, and the duties of it, hath been of singular comfort and advantage to me. The observance of this day hath ever had joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time; and the week that hath been so begun hath blessed and prospered to me; and, on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week has been unsuccessful and unhappy to my own secular employments; so that I could easily make an estimate of my successes the week following, by the manner of my passing this day. And this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound observation and experience."

FAITH ACCOMMODATED TO ITS OBJECT.—Faith and its object are always just suited to each other. If Christ is set forth as the brazen serpent was, faith is the eye to behold him; if Christ speaks, faith is the ear to hear him; if he is the bread of life, faith feeds upon him; if he is the city of refuge, faith flees to him; if he is a gift, faith is the hand to receive him; if a garment, faith puts him on; if a way, faith walks in him; if the truth, faith is the knowledge of him; if the life, faith lives upon him; if he be a prophet, faith sits at his feet and learns; if a priest, faith relies on his sacrifice; if a king, faith submits to his authority. In a word, it adopts the whole and every part of Christ in his nature, offices, relations, and names. Wherever Christ is, there would faith be: it follows him as the needle does the loadstone.

THE EARLY HEARER.—A pious woman who always used to attend public worship with great punctuality, and took care to be always in time, was asked how it was she could always come so early. She answered, very wisely, "It is a part of my religion not to disturb the religion of others."

A Fortunate Discovery.—A poor shepherd in France, the father of a numerous family which he maintained with difficulty, purchased a second-hand Bible to occupy his evenings. On turning over the leaves one Sunday he found two of them pasted together, which he carefully separated, when, to his amazement, he discovered a 500 franc note (£20), and upon the margin of one of the leaves was written, "I collected this sum with much trouble, but having no natural heirs, I make you my heir who shall read this Bible." We hope he also found in the same book a jewel of higher value—the Pearl of great price—Jesus Christ the Saviour!

Importance of Promptitude.—The benevolent Dr. Wilson once heard of a clergyman at Bath, who, he was informed, was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. In the evening he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting he would deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend replied, "I will wait upon him early in the morning;" "You will oblige me, sir, by calling directly. Think of what importance a good nights rest may be to that poor man." Now was not this done as such things always should be?

Meetings for Prayer.—There are some christians who somehow or other cannot be got to attend prayer-meetings. I do not stop to ask how this is, for I think I know; but for my part, though I love to hear a good sermon, I would rather go to a good meeting for prayer. Both are appointed of God for our edification: but I speak from many years' experience, when I say, that I mostly get more good to my soul—as the old Methodists used to say—at a prayer-meeting where we all confess our sins and look for mercy together, than under a sermon.

A Right view of Death.—Dr. Grosvenor being at the funeral of Dr. Watts, a friend said to him, "Well, Doctor, you have seen the end of Dr. Watts, and you will soon follow him; what think you of death?" "Think of it?" replied the Doctor, why, when it comes, I shall smile upon death, if God smiles upon me."

Praying is Begging.—A negro boy in a sabbath school in Jamacia had been ill. When he got better he told the missionary he had learned to pray. "Indeed! I am glad to hear it," said the missionary, "how did you pray?" "I begged," said the boy. Yes, praying is begging; and, another thing, praying is wishing—what we wish for we beg for.

Good Reason for Praying.—A little girl, about four years of age, being asked, "Why do you pray to God?" replied, "Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him." "But how do you know he hears you?" Putting her little hand to her heart, she said, "I know he does because there is something here that tells me so."

The Fireside.

VENTILATION IN BED ROOMS.

Pure air is essential to health, and at night the free supply of it is of especial moment. Each sleeper draws into the chest, about fifteen times in every minute, a certain quantity of the surrounding atmosphere, and returns it after a change within the body, mixed with a poison. 150 grains by weight of this poisonous ingredient are added to the air of a bed-room in one hour by a single sleeper, more than 1,000 during the night. Unless there be a sufficient quantity of air to dilute this, or unless ventilation provide for a gradual removal of foul air, while fresh comes to take its place, health must be seriously undermined. Dr. Hunter states, in his work on the "Diseases of the Throat and Lungs," that impure air alone will bring on consumption in the soundest constitution. The oxygen of the air we breathe regulates our appetite, and to the weight of a grain the nutriment that is built up in the system. The chyle undergoes its last vital change in the lungs, and that change depends on the perfect performance of respiration, and on a sufficient supply of pure air. When respiration is obstructed by disease, the appetite fails and the body wastes away. When the air breathed is impure, the same thing takes place.

MR. BRAIDWOOD'S ADVICE TO PREVENT FIRE.

On the first discovery of a fire, it is of the utmost consequence to shut, and keep shut, all doors, windows, or other openings. It may often be observed, after a house has been on fire, that one floor is comparatively untouched, while those above and below are nearly burned out. This arises from the doors on that particular floor having been shut, and the draught directed elsewhere. If the fire appears at all serious, and there are fire engines at a reasonable distance, it is best to wait their arrival, as many buildings have been lost from opening the doors, and attempting to extinguish fires with inadequate means. If no engines are within reach, it is well to keep a hand-pump. If that is not to be had, the next best thing is to collect as many buckets outside the room on fire as can be obtained, keeping the door shut; then creep into the room on the hands and knees (if the heat and smoke are considerable), and throw the water as nearly in the direction of the fire as possible, keeping the door shut while more water is being collected. The police of the metropolis understand shutting up fires so well, that they have in many instances kept fires two or three miles distant from the engine stations shut up till the firemen arrived in time to extinguish them.

The Penny Post Box.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE THOUGHTLESS.

I HAVE been thinking about those who never seem to think themselves. If the few thoughts I have tried to put into rhyme will lead *only one* who has thought little, to think much on things worth thinking about, I shall have my reward. S. S.

AT eventide, while musing by the fire,
A thought arose, which led me to inquire
Into a subject which I've oft thought strange;
That man should be so willing to exchange
His soul immortal, and his hopes of bliss,
For the vain pleasures of a world like this;
And step by step the road to ruin run,
Nor seek for light from heaven that way to shun;
But choosing darkness rather than the light,
He sinks at last to realms of endless night.
  Deluded child of earth! Art thou not blind?
What power is that which fascinates thy mind?
Say, has the god of this world blinded thee,
Lest thou the glorious gospel light should see?
Go get thee eyesalve, and anoint thine eyes;
Seek not an earthly, but a heavenly prize;
For would it profit thee to gain the whole
This world can give, and lose thy precious soul?
Reckon things rightly, count the cost, and never
Prefer this world to that which lasts for ever!
  Soon will the God that made thee take thy breath;
No power on earth can stay the stroke of death.
Conscious thou art that thou thyself must die,
Though every scheme to lengthen life thou try.
Willing or not, the time to go will come—
But say, will heaven or hell be then thy home?
Oh! think of these things, they are worth a thought;
And think of HIM who thy redemption bought—
Bought at the price of his own precious blood,
And died to reconcile thee unto God!

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

Post-Office Labour. — Some idea of the work at the post-office may be formed from the circumstance that it gives employment to 22,000 persons—and that the letters carried during the past year amounted to 456,000,000. The work, too, is annually increasing in magnitude; last year the letters were 13,000,000 more than in 1855, 46,000,000 more than in the year before that, and 374,030,000 more than in 1839, when the old system of postage was in force.

London Fish Consumption.—The calculations of Mr. Poole upon the subject of fish are very astounding. From these it appears that the Billingsgate sales for one year amount to the stupendous total of 3,000 millions of fish, weighing altogether 230,000 tons, and worth two millions of money. More than half this value falls to the single item of herrings, wet and dry, of which fish alone 1,272 millions are sold in this market during a single year. Of soles there are 98 millions sold, averaging in weight a quarter of a pound each; of eels there are 10 millions; of mackerel there are 24 millions; of oysters there are 496 millions; of lobsters there are a million and a quarter; the sprats are not to be counted, but 1,780 tons are annually sold.

The Gooseberry Caterpillar.—Mr. Robert Hogg, in the *Cottage Gardener*, says, "The gooseberry saw-fly, deposits its eggs along the veins on the under side of the gooseberry leaf, and by looking over the bushes once or twice a week there may be one or two leaves on one bush on which the eggs may be found; and going from bush to bush, with a flower-pot in hand, in which to put the leaves, the work is soon done; indeed a woman would go over five hundred bushes in a day. This was the practice of Mr. Nicol, a celebrated gardener, every season, and he was never troubled with the caterpillar." Mr. Hogg also recommends the use of tan. He says he obtained three cart loads and completely covered the ground where the gooseberries were planted. The bushes that season made very strong growths, and from that time till now he has seen no caterpillar. It would appear, that while the bark is injurious to the insect it acts as a manure to the gooseberry, for ever since he has had large crops, and the berries of good size.

Hints.

Good Advice.—Roger Ascham, the wise and learned tutor of Lady Jane Grey, used to say—First, write nothing false; next, be bold to say any truth.

Selfishness is one of our greatest enemies, and as it is in us, it often disturbs our peace. Happy is the man who watches it and keeps it down.

Smooth paths are not always safe, for when walking along them we are apt to grow careless and indolent. But a rougher road rouses us up to watchfulness and diligence.

Never Indulge a sinful inclination. Ten minutes indulgence in sin may embitter your life for many years, and you can never forget it, even if you try.

True Humility will bend like the willow before the sweeping storm; but pride, like the mighty oak, will stand stiff and be broken by its fury.

TRUE SATISFACTION as to your conduct in any matter can only come from within. If your own heart condemn you, the world may applaud in vain; but a good man is satisfied from himself even if the world should hiss him.

THAT WHICH PURGES PRIDE out of a man's heart is a good medicine for him. He may not like the operation, but it is sure to do him good.

IF A THING IS RIGHT, stand fast for it; if doubtful, let it alone; but if bad, condemn and forsake it.

THE FEAR OF MAN prevails most in the heart where there is little fear of God. But the fear of God always keeps in subjection the fear of man.

THIS WORLD has in it all the evil that good men will ever know, and all the good that bad men will ever enjoy.

Gems.

GOD IS LOVE; therefore the love of God must be infinite, eternal, immutable, wise, just, free, omnipotent, and holy. God's whole nature is thrown into his love.

THE HEART OF GOD LOVES US, the mind of God thinks for us, the mouth of God speaks to us, and the hand of God works for us; this being the case, must we not be safe? should we not be happy?

THE FULNESS OF JESUS can never be exhausted; the more we apply to it, the more we enjoy it; the more we enjoy it, the more we prize it; and the more we prize it, the more we commend it.

SUFFERING CHRISTIAN, remember Jesus thy pattern. He suffered, and suffered as none other did; but no murmur ever escaped his lips. Seek grace from him that you may imitate him in your present trial

TRUE GRACE influences the whole man; for in the heart purposes are formed, and from thence practice flows; if therefore we are not new creatures, if we do not pursue a new object, and walk in a new course, our religion is only a dream.

SUFFERING, SORROW, AND DEATH, are the natural effects of sin; sin has murdered the whole human race, turned the earth into a grave yard, and kindled the flames of hell: sin is so powerful that only omnipotence can be a match for it.

Poetic Selections.

PRESS ON!

PRESS on! for life is fleeting,
Your precious moments save;
To-day the pulse is beating—
To-morrow near the grave.

Press on! heed not each pleasure,
That glitters in your way,
But seek that noble treasure
Which never will decay.

Press on! nor wish, contented,
To rest below the skies,
Leave all things, unlamented;
For man was made to rise.

Press on! mind not each sorrow
That presses on the heart;
The brightness of to-morrow
Will cause it to depart.

Press on! be ever striving,
To do some noble deed;
Each day on Jesus trusting,
To his good word give heed.

Press on! but think of heaven,
Wherever you may roam;
This boon to man is given,
To rest there as his home.

J. L.

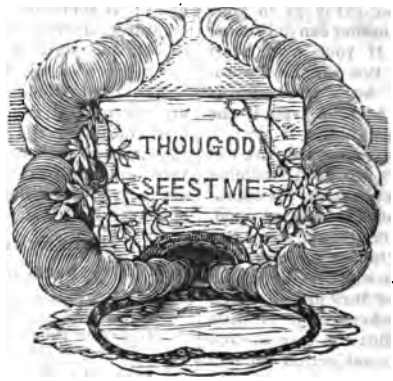
INSCRIPTION.

On a Tombstone in Massachusetts.

"I came in the morning—it was Spring,
And I smiled;
I walk'd out at noon—it was Summer,
And I was glad;
I sat me down at even—it was Autumn,
And I was sad;
I laid me down at night—it was Winter,
And I died."

A BAD THOUGHT.

THIS is a thief who steals into the heart,
And there he acts a mischievous part;
If he should once his way to it win,
He will open the door and let hundreds in.



The Children's Corner.

YOUNG READER,—Look at the words up above, and never forget them, by day or by night, at home or abroad, at school or at play; for let you be where you may, or doing what you may, the EYE OF GOD is upon you. Keep this thought in your heart, that you may have it ready to keep you from doing wrong. Then say to yourself,

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."

AMONG the deepest shades of night,
  Can there be One who sees my way?
Yes; God is like a shining light,
  That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,
  May I not sin without control?
No: for a constant watch He keeps
  On every thought of every soul.

If I should find some cave unknown,
  Where human feet had never trod;
Yet there I could not be alone,
  On every side there would be God.

He smiles in heaven, he frowns in hell;
  He fills the earth, the air, the sea;
I must within his presence dwell,
  I cannot from his anger flee.

Yet I may flee, he shows me where;
  To Jesus Christ he bids me fly;
And while I seek for pardon there,
  There's only mercy in his eye.

JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM lies near the summit of a broad mountain ridge. This ridge, or mountainous tract, extends, without interruption, from the plain of Esdraelon to a line drawn between the south end of the Dead Sea and the south-east corner of the Mediterranean: or more properly, perhaps, it may be regarded as extending as far as the southern desert, where, at Jebel Arâif, it sinks down at once to the level of the great plateau. This tract, which is nowhere less than from twenty to twenty-five geographical miles in breadth, is, in fact, high uneven table land. The surface of this upper region is every where rocky, uneven, and mountainous, and is, moreover, cut up by deep valleys which run east or west on either side towards the Jordan or the Mediterranean.

From the great plain of Esdraelon onwards towards the south, the mountainous country rises gradually, forming the tract anciently known as the mountains of Ephraim and Judah; until, in the vicinity of Hebron, it attains an elevation of 3250 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea. Further north, on a line drawn from the north end of the Dead Sea towards the true west, the ridge has an elevation of only about 2710 feet; and here, close upon the watershed, lies the city of Jerusalem. Its mean geographical position is in lat. 31 deg. 46 min. 43 sec. N., and long. 35 deg. 13 min. E. from Greenwich.

The traveller on his way from Ramleh to Jerusalem, at about an hour and a half distance therefrom, descends into and crosses the great Terebinth vale, or valley of Elah. On again reaching the high ground on its eastern side, he enters upon an open tract sloping gradually downwards towards the east, and sees before him, at the distance of about two miles, the walls and domes of the city, and beyond them the highest ridge of Olivet. The traveller now descends gradually towards the town along a broad swell of ground having at some distance on his left the shallow northern part of the valley of Jehoshaphat, and close at hand on his right the basin which forms the beginning of the valley of Hinnom. Further down, both these valleys become deep, narrow, and precipitous; that of Hinnom bends south and again east, nearly at right angles, and unites with the other, which then continues its course to the Dead Sea. Upon the broad and elevated promontory within the fork of the two valleys

of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom, lies the holy city. All around are higher hills: on the east the Mount of Olives, on the south the hill of Evil Counsel, so called, rising directly from the vale of Hinnom; on the west the ground rises gently, as above described, to the borders of the great valley; while, on the north, a bend of the ridge connected with the Mount of Olives bounds the prospect at the distance of more than a mile. Towards the south west the view is somewhat more open; for here lies the plain of Rephaim, commencing just at the southern brink of the valley of Hinnom, and stretching off southwest, when it runs to the western sea. In the north-west, too, the eye reaches up along the upper part of the valley of Jehoshaphat, and from many points can discern the mosque of Neby Samwil (Prophet Samuel), situated on a lofty ridge beyond the great valley, at the distance of two hours.

The surface of the elevated promontory itself, on which the city stands, slopes somewhat steeply towards the east, terminating on the brink of the valley of Jehoshaphat. From the northern part, near the present Damascus gate, a depression or shallow valley runs in a southern direction, having on the west the ancient hills of Akra and Zion, and on the east the lower ones of Bezetha and Moriah. Between the hills of Akra and Zion another depression or shallow valley (still easy to be traced) comes down from near the Jaffa gate, and joins the former. It then continues obliquely down the slope, but with a deeper bed, in a southern direction, quite to the pool of Siloam and the valley of Jehoshaphat. This is the ancient Tyropœon. West of its lower part Zion rises loftily, lying mostly without the modern city; while on the east of the Tyropœon and the valley first mentioned lie Bezetha, Moriah, and Ophel, the last a long and comparatively narrow ridge, also outside of the modern city, and terminating in a rocky point over the pool of Siloam. These last three hills may strictly be taken as only parts of one and the same ridge. The breadth of the whole site of Jerusalem from the brow of the valley of Hinnom, near the Jaffa gate, to the brink of the valley of Jehoshaphat, is about one thousand and twenty yards, or nearly half a geographical mile; of which distance three hundred and eighteen yards are occupied by the area of the great mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of Solomon's temple. North of the Jaffa gate the city wall sweeps round more to the west, and increases the breadth of the city in that part. The country

around Jerusalem is all of limestone formation. The rocks every where come out above the surface, which in many parts is also thickly strewed with loose stones; and the aspect of the whole region is barren and dreary; yet the olive thrives here abundantly, and fields of grain are seen in the valleys and level places, but they are less productive than in the region of Hebron and Nabulus. Neither vineyards nor fig trees flourish on the high ground around the city, though the latter are found in the gardens below Siloam, and very frequently in the vicinity of Bethlehem.

The scripture affords few materials for a connected view of the ancient city; and although Josephus is more particular, the idea which he furnishes is less distinct than it may at the first view appear. His descriptions also refer to a time later even than that of Christ, although in all essential points applicable to the New Testament period; and then the city had become in most respects very different from the more ancient city which the Old Testament presents to our notice. Still his account affords certain leading ideas which must have been applicable at all periods, and its substance may therefore be stated in this place. He describes Jerusalem as being in his time inclosed by a triple wall, wherever it was not encircled by impassable valleys; for there it had but a single wall. The ancient city lay upon two hills over against each other, separated by an intervening valley, at which the houses terminated. Of these hills, that (Zion) which bore the upper city was the highest, and was straighter in extent. On account of its fortifications, it was called by King David the fortress or citadel; but in the time of the historian it was known as the upper market. The other hill, sustaining the lower city (Akra), had the form of the gibbous moon. Over against this was a third hill, naturally lower than Akra, and separated from it by another broad valley. But in the time when the Asmonæans had rule, they threw earth into this valley intending to connect the city with the temple; and working upon Akra, they lowered the height of it, so that the temple rose conspicuously above it. The valley of the Tyropœan or Cheesemakers as it was called, which has already been mentioned as separating the hills of the upper and lower city, extended quite down to Siloam—a fountain so named, whose waters were sweet and abundant. From without, the two hills of the city were enclosed by deep valleys; and there was no approach because of the precipices on every side.

Dr. Robinson, in comparing the information derivable from Josephus with his own materials, declares that the main features depicted by the Jewish historian may still be recognized. "True," he says, "the valley of the Tyropœon and that between Akra and Moriah have been greatly filled up with the rubbish accumulated from the repeated desolations of nearly eighteen centuries. Yet they are still distinctly to be traced. The hills of Zion, Akra, Moriah, and Bezetha are not to be mistaken, while the deep valleys of the Kidron, and of Hinnom, and the Mount of Olives, are permanent natural features, too prominent and gigantic indeed to be forgotten, or to undergo any perceptible change."

Recurring to the walls, Josephus says:—"Of these three walls the old one was hard to be taken; both by reason of the valleys, and of that hill on which it was built, and which was above them. But besides that great advantage, as to the place where they were situate, it was also very strong: because David and Solomon, and the following kings were very zealous about this work." After some further account of the walls, which has no immediate connection with our present subject, he adds that "the city in its ultimate extension included another hill, the fourth, called Bezetha, to the north of the temple, from which it was separated by a deep artificial ditch."

From this account of Josephus, as compared with those furnished by others, it appears that Jerusalem stood on three hills, Mount Zion, Mount Akra, and Mount Moriah, on which last the temple stood. Or we may consider them as two, after Mount Akra had been levelled, and the valley filled up which separated it from Mount Moriah. Of these hills Zion was the highest, and contained the upper city, "the city of David," with the citadel, the strength of which, and of the position on which it stood, enabled the Jebusites so long to retain it as their stronghold, and to maintain their command over the lower part of the city, even when they were obliged to allow the Israelites to share in its occupation. This mount Zion (which we are only here noticing cursorily) formed the southern portion of the ancient city. It is almost excluded from the modern city, and is under partial cultivation. It is nearly a mile in circumference, is highest on the western side, and towards the east slopes down in broad terraces in the upper part of the mountain, and narrow ones on the side, towards the brook Kidron. This mount was considerably higher than the ground

on which the ancient (lower) city stood, or that on the east leading to the valley of Jehoshaphat, but has very little relative height above the ground on the south and on the west, and must have owed its boasted strength principally to a deep ravine, by which it is encompassed on the east, south, and west, and the strong high walls and towers by which it was enclosed and flanked completely round. The breadth of this ravine is about one hundred and fifty feet, and its depth, or the height of Mount Zion above the bottom of the ravine, about sixty feet. The bottom is rock, covered with a thin sprinkling of earth, and in the winter season is the natural channel for conveying off the water that falls into it from the higher ground. On both of its sides the rock is cut perpendicularly down; and it was probably the quarry from which much of the stone was taken for the building of the city.

The site, regarded *as a whole*, without further attending to the distinction of hills, is surrounded on the east, west, and south by valleys of various depth and breadth, but to the north-west extends into the plain, which in this part is called 'the plain of Jeremiah,' and is the best woody tract in the whole neighbourhood. The progressive extension of the city was thus necessarily northward, as stated by Josephus. The town most probably, almost certainly, began at the southern, or Mount Zion part of this site, and in its ultimate extension, according to Josephus, comprehended a circuit of thirty-three furlongs; whereas that of the modern town does not appear to exceed two miles and a half. The confining valleys are often mentioned in scripture. Those on the east and south are very deep. The former is the valley of Jehoshaphat, through which flows the brook Kidron, and the latter is generally called the valley of Hinnom. This denomination is extended by some topographers also to the western and least deep valley, while others call it the valley of Gihon. On the opposite side of these valleys rise hills, which are mostly of superior elevation to that of the site of the city itself. That on the east, beyond the brook Kidron, is the Mount of Olives. That on the south is a broad and barren hill, loftier than the Mount of Olives, but without any of its picturesque beauty. On the west there is a rocky flat, which rises to a considerable elevation towards the north, and to which has been assigned the name of Mount Gihon. Even in the north-east, at Scopus, where the besieging Romans under Titus encamped, the ground is considerably

more elevated than the immediate site of the town. Thus is explained the expression of David: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people." (Ps. cxxv. 2.) The relative height of those surrounding hills gives to the city an apparent elevation inferior to that which it really possesses. The district for many miles round Jerusalem is now of a very barren and cheerless character, whatever may have been its ancient condition. Solomon must be considered as having permanently fixed its metropolitan character, by the erection of the temple and the royal establishment. But it was the temple, chiefly, which in all ages maintained Jerusalem as the metropolis of the country. Even after the destruction of that venerated fabric, the mere fact that it had existed there operated in preventing the selection of any new site, even when the opportunity occurred. The separation into two kingdoms, after the death of Solomon, did also necessarily prevent any intentions of change which might have arisen, had the whole country remained one kingdom, with a large choice of situations for capital; and we are to remember that, although, after the erection of the temple, it always remained the *ecclesiastical* metropolis of the land, it was, in a civil sense, for a long series of years, the capital of only the smallest of the two kingdoms into which the land was divided. But under all disadvantages, many of which are perhaps the result of the wars, the desolations and the neglect of many ages, the very situation of the town, on the brink of rugged hills encircled by deep and wild valleys, bounded by eminences whose sides *were* covered with groves and gardens, added to its numerous towers and temple, must, as Carne remarks, have given it a singular and gloomy magnificence, scarcely possessed by any other city in the world. DR. KITTO.

Such is the description, given by this eminent scholar, of Jerusalem, to which a deeper interest will ever be attached than to any other city in the world; for there prophets predicted the coming of the Son of God; and there the Saviour of the world taught lessons of wondrous wisdom, wrought his mighty miracles, and died "for man's salvation on the bitter cross." Ever will the eyes of the world be turned to JERUSALEM, as the sacred theatre of Redemption!

Anecdotes and Selections.

Leprosy.—The awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa. Whether it be the same leprosy as that mentioned in the Bible I do not know; but it is regarded as perfectly incurable, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper. In the South of Africa there is a large lazarhouse for lepers. It is an immense space, enclosed by very high walls, and containing fields which the lepers cultivate. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded. Whenever any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate, and obliged to enter in, never to return. No one who enters in by that awful gate is allowed to come out again. Within this abode of misery there are multitudes of lepers in all stages of the disease. Dr. Halbeck, a missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighbouring hill saw them at work. He noticed two particularly sowing peas in the field. The one had no hands, the other had no feet; those members being wasted away by disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other who wanted the feet upon his back, and he again carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot; and so they managed the work of one between the two. Ah! how little we know of the misery that is in the world! Such is the prison house of disease! But you will ask, Who cares for the souls of the hapless inmates? Who will venture to enter in at this dreadful gate never to return? Who will forsake father and mother, houses and land, to carry the message of a Saviour's love to these poor lepers? Two Moravian missionaries, impelled by a divine love for souls, have chosen this lazarhouse as their field of labour. They have entered it never to come out again. And I am told, that, as soon as they die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their place. Ah! my dear friends, may we not blush and be ashamed before God, that we, redeemed with the same blood, and taught by the same Spirit, should yet be so unlike these men in vehement heart consuming love to Jesus and the souls of men?

M'Cheyne.

How to Give.—At a missionary meeting among the negroes in the West Indies, it is related that these resolutions were adopted:—1. We will all give something. 2. We will each give according to our ability. 3. We will give willingly. At the close of the meetting, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink to put down what each came to contribute. Many advanced to the table and handed in their contributions, some more and some less. Among the contributors was an old negro who was known to be rich,

almost as rich as the rest united. He threw down a small silver coin. "Take dat back again," said the chairman of the meeting, "Dat may be 'cordin' to de fust resolution, but not 'cordin' to de second." The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat much vexed. One after another came forward, and all giving more than himself, he was ashamed, and again threw a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dar, take dat!" It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly that the chairman answered, "No, sir, dat wont do! Dat may be 'cordin' to de fust and second resolution, but not 'cordin' to de third." He was obliged to take it up again. Still angry with himself, he sat a long time until nearly all were gone; he then advanced to the table, and with a smile on his countenance, laid down a large sum of money. "Dar, now, berry well," said the presiding negro, "dat will do; dat am 'cordin' to *all* the resolutions." Reader, this simple narrative contains in a nut shell the whole formula of benevolence. The first duty is to give; the second is to give according to your ability; and the third, which is equal to all that, is to give willingly.

An Old English Feast.—In the middle ages, the tables of our ancestors were generally frugal; we have instances on record of the most boundless extravagance amongst the nobility, but this extravagance was of a different nature from that of the Romans. It did not, like theirs, consist of epicurean varieties, precious gems, and costly perfumes, but of coarser, though more substantial realities. In the tenth year of the reign of Edward the IVth, A.D., 1470, George Neville, brother to the great Earl of Warwick, made a prodigious feast to the nobility, gentry, and clergy, at his instalment into the Archbishopric of York, when his bill of fare was, 300 quarters of wheat, 330 tuns of ale, 104 tuns of wine, one pipe of spice wine, 80 fat oxen, six wild bulls, 1,000 sheep, 3,000 hogs, 300 calves, 3,000 geese, 3,000 capons, 300 pigs, 100 peacocks, 200 cranes, 200 kids, 2,000 chickens, 4,000 pigeons, 4,000 rabbits, 204 bitterns, 4,000 ducks, 400 herons, 200 pheasants, 500 partridges, 4,000 woodcocks, 400 plovers, 100 curlews, 100 quails, 1,000 egrets, 200 roes, above 400 bucks, does, and roebucks, 1,500 hot venison pasties, 1,000 dishes of jelly parted, 4,000 dishes of jelly plain, 4,000 cold custards, 2,000 hot custards, 300 pikes, 300 breams, 8 seals, 4 porpoises, and 400 tarts. At the feast the Earl of Warwick was steward, the Earl of Bedford was treasurer, Lord Hastings comptroller, with many other noble officers, 1,000 servitors, 62 cooks, and 515 scullions. But about seven years after the king seized the estate of this archbishop, and sent him prisoner into France, bound in chains, and in great poverty. Stern justice thus punishing his former prodigality.

The Fireside.

EVIL TEMPERS.

There can be no doubt at all that evil tempers are the greatest disturbers any house can have in it. One, who signs himself "THE LITTLE UNKNOWN," thus writes about them—

Evil tempers—they are burthens
Much too heavy to be borne;
Those who have them often murmer;
Those who see them often mourn.

Evil tempers—how they darken
All the sunny side of life!
How they blight the wayside blossoms
With the furious winds of strife!

Evil tempers—they are demons;
How they rack the heart and brain!
Tho' they sometimes seem to slumber,
They will surely wake again.

Evil tempers—faces beauteous
Lose their lineaments divine;
Eyes that should be raised in meekness
With their lightning glances shine.

Evil tempers—gentle voices
How they roughen in their tones!
How they change the loving natures,
Till they're harder than the stones!

Evil tempers—I have seen them
In the height of fury blind;
Evil tempers—I have heard them
Shrieking louder than the wind.

Evil tempers—do they harbour
In the 'closure of your breast?
Cast the wicked spirits from you,
If you wish to be at rest.

Evil tempers—are they stronger?
Look up straightway unto God;
He can hear the heart's faint wishes,
He can ease you of your load.

A RECIPE TO CURE EVIL TEMPER.

Warranted to prove an Infallible Cure.

LET the Mother lay the Bible on the table every morning with the breakfast things—let one of the family read a portion—and then let Father kneel down and pray. This may all be done in five minutes. It will not cost one farthing, and it will drive all such devils as evil tempers out of the house, for they cannot live where such things are done daily.

The Penny Post Box.

WORKING MEN AT PUBLIC WORSHIP.

THE question has long and often been asked, "What are the best means of getting the working classes to our places of worship?" Various are the reasons for their neglect of the house of God; the principal being, no doubt, the aversion of the natural heart of man to things spiritual and divine. Then there is that gigantic evil

intemperance, which prevails on every hand. But I believe there are many other reasons, some of which I shall notice. First, there is yet a great lack of christian union and sympathy between the richer portion of the members of our christian churches and their poorer brethren, though there may be more now in some places than there once was. Again, how often may a poor man or woman go to a place of worship, especially in our large towns where there are large congregations, before any one offers to take them by the hand, or even speak a few kind words to them? How often, too, when a poor man begins to go to a place of worship, if he is not quite so well drest as some would wish him to be, is he left to stand without any one opening a pew door for him, though there may be plenty of room; or the doorkeeper may put him into one of the out of way seats. Surely this is not the way to bring the working classes under the sound of the gospel. They do not like to be treated in this way. They may say nothing, but they will not come again. Such neglect ought not to be among those who are followers of Him who is "no respecter of persons." Then, I think, we have a good deal of "Sunday Religion" in our religious communities. Some professors are very amiable and pleasant with those of their brethren and sisters who are as well to do in the world as themselves. But follow "Mr. Well-to-do" in the week into the factory or shop, and see how he will grind down his work-people; and hear in what tones he speaks to that working man of his? What a contrast to what he was on the sabbath among his own friends! Another "Mr. Well-to-do" will condescend to acknowledge a poor christian brother on the sabbath with a nod of the head or a "good morning." But let "Mr. Well-to-do" meet this poor brother on a week-day when he is going home to his midday meal, perhaps with a dirty face and hands, and will he not pass him by on the other side as if he did not see him or know him at all? I think there is too much of this sort of "Sunday Religion" now-a-days; and it wont do, depend upon it. Poor people can see through such things, and they dont like to be served so; no, not even by the minister himself. What a contrast to such conduct as this was that of the Countess of Ellesmere, of which you told us in the *Pioneer*, who when she saw a poor woman with a barrow load of coals, went to her, and spoke kindly to her, and then showed her sympathy by wheeling the poor woman's coals for her! I think many christians in both churches and chapels might take a lesson from such a noble action. So I say, with one of our poets—

> "Who would scorn his humble fellow for the coat he wears,
> For the poverty he suffers, for his daily cares?
> Who would pass him in the footway with averted eye?
> Would you, brother? No, you would not. If you would, not I."

R. C. B.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

JUST ONE this time, as we have not room for more. Set this down as a fact, for it is true—that here, in this old England of ours, no young man with a clear head and a strong arm need ever despair of having a home of his own some day. Sober, industrious, persevering, he is sure, with good health and God's blessing, to succeed.

Hints.

A STRING OF TRIADS.

Three things to Love - Courage, gentleness, affection.

Three things to Admire—Intellect, dignity, grace.

Three things to Hate—Cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude.

Three things to Despise—Meanness, affectation, envy.

Three things to Reverence—Religion, justice, truth.

Three things to Delight in—Beauty, frankness, freedom.

Three things to Wish for—Health, friends, cheerfulness.

Three things to Pray for—Pardon, peace, purity.

Three things to Esteem.—Wisdom, prudence, firmness.

Three things to Like—Comfort, cordiality, good humour.

Three things to Suspect—Flattery, formalism, forwardness.

Three things to Avoid—Idleness, drunkenness, evil company.

Three things to Cultivate—Good books, good friends, good talking.

Three things to Contend for—Honour, country, home.

Three things to Govern—Temper, impulse, the tongue.

Three things to be Ready for—Change, decay, death!

Gems.

GOD LOVES TO SEE US HAPPY, therefore he has provided for our happiness both in this world and the next; now we are to rejoice in Christ Jesus, and then we shall rejoice with him.

IF GOD SUSTAIN US, no temptation can overcome us; but if he leave us to ourselves, the weakest temptation is too strong for us: daily, therefore, let us cry, "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe."

OUR TWO GREAT LESSONS are, to believe all that God has said, and love all that God loves. Faith and love makes us like Jesus, and to be like him is the great end of our existence.

SANCTIFIED SICKNESS is far better than unsanctified health, though nature does not, cannot like it; but it weans us from the world, leads us to God, and endears the Saviour; whereas unsanctified health attaches us to temporal things, leads us into folly, and induces us to forget our Redeemer.

Poetic Selections.

OLD ENGLISH EPITAPH;

Called "Sayings of a Dead Man."

MAN look and see;
Take heed of me,
How thou shalt be,
When thou art dead.

Dry as a tree;
Worms shall eat thee,
Thy great beauty,
Shall be like lead.

The time hath been,
In my youth green,
That I was clean
Of body as ye are.

But for my eyen (eyes)
Now two holes bene;
Of me is seene
But bones all bare.

Now intend
For to amend.

The Children's Corner.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY AND THE MISSIONARY.

English Boys do not always think what a good thing it was that they were born in a land like this. I wish they, and English girls too, would think in this way about it. Here I live in a land where I can learn to read the Word of God and the way to a better world. Had I been born in India or China, I might never have heard of the great God who made heaven and earth, but have been taught to kneel down and say my prayers to blocks of wood and stone; and I might never have heard of Jesus Christ, who came to save us from sin, and death, and hell, and take us to heaven when we die!

Oh, how sad it must be to be born, and live, and die, in a land where these great things are not known! But millions of children do live in such lands; and that they may know what you know, good men and women, called missionaries, have taken the Bible and gone to teach them, as you see there in the picture. I hope you will always do all you can to help missions, and pray God to bless them.

God has blessed them. Many of the children have been taught to know and fear God, and to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and some of them have died happy, and are gone to heaven. Jesus Christ died to save them from sin, and he died to save you from sin. Take care, or some of these poor black children will be found in heaven, whilst you, through your own neglect, may be shut out!

REMARKABLE SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

THE LORD who takes care of every sparrow that chirps on the house top, or hops in the bush, has a heart full of love for each one of us. Not only because we are of more value than many sparrows, for his tender mercies are over all his works; but because we are unwise, and our folly, if we were unguided by his hand, would lead us into evil. He wishes our welfare every moment of our being, and while we are continually, through ignorance, destroying it, he overrules our course so as to secure it for our good. Sometimes his interposition is manifest, and we notice it clearly; but more often he conceals his hand of kindness, while he holds out to us his gifts. Yet we need never be mistaken as to the Giver; let us, in every good that we receive, give thanks to our Heavenly Father, for we know that it comes only from Him. The providence which has furnished your daily bread to-day has perhaps been silent in its working, and obscure to your sight. And yet you have much occasion to be thankful. The sailor whose voyage across the ocean is prosperous and pleasant, should find in this even greater cause for gratitude than one who in the wreck of his ship escapes narrowly from perishing.

It is an authentic fact that during the terrible popish massacre in Paris, in which many eminent christians were cruelly killed; the celebrated preacher, Peter Moulin, was preserved for further usefulness to the cause of the gospel in a most remarkable manner. He crept into a brick oven to conceal himself, but had little hope of remaining undiscovered in the ferreting search for slaughter that was carried on. In the kind providence of God, a spider immediately crawled to the opening of the good man's retreat, and wove a web across it. The dust blew upon the airy screen, and made it dingy; so that the place appeared to have been long unfrequented. The enemies of the christians soon passed by, and one of them carelessly remarked, "No one could have been in that oven for several days!"

What a touching idea does this incident give of our Father's protecting love for his children!

An anecdote similar in character is related of Mr. Churchill, a native of England who had taken up his abode in India, about two miles from Vizagapatam. Soon after sunset, on one occasion, while he was sitting in his dwelling, of which the outer-door was thrown open, meditating with deep sorrow upon the recent loss of his wife, and the helplessness of his little children,

who were lying asleep near him, he was suddenly thrilled with terror, to observe a monstrous tiger cross the threshold of his house, and enter the room, with glaring eyes and a ferocious howl. But the animal caught sight of his own full-sized image reflected in a large mirror opposite the door, and rushing at it with all his fury, breaking it into a thousand fragments, he suddenly turned and fled from the spot. Thus providentially did God preserve two little children and their father from the jaws of a wild beast!

Less thrilling, but not less remarkable, is the incident related in the following epitaph, which is copied from a tomb near Port Royal in the isle of Jamaica.

"Here lieth the body of Louis Caldy, a native of Montpelier, in France, which country he left on account of the revocation. He was *swallowed up by the earthquake* which occurred in this place in 1692, but, by the great providence of God, was by a second shock *flung into the sea, where he continued swimming till rescued by a boat,* and lived forty years afterward."

It is said of John Knox, the great Scottish Reformer, who had many friends and many enemies, that it was his frequent custom, while in his own house, to sit at the head of a table, with his back to the window. On one evening, however, he would not take his usual seat, and gave a positive command that no one of his family should occupy it. He took another chair in a different part of the room; and shortly afterward, a gun was fired, the bullet of which passed through the favourite window, grazed the top of his vacant seat, and shattered the candlestick that stood upon his table! This was not the only wonderful escape he had from his malicious and determined foes.

In the Bartholomew massacre, which we have already mentioned, at the order of the King of France, the Admiral de Coligny was put to death in his own house. His chaplin, the pious Merlin, fled from the murderers, who designed also to take his life, and hid himself in a loft of hay. After the days of blood were over, and the Protestants were suffered to keep their lives and their religion, a Synod was convened of which he was moderator. In this assembly, when it was stated that many who had taken refuge in similar retreats perished from starvation, he was asked how he contrived to keep himself alive. He replied—giving thanks to God while he said it—that a hen had laid an egg every day during his concealment, in a nest which he could reach with his hand!

The celebrated Dr. Calamy, in his "Life and Times," relates that he knew a sea-captain named Stevens, of Harwich, England, who was once, by a wonderful providence, preserved from drowning, together with all his crew. While on a homeward passage from Holland, the vessel sprang a leak, and the water gained in the hold so rapidly that, in spite of the pumps, which were worked with the energy of despair, all on board soon gave themselves up for lost. Suddenly, however, and to the surprise of all, the water ceased to gain in depth, and the pumps being again plied, the ship safely reached her harbour. After her arrival it was discovered, on examination, that the body of a fish had become so firmly wedged in the leak, that it could with difficulty be taken out whole! It is of but little consequence, though it is an established fact, that the fish was preserved in alcohol, and kept as a curiosity in the family of Captain Stevens.

In view of these striking instances of Divine Providence, how can we think of our Father in heaven and not be touched with the thought of that tender love which leads him to take such wonderful care of his children. Truly, we may "cast all care upon him, *for he careth for us.*"

How beautifully appropriate, after reading these incidents do those words of our blessed Lord appear—"Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment! Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, what shall we eat? or, what shall we drink? or, wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Poetry.

THE VOICES OF BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson, given
By the little birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:—
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

"Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare,
Than we, poor citizens of air?

Barns nor hoarded grain have we?
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow!

"One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
Pass we blithely then the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!"

HOPE AND FAITH.

A swallow in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essay'd to make her nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toil'd
With patient art; but ere her work was crown'd
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoil'd,
And dash'd it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought;
Yet, not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its simple floor,
When wicked hands, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toil'd again; and, last night hearing calls,
I look'd, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O Man!
Hath Hope been smitten in its earlier dawn?
Hath clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?
Have Faith, and struggle on!

R. S. A.

Anecdotes and Selections.

WHITEFIELD'S EXPERIENCE.—He said:—"When I was sixteen years of age, I began to fast twice a week for thirty-six hours together, prayed many times a day, received the sacrament every Lord's-day, fasting myself almost to death all the forty days of Lent, during which I made it a point of duty never to go less than three times a day to public worship, besides seven times a day to my private prayers, yet I knew no more that I must be born again of God, born a new creature in Christ Jesus, than if I was never born at all. I had a mind to be on the stage, but then I had a qualm of conscience; I used to ask people, 'Pray can I be a player, and yet go to the sacrament and be a christian?' 'O, said they, such an one who is a player goes to the sacrament!' 'Well then, said I, if that be the case I will be a player, and I thought to act my part to the devil as well as any one; but, blessed be God, he stopped me in my journey.' I must bear testimony to my old friend Mr. Charles Wesley; he put a book into my hands, called, 'The Life of God in the Soul of Man,' whereby God showed me that I must be born again or be damned. How did my heart arise and shudder, like a poor tradesman that is afraid to look into his account books lest he should find himself a bankrupt! Shall I burn that book? shall I put it by? or shall I search into it? I did, and holding the book in my hand, thus addressed the God of heaven and earth: 'Lord, if I am not a christian, if I am not a real one, Lord God for Jesus Christ's sake, show me what christianity is, that I may not be damned at last?' I read a little further and the cheat was discovered. Says the author, 'They that know anything of religion, know it is a vital union with the Son of God, Christ formed in the heart.' O, what a ray of divine light did then break in upon my poor soul! I fell to writing to all my brethren, to my sisters, talked to the students as they came into my room, put off all trifling conversation, put away all trifling books, and from that moment God has been carrying on his blessed work in my soul."

MR. J. GRIFFITH, OF CARNARVON, was eminent in his day as a preacher of Jesus Christ in Wales—he had "power with God," and he had "power with men." Mr. Griffyth was to preach one evening at a farm house, and requested to retire to a private room, before the service commenced, where he remained sometime after the congregation had assembled. As there was no sign of the preacher making his appearance, the farmer sent the servant to inform him that the people were waiting. On approaching the door she heard what she supposed to be a conversation carried on by two persons

in rather a subdued tone of voice. She stood listening at the door, and heard one say to the other, "I will not go, unless thou go with me." The maid returned to her master and said, "There is some one with Mr. Griffyth, and he tells him he will not come unless the other accompany him. I did not hear the other make any reply, so I conclude he will not come from there to night." "Yes, yes, he will," said her master; "and I believe the *other* will come with him also, if matters are as you have represented them. We shall begin the service by singing and reading till the two come." At length Mr. Griffyth came, and the *other* with him, and they had that evening an extraordinary meeting. It proved the beginning of an extensive revival in the neighbourhood, and many were converted unto God.

THE IRISH WATCHMAKER.—A watchmaker in Dublin, whose station was in Hatch-street, reformed from habits of intemperance, paid sixpence a week to a gentleman, in order, as he told him, that he might have a comfortable dinner with his family on Christmas day. His custom had long been on that day, to go to morning prayer, thence to the public house, and return home drunk at night. He had now saved 9s. 6d. and he drew it out on Christmas eve, and was taking it home to his wife, when on the way he met a shoemaker, with his wife and five children, who had been turned out of the room opposite for not paying his rent. The shoemaker was a drunkard, and therefore had nothing for the landlord to distrain. The watchmaker went to the landlord, paid him the 7s. due to him, brought back the key, gave it to the shoemaker, and gave him the 2s. 6d. which he had left, to supply them with food and firing. Had he never joined the Temperance Society himself, he would never have been able to do this. But what was its effect on the shoemaker and his wife? They began to reflect; they resolved from that moment they would never more have anything to do with whiskey; they joined the society, and soon became comfortable and respected.

A SINGULAR DEATH-STRUGGLE IN FRANCE.—A singular circumstance was lately revealed by one of the house-surgeons of the Charity Hospital of Paris. In one of the men's wards of this immense hospital, a man was dying at twelve o'clock at night. At this hour in the surgical wards there is no movement except in cases of necessity, the lamps burn dimly, and the guardians are ordinarily sleeping in their chairs. But there are always some of the patients more or less wakeful by cause of their sufferings. The man who was dying had in the pocket of his pantaloons a tolerably well-filled purse—not at all a rare circumstance in a Paris hospital. He was a miser. He had kept his pantaloons carefully stowed away under his pillow, but his frequent attentions to the safety of his pocket-

book, aroused the attention, and the cupidity as well, of the man who occupied the next bed to him. This man watched with wakeful eyes for the proper moment to seize the dead man's treasure. When the miser no longer breathed audibly, and the other believed him dead, he stole quietly out of bed, and thrusting his hand under the pillow seized the pantaloons. But he was mistaken; there was still breath and life in the miser, and the attempt to wrest from him his treasure seemed to give him life and breath that he had not. He seized the pantaloons, and a horrible struggle took place between the dying man and the thief for the possession of the coveted money. But the miser's grasp was soon relaxed by death, and he fell back on his bed, gurgling words from his throat that ought to have frozen the blood of the blackest pirate on earth.

What an affecting tale is this! Verily the love of money is the root of all evil! See this poor wretched creature clinging, not to Christ, but to his money in the expiring struggle!

Pure Happiness.—Happiness—pure religious happiness—is the one supreme good in the creation. Severe and continued affliction, in its varied forms, tends to produce more of this happiness than any other circumstances in which mortals can be placed. I have been long and severely afflicted, and I feel high sentiments of adoration and delight in the blessed God for it. For several years I have met with none so happy in religion, so happy in God, so happy in the prospect of heaven, nor any more happy and composed in reference to the things of this world. I ascribe it chiefly to my sufferings, or rather to the grace and tenderness of my Redeemer which have mingled with them, and made them so highly to advance my peace and felicity. What is good for eternity, is good for the present; and what is best for eternity, is best for the present. What a sad mistake it is to mourn over that which will do me good, make me blessed, and prepare me for the future world.

High Thoughts and Humble Doings.—There are few things for which I have more reason to bless God than for the power he has given me of combining high thoughts with humble doings; the power to unite the most devotional and noble contemplations with constant attention to the numerous cares, toils, and trifles of my little family. It unites into harmony the extremes of existence, the intellectual and the sensible, the lofty and the mean, the cares of the present with the prospects of the eternal world. The brightest views are of no use unless we honestly and practically work with them; unless we make real efforts to remember them, to feel them, to obey them, so as to mould ourselves into the pure and heavenly temper which they require. I make this the grand work of my life; and it is a noble work.

The Fireside.

TO MOTHER'S OF FAMILIES.

Are you aware of your very great influence at home—how very much you may do to make your home happy, your husbands steady and sober, and your dear little ones grow up to be good men and women? Now just fancy that I am a friend speaking to you very earnestly, but very kindly—that I am sitting in one chair and you in another, and listen to what I am going to say. Well then, in the first place, I hope that you have A Bible, and that it does not lie unopened to collect the dust, but that you read a few verses out of it every day of your lives. I entreat you never to let a morning pass without asking God's blessing for the day, nor a single evening without thanking Him for the mercies you have received. Pray earnestly, in the name and for the sake of the Saviour, in faith and humility, and assuredly your prayers will draw a blessing upon you and yours.

Small houses are often in rows; what goes on in one is often overheard in another, and I am sorry to say that it is a great temptation to many working men's wives to lose much valuable time in gossipping, which very often leads to quarrelling. But, my dear friends, time is money to you; do not be thus tempted away. Especially do not allow yourself to waste away the *first* precious hours of the morning; you must regulate your work, or it will always be behind-hand. You have, perhaps, your little ones to wash and dress, others to send to school or to set to work; then you must think of what you have to prepare for dinner, and if it be something to be boiled or stewed, you will need to look to it early in the day, that it may be gently simmering while you are cleaning and tidying your house or washing.

Always make it a rule to do the dirty work as much as possible in the early part of the day, or during the absence of your husband at his work, so that the house may be clean and comfortable, and yourself *tidy* and ready to receive him. Many men take to drinking because these little comforts are never attended to; and when a man has been working hard for his family, it is certainly the wife's duty to do *all she can* to make his home comfortable, and to spend the money thus hardly earned, as carefully and judiciously as possible.

Now dont think that I want to dictate to you, and order you, as if I were your master, about what you are to do. What I have said will do you no good if you fancy so. Besides, it is not true that I wish to do so. All I wish is to do you real good, and give you a few friendly hints about making your own fireside a happy place.

The Penny Post Box.

AWFUL DEATH OF A SWEARER.

"Because of swearing the land mourneth," said an ancient prophet. We may say so too. I wish you would insert the following awful fact as a warning against this "great wickedness."

One sultry day in the month of August, a few years ago, two youths set out on a journey from Margate to Ramsgate. The weather was very hot; there was not a breeze to stir the leaves, or fan their heated brows; the sun, too, walked the azure pavement, without a cloud to obstruct its golden pathway, or to throw a veil over its dazzling brightness. The two youths were brothers; one named William, aged seventeen; the other George, about thirteen. But they had not proceeded more than a mile before the heavens began to darken, the sun withdrew its shining, and a great black thunder-cloud frowned in the distance. This led George to suggest the expediency of seeking shelter in a neighbouring cottage; William, however, would do no such thing; declaring, with an oath that "it would only be a shower, and then be bright as ever." Presently, however, large drops of rain began to fall, and the thunder awfully growled in the distance. Again George urged his brother to get under shelter while shelter was near; but he again refused, and, in order to show his bravery, declared with many oaths, that he would push forward "spite of the storm."

By this time the storm had overtaken them, and now burst over their heads with fearful fury. And it was a fearful storm! The rain poured down with resistless rage—the fork-like lightning lit up the awful scene—the crashing thunder rolled through the black heavens, as if through the myriad halls of some vast temple in the sky—and the two youths were forced to take shelter under a wall! George was greatly alarmed, and trembled with agitation; but William treated all with assumed carelessness; and even uttered fearful blasphemies against the storm, declaring his intention of pushing on to Ramsgate in spite of it. "But," urged his young companion, "you will get wet through; besides, the lightning may strike you!" "Let it: I dont care," said William, with a fearful oath; "I mean to go on, spite of it." The oath had scarcely passed his lips, when a red flash of lightning struck him dead to the earth: and a crashing peal of thunder rang his funeral knell! And there he lay—a blackened corpse—a human cinder! George, too, was injured by the lightning; but recovered soon after; and, so greatly was he affected by the circumstance, that he betook himself to quite another mode of life—became a bible reader—and a christian.

The following inscription marks the fatal spot—

"READER, PREPARE FOR ETERNITY!

A Boy was struck dead here, while in the act of swearing!"

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

A FEW ABOUT COMETS.

At the time I write this everybody is on the look-out for the expected comet, and talking about it.

Comets do not move like other heavenly bodies in a round circle, but in an oblong form.

They are first seen as a small light round cloud with a bright spot in the centre, and then the tail gradually appears.

In their course they come towards the sun, then disappear as they go round it, and then appear again.

They move with inconceivable rapidity, and more rapidly as they approach the sun, always coming with the head foremost and the tail behind.

The tail is a vapour of streaming light, not a solid body, for the stars may be seen through it.

The Great Comet of 1811, I remember it well, had a tail, astronomers said, one hundred and twenty-three millions of miles long, and fifteen millions wide! It is to come again in 5,194.

Halley's Comet of 1835, was not so large, and was not seen so distinctly nor so long. It is to come again after seventy-six years.

Records have been made of the visits of upwards of 500 comets within the observation of men. There may be millions of them in the regions of boundless space.

"SAY UNTO GOD, HOW TERRIBLE ART THOU IN THY WORKS!"

Hints.

ABOUT THE COMET COMING.

Dont be alarmed.—It is in the hands of God. He made all the hosts of heaven, counts them, "calleth them all by names," sends them on their errand, and by his "strong power, not one faileth."

Dont believe silly tales about it coming to destroy the world. How do such people know that? Besides; our world is sure to last until all the predictions of God about the spread of his gospel are fulfilled.

When it does come—for we have not seen it yet—stand and admire, with awe and reverence, the power of the Almighty, which made and guides it in its rapid and wondrous course.

Dont indulge jokes about it.—That would be worse than silly fear of it. Men who do so only shew that they have little good sense, and less piety.

Let this Visit from a heavenly stranger produce a good effect upon your mind and heart. Think in this way—He who can take care of it, can take care of me, and will if I trust in Him.

And after all, to see the sun rise in the morning, or the moon rise at night; or watch the coming out of myriads of twinkling stars, until the whole heavens glow with them, is a grander sight than the appearance of this strange visitor. "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

Gems.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE COMET AND THE BIBLE.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." His plain teaching would not do for them, they wanted "a sign from heaven." And so do many now.

Better than "Signs and Wonders" is the Word of God, which tells us

ll we need to know of our sinful ondition, salvation from sin by esus Christ, resurrection from the ead, and Eternal Life.

Neither Sun, Moon, Stars, nor Comets, can teach us the way by which we must be saved. They isplay the glory of God, but they tter no audible voice in the hearing f man. The Comet will not speak.

The Bible is God's voice to man.—When God speaks man ought to ear. Comets, when seen, are obects of alarm and terror. Peace n earth, and good will to man, are een in the Bible on every page.

Unreasonable and wicked men will not look into or listen to the word of God. They want more evidence they say; more miracles, signs, and wonders. They are like Herod and the scribes and pharisees. But they would not believe, "though one rose from the dead." The fact is, they love darkness; the light of the Bible is too strong for them.

Comets will not convince such men of their folly and their sin. Neither would they be persuaded if an angel were to descend, and write before their eyes on some black cloud, in characters of lightning—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," and then repeat it in their ears in a voice of thunder.

Let us search the Scriptures, for in them we *know* we have eternal life. For they are able to make us "wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

Men are not converted by signs and wonders.—When the comet has come and gone, thousands, now, it may be, full of alarm, will return to their sinful courses; and, it is feared, will become ten-fold more the children of hell than they were before! The grace and love of God in Christ only converts the soul.

THE BIBLE IS A BETTER TEACHER THAN THE COMET.

Poetic Selections.

THE ETERNAL GOD.

ETERNAL GOD! Almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on Thee alone.

Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heaven's abroad,
Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

MAJESTY OF GOD.

GLORY to the eternal King,
Clad in majesty supreme!
Let all heaven his praises sing,
Let all worlds his power proclaim.

Through eternity he reigns
In unbounded realms of light;
He the universe sustains,
As an atom in his sight.

Suns or stars thro' boundless space,
With their systems, move or stand
In their own appointed place,
And comets come at his command.

THE ALMIGHTY.

THE LORD! how fearful is his name?
How wide is his command?
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe:
Whilst with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach,
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

Not the high seraphs mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height, or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

CREATING POWER AND WISDOM.

THY hand how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Thro' skies and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

Infinite strength, and equal skill
Shine thro' the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

But still the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love!

The Children's Corner.

THE LITTLE BUSY BEES!

"Look," said William, "at th busy bees, h they work! I they go in a out!"

Yes: and b self at a frien in the count days ago, I wa the garden, saw several s these little ha ing creatures. not help stand admiring them came, one after with their thig with yellow honey, and out they went in search of more. In they went, without running against each other, or stopping moment to rest. What an example of industry! Well: lit should learn from the little busy bee, that they must not be idl their parents work for them, but they must soon learn to work f selves. Young bees soon learn to work. But there is another called a drone, it wont work, but it will eat the honey if it ca Now, little, reader, will you be as a bee, or a drone?

"Pretty bee, pray tell me why
Thus from flower to flower you fly,
Culling sweets the live-long day,
Never leaving off to play?"

"Little child, I'll tell you why,
Thus from flower to flower I fly:
Let the cause thy thoughts engage,
From thy youth to riper age.

Summer flowers will soon be o'er,
Winter come, they bloom no more;
Finest days will soon be past,
Brightest suns will set at last.

Little child now learn of me,
Let thy youth the seed-time be;
So when wintry age shall come,
Thou shalt bear thy harvest home."

THE ROMAN MOTHER.

In an old city in the old time, when christianity was a new religion, and heathenism was trying to subdue it, there dwelt a woman named Agatha, with her husband and two children. I don't know whether she was handsome, nor whether her children were beautiful; I don't know whether her husband was rich, nor whether their house was a grand palace with pictures on the walls, and marble floors, and fine statues, and leaping fountains;—but the beauty of holiness belonged to them all, and the "true riches" were in their dwelling. The mother had heard of Christ, and had believed; she had taught her little ones to trust in him; the husband had been won by the conversation of the wife, and they were all bent on the same journey, that had the golden city in the skies for its end.

Their religion was not popular; it did not as old John Bunyan says, walk "in silver slippers." Ah, no!—it went barefoot for the most part, and was terribly wounded and bruised by the stones of stumbling over which it passed. When Agatha went with her husband and children to worship, it was not in some comfortable chapel or grand old church, but under ground, where slaves were buried, and in the dead of the night. They were in danger even there, and worshipped God with the full knowledge that before the last "amen" was said, rough soldiery might fall upon and kill them, or drag them off to grace some holiday display, and be torn to pieces by wild beasts as a public show.

Well, this did not happen. They sang their hymns in peace, offered up their prayers, and listened,—oh, how devoutly!—to the reader, as he unrolled his book and went through some passage in Christ's history. And Agatha rejoiced, with all that were in her house, that the lines had fallen to them in pleasant places. But there were betrayers in that little company of christians with whom they met,—betrayers who did not shrink with shame and fear when they heard it read how Judas kissed his Master, and with that kiss betrayed him. The betrayer made it known to the governor who those christians were who worshipped in the tombs. None escaped notice; the rich lady, who came veiled; the Ethiopian, who came with her—"no longer a servant, but a brother beloved in the Lord;" the little hump-backed shoemaker; the centurion; the dancing girl, with her light, graceful form; the old

gladiator, with his strong limbs; the rough labourer, with his iron hands; the young noble, with his satin skin; all were marked, and all their names written in a book—the governor's criminal list: aye, but in a better and more lasting volume too —in the Lamb's book of life.

One night there came a messenger to Agatha's house, and a guard, who bore a letter from the governor, commanding the arrest of all the family, and their committal to the city prison. So they were hurried away; but instead of, as they expected, being separated from one another, were all lodged in the same ward. On the morrow there came a messenger, saying that Agatha was to appear before the governor. The hour of trial had come. She had anticipated this. When she became a christian she knew that a crown of glory would be hers; but a cross and a sepulchre lay between her and its possession. She kissed her children and embraced her husband, and felt—as only a mother and a wife can feel when separated from all they love; and was sustained only as a christian can be—by God's grace in the hour of adversity.

Through the gloomy passages, into the presence of the governor, Agatha advances. The guards leave her at the door. She anticipates her fate;—death in some cruel form,—in the flames—in the torture room—or by the wild beast on a holiday. And she prays as Hannah prayed—her lips moving, but no sound heard. She is ready to die. "For me to die is gain." She has read these words in a letter from a faithful missionary, and she repeats them now. But she is prepared for the trial. The governor commands obedience—expostulates—threatens. But his words move her not. Now comes the test.

"Woman, by this new doctrine you have lost a wife's affections and sacrificed a mother's love. By it you have seduced others into your own error, and made them the sharers in your punishment. It is written in your books that a wise king found out the true mother when he ordered her child to be slain, and that rather than that child should perish, she would give it up to a strange woman. See; if you do not resign this new faith—Nazarene doctrine—I will order the execution of your youngest born: if you recant, for your sake yours shall be spared."

The christian woman bowed her head, and was silent. Prayer from her heart went up to God's throne, and strength from God came down to her heart. So she made answer:—

"They who love their children more than Christ are not worthy of him. If God take my children to himself, shall I complain? Unjust judge, I trust in the judge of all."

At a motion from the governor, the guards advanced towards her. She fainted, and they carried her back to her husband and children. When she recovered, the guards waited with the order for the death of her youngest born. He was a brave boy, with light hair and blue eyes, and a great heart. He bade his mother and the rest to shed no tears for him. He would soon be with Christ, and sing with the children cruel Herod slew when Christ was a child himself. He hears that they will expose him on the bleak mountains, and that he is to die of hunger and thirst; but he answers he "has meat to eat they know not of," and that in the land he is going to, "they neither hunger nor thirst." So they lead him away to death; and the mother covers her head, and weeps bitterly. Her first trial is now over.

Next day the guards return. Another interview, with a like result, ensues. The mother is doomed to lose another child. It is a girl—a girl just blooming into womanhood. The mother and father tremble and shed tears, but they feel they must not surrender. It is a happiness in their sorrow that their children are brave-hearted. The girl throws her arms about her mother's neck, and whispers that her brother and herself are but going to heaven first—that they will all meet again—that in the world above the stars there are no tears, and no more parting. She is to die in what they call the arena, before holiday folks, by wild beasts. So she whispers that God took care of Daniel, and that God will do better still for her:—he will take her to himself. And the second trial is past.

Agatha is childless, and she fears that some new terror may come upon her; but her trust is in God. She prays that God would make her strong enough to bear all trials, and her husband joins her. Next day her husband is the victim. "Resign," says the unjust judge, "thine husband or thy faith." And she answers and says, "Christ, the Saviour, will help me; the Lord will enable me to bear it all." The husband comforts his wife with hopeful, happy words, and so they part. The third trial is over.

A week has passed, and the widowed wife and childless mother sits in a cell alone, and it is night. There comes a visitor; he bears a lamp with him, and is troubled as he enters.

It is the unjust judge. The captive lifts her head. "I have no treasure now," she says, "do with me what you will. They are all gone; why should I tarry? O Lord, send thy chariots, —the chariots of Israel, the horseman thereof!" But what does the man mean? He bids her come with him, and she rises to follow. He leads her through the passages, ascends stone steps, crosses a garden, enters a pavilion, and there—What a scene bursts on her sight! Is she in a dream?—is she in heaven? There—here—around her—weeping on her neck, clinging round her—are the loved ones—husband, children—alive from the dead! How is this? The unjust judge tells the story. Touched by the constancy of these christians, he had resolved to test them by the sharpest trials. He wrung the mother's heart,—appealed to her tenderness for her children—her brave boy, her gentle girl—were as immovable as their mother; and he preserved them from the threatened sufferings. He aroused all the wife's affections—tore from her the husband of her youth; and found her still faithful. The woman gave up her husband for the Lord's sake, and the husband resigned his wife. He felt that the religion which could so strengthen them to endure all this must be no light matter. He sought to know more. He had been almost—aye, and altogether—persuaded to be a christian; and his object now was to fly with them from danger, and seek safety on a foreign shore.

So they fled together, and were saved from peril and from persecution, and at length saved with an everlasting salvation. The noble fortitude of this christian family had accomplished its work.

Poetry.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

When is the time for prayer?
With the first beams that light the morning sky,
Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
Lift up thy thoughts on high;
Commend thy loved ones to his watchful care:—
Morn is the time for prayer!

And in the noontide hour,
If worn by toil, or by sad cares oppress,

Then unto God thy spirit's sorrow pour,
  And He will give thee rest;—
Thy voice shall reach Him through the fields of air:—
  Noon is the time for prayer!

  When the bright sun hath set,—
Whilst yet eve's glowing colours deck the skies,—
When all the loved, at home, again are met,—
  Then let thy praise arise
For those who in thy joys and sorrows share:—
  Eve is the time for prayer!

  And when the stars come forth,—
When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,
And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth
  To pure bright dreams of heaven,—
Kneel to thy God; ask strength, life's ills to bear:—
  Night is the time for prayer!

  When is the time for prayer?
In every hour, while life is spared to thee,—
In crowds or solitude,—in joy or care,—
  Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.
At home,—at morn and eve,—with loved ones there,
  Bend thou thy knees in prayer!

Anecdotes and Selections.

Every Traveller in the East is startled by occasional scenes, which bring before his mind with irresistible power some of the charming emblems of the Holy Scriptures. Dr. Hackett thus refers to a scene which he witnessed: "As I was passing near Gethsemane one day, I saw, at a little distance, a shepherd engaged in shearing one of his flock. The animal lay stretched before him on the ground; submitting, without resistance or complaint, to the operation which he was performing. It seemed as if every movement of the shears would lacerate the flesh; the feet were bound; the man's knees were pressed rudely against the sides of the helpless captive. This posture, so irksome, had to be endured for a considerable time before the ample fleece was removed. Yet, during it all, it was wonderful to observe how patient the creature remained; it struggled not, it opened not its mouth. Under ordinary circumstances the incident might not have attracted my attention; but, being in such a place, it spoke to my heart with touching power. How could I forget the prophet's use of that emblem, in describing the spirit of unshrinking submission to appointed suffer-

ing, which was to distinguish the Saviour of men, and of which he gave such matchless proof in the agony of that very garden! Isaiah (liii. 7) said, with reference to that trait of his character, 'He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.'"

John Nelson, a celebrated Methodist preacher, who was a stone-mason, being once desired by his master's foreman to work at the exchequer buildings on the Lord's-day, on the ground that the king's business required haste, and that it was common to work on the Sunday for his majesty, at once boldly declared that he would not work upon the sabbath for any man in England, except it were to quench fire, or something that required immediate help. "Religion," said the foreman, "has made you a rebel against the king." "No sir," he replied, "it has made me a better subject than ever I was. The greatest enemies the king has are sabbath-breakers, swearers, drunkards, and whoremongers; for these pull down God's judgments both upon king and country." He was told that he would lose his employment if he did not obey orders; his answer was, "I would rather want bread than wilfully offend God." The foreman swore that he would be as mad as Whitefield if he went on, "What hast thou done," said he, "that thou needest make so much ado about salvation, I always took thee to be as honest a man as I have in the work, and would have trusted thee with £500." "So you might," answered Nelson, "and not have lost one penny by me." "I have a worse opinion of thee now," said the foreman. "Master," rejoined he, "I have the odds of you; for I have a much worse opinion of myself than you can have." The issue, however, was, that the work was not pursued on the sabbath; and Nelson rose in the good opinion of his employer, for having shown a sense of his duty as a christian.

The Labourer's Pig.—Not long since when conversing with a countryman, he related to me the following circumstance. "One day," said he, "while sitting in the field eating my dinner, I was thinking of the poor, being at the same time cast down on account of my pig being unwell. While thinking on the great loss it would be to me, should such be the case, I happened to look at the piece of paper in which my provisions had been wrapped, and read the following text of Scripture, 'For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.' (Ps. l. 10.) The passage seemed just suited to my circumstances; I thought if all the cattle belonged to the Lord, so did my pig, and nothing would befall it without his permission; I derived comfort from this passage of God's word, and believed all would be well." Having heard the poor man's simple tale, I thought and felt what a treasure the scriptures are to all, especially to the poor; they are not only profitable

for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and instruction in righteousness; but, that they can and do often impart comfort and consolation amidst the various trials of life. J. D.

A Swearing Coachman.—Rev. H. Townley says, "I was travelling one sultry day by a stage-coach, and seated on the box, when the coachman uttered several oaths. I resolved to try the effect of indirect reproof.

'How hot the weather is!' my companion observed.

'It is nothing,' I said, 'to the heat of Calcutta.'

'What, sir; have you ever been in India?'

'Yes; and when there, seen many strange sights. I saw a Hindoo girl, goaded on by the priests, in spite of every remonstrance I could offer, burn her own mother alive.'

I gave him the particulars of the Suttee to which I referred, and having thereby gained his attention, proceeded to relate some conversation, bearing on the ten commandments, which I had held with Brahmins and other natives of India.

After a short pause, the man's conscience having applied what he heard to himself, he spontaneously said, 'Sir, that's a bad habit of swearing which we coachman have got;' and throughout the remainder of the journey not another irreverent word escaped his lips.

Indirect reproof in some cases is more efficacious than plain rebuke."

A Doer of the Word.—A poor woman in the country went to hear a sermon, wherein, among other evil practices, the use of dishonest weights and measures was exposed. With this discourse she was much affected. The next day when the minister, according to his custom, went among his hearers, and called upon the woman, he took occasion to ask her what she remembered of his sermon. The poor woman complained much of her bad memory, and said she had forgotten almost all that he had delivered. "But one thing," said she, "I remembered; I remembered to burn my bushel." A doer of the word cannot be a forgetful hearer.

A Swearing Planter.—An American planter had a favourite domestic negro who was ordered, while waiting at table, to stand opposite to him. The master was a profane person, and took the name of God in vain. As he did so the negro made a low and solemn bow. On being asked why he acted thus, he replied that he never heard that great name mentioned but it filled his whole soul with reverence and awe. The planter took the hint, and was thus, without offence, reclaimed from a very sinful practice by this pious negro.

The Fireside.

THE FIRESIDE.

How many feet upon this fender placed,
In other years, duly as evening came,
Have crowded our fire-side; the feet of those
Our childhood fondly loved: but scattered now,
Perchance 'midst all the toils of life to feel
The fond regret, the deep and natural grief
That flows upon the thought of broken ties,
And sweet dreams buried in the far dark past.
And some have left us for the brightening glow
Of their own happy hearth, for days and hours
Lighted with love's own sunshine; yet sometimes
With changeless heart, as in the long, long days
Now gone for ever, and with constant feet,
That know the accustomed place, they turn to thee.
Ay, and some feet have prest thee once that ne'er
Shall touch thy bars again; some feet that now
Have run their weary race, and are stretched out
In the calm, silent grave. Oh, how we loved them!
Nor summer hour, when nature from her lap
Pours forth her beauty; nor in winter nights,
When circling to thy blazing side we cling,
As the wild tempest rages, and the moon
Puts forth her pale cold cheek to meet the blast,
And the dark night-cloud rises; never, never
Shall we forget those who have left their place,
Their wonted place amidst our little band!
We speak not; but the tear is in our eyes,
The throb is in our hearts, and as we crowd
More closely round thee in our loneliness,
Fond memories will arise and take us back
Amidst the scene of long-forgotten things.
Ay, and we hear again the merry laugh,
And the light-hearted peal of opening youth;
Again we sit beside the forms we love,
And time and distance, vast unmeasured days,
And wide estranging scenes, and death itself,
All vanish at our bidding; and we turn
To answer smile with smile, and greet again
Our best and dearest, ours, a moment ours.
We rend oblivion's veil, we burst the band,
And on our ears the tones we loved are breathing
As they were wont to breathe. Is it a dream?
A single cinder falls upon the hearth,
And we start back to melancholy truth.

Oh, and is life so brief? And are its ties,
Its holiest ties, so frail and vanishing?
Pass but a few short years, and shall we too
Be missing in our places? Gracious Lord!
With noble purpose and eternal hope
Encompass thou our spirits, guide us on,
From race to race, from light to purer light,
To the high source of being; till our hearts,
Thirsting for holiness and glory, rise
On wings of faith above this fading scene
Of mortal suffering, and expand in love
To Him who is our Saviour and our God!

The Penny Post Box.

OUR NEW NOBILITY.

I WANT to say a word or two in the *Pioneer* about them. But, who are they? some may say. I will tell you. I call them our new nobility to distinguish them from the old nobles, who, many of them, got their titles and lands by their swords. Lately, however, a new way has been opened to titles and honours in our country. Several distinguished men, whose forefathers were little better than slaves to the barons, have worked their way up to the highest seats of honour in the land. And it is the glory of old England that this way is open to every lad born on the island. The town in which I live sends to Parliament two members whose fathers were poor men. Many a Lord Mayor of London went there a poor boy. And perhaps the greater number of our richest manufacturers and merchants, whose incomes are now greater than many noblèmen, were once, or their fathers were, hard-working men in humble life. I was reminded of this the other day when, in a large manufacturing town, I received an invitation from one who had once been one of my own errand boys to come and dine with him. I found him, with his amiable wife and interesting family, in a handsome house furnished in a superior style. There was a party to dinner, and he placed his old master at his right hand, and was not ashamed to tell the company of our former connection, and how I had looked sharp after him when he was lad, and a good deal more of a complimentary character. He now employs between 3000 and 4000 hands, and being little more than thirty yet, I should not be surprised if one day he is sent to Parliament, for he is a man of tact and talent. Now he was under great disadvantages when a lad, for his father was an Italian refugee, who fleeing from Austrian tyranny, was nationalized by entering the English army. There was also another, and another, and another, at the same table that evening, all of

whom had worked their way up, with God's blessing, to fill the important office of ministers of the gospel in some of the largest and most prosperous churches in the kingdom. I was delighted with all this, and thought these men are old England's true nobility, for he is a truly noble man who, by industry, civility, and perseverance, honestly works his way to competence, especially when, as in this case, success is referred to the Divine blessing, and a disposition displayed to consecrate a portion of the wealth which God had given him to the promotion of his glory.

I could relate other instances of the wonderful things doing by men of this class at Bradford and Halifax, but must wait for time and space. OBSERVER.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

OF TWO THINGS I HAVE SEEN.

Young Men I have seen, cultivating a young *moustache*, with a *cigar* stuck in their mouths, strutting about the streets as if they were lords. But when I have talked with them, I have found that their tongues could say nothing worth hearing, for their heads were empty. You may safely calculate that if you see a profusion of hair and a cloud of smoke outside the head of a young man, there are few brains within.

Young Women I have seen too, trotting about the streets, who make up for *moustache* and *cigar*, with artificials and a queer little thing stuck on the back of their heads. When I have asked, I have found that at home they have not a chest of drawers or anything to put into one; and they can neither make nor mend, boil a cabbage, or mix a pudding!

And then I thought to myself, what sort of husbands and wives will these young folks make? But fie! I dare not think of it. Live long enough and you will see! They will turn out poor creatures, depend upon it. May be in seven years time you will find their names in the parish books. For such folly always meets with its own reward.

Hints.

WASTE OF WEALTH may be recovered—of health seldom—of time never.

IF MEN PRAISE YOU, suspect their judgment—if they censure you, suspect your own.

THE FACTS OF OUR LIFE are unalterable. We may wish they had not happened, but they will remain facts for ever!

EVERY DAY every man is doing good or evil, that will spread, and bless or curse many more.

DOING WRONG multiplies itself, like figures in arithmetic, the last figure making the former stand for many more. So sin multiplies sin.

BAD MEN even in prosperity, are unhappy. Gold cannot pacify a guilty conscience.

A HARD BATTLE any man will find it to put down and subdue his own conscience, for sooner or later it will spring up and revenge itself.

DESPAIR is an ugly demon, born hell, and nursed by fear, laziness, d impatience. Never indulge it her for this world or the next.

LAUGHTER is all very well now d then, but if you would be always ighing you will always be laughed

NEVER MAKE A FOOL OF YOURLF to please other people. Dend upon it they are not your ends who wish you.

Gems.

GOD'S JUSTICE was never so awly displayed as in the death of s own Son, whom it struck with ll force. No created being could ve borne that stroke.

CHRIST TASTED DEATH FOR US at he might pardon us, and purify . He that is not purified is not rdoned, and cannot be saved.

DEPEND ON CHRIST, not only for lvation, but for your daily bread. e who shed his blood to save your ul, will surely take care of your oor body.

IF WE ARE CHRISTIANS we shall on be with God in heaven. What anner of men then ought we to be all holy conversation and godliess?

OUR TWO GREAT LESSONS are, to elieve all that God has said, and ve all that God loves. Faith and ve makes us like Jesus, and to be ke him is the great end of our xistence.

IF JESUS WERE NOT GOD, we could ot comfortably trust in him; when e know our state, and feel our anger, we can trust in no one but od: Hence Jesus is the great bject of our trust. "God with us."

GOD LOVES TO SEE US HAPPY, therefore he has provided for our happiness both in this world and the next; now we are to rejoice in Christ Jesus, and then we shall rejoice with him.

Poetic Selections.

GREAT IN LITTLE.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
  Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
  And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time
  To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
  To bask beneath its boughs:
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
  The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
  A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
  Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
  Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink,—
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again,—and lo! the well,
  By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
  And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropt a random thought;
  'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
  But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
  And lo! its light became
A lamp of light, a beacon ray,
  A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great,
  A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
  And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd
  That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
  Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
  A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
  It saved a soul from death.
Oh, germ! oh, fount! oh, word of love!
  Oh, thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
  But mighty at the last!

CHARLES MACKAY.

The Children's Corner.

LADS AT WORK IN THE GARDEN.

When a boy gets to be twelve years old, he should begin to think what trade he would like to follow. If he can go to school two more years all the better, for it is a pity and a fault to take a lad away from school when he is only twelve. Some take them away when they are only ten; but that is a *very* bad plan, and the poor lad will suffer for it all his life. Boys, and girls too, should always go to school as long as they can. It is often the only thing some parents can do for their children, and they should do it as well as they can. Never before twelve, but until fourteen if possible, should be the rule.

Well: another thing; when a boy is twelve, he should begin to do a little work of some kind, if it is only to put him in the way of it. He should not spend all his time in play or at school. He should be taught to work a bit too. His play-days and school-days will soon be over, and then he will have to work like all the rest of us. And so it is a good thing to let him try his hand at it before he goes for good. These two things, worth more than money, are the best, as regards this life, parents can do for their children—give them a good schooling, and teach them how to work. If father has a bit of garden, let him set the lads to work there sometimes. He cannot do better. Then, with a clear head, and a strong arm, and a civil tongue, any lad may make his way in old England.

And the hope of our hearts for our country is the lads! If they are brought up as they should be, our land, for ages to come, under God's blessing, will be great, glorious, and free. But if they grow up ignorant, and idle, and sottish, we shall sink. Let us all help to bring up a race of "true born Englishmen"—men who, like their fathers, fear none but God; who hate skulking from work, love honest labour, keep the sabbath, and prize the bible—Then we may shout—

"Old England for Ever."

OLIVER HEYWOOD.

OLIVER HEYWOOD was a minister of the seventeenth century. His little stock of money was once quite gone; the family provisions were consumed; and Martha, a maid-servant who had lived in his family many years, and who often helped them, could now lend no more from the little savings of former days. Mr. Heywood still trusted that God would provide: when he had nothing but the Divine promise to live upon, he said,

> "When cruse and barrel both are dry,
> We still will trust in God most High."

When the children began to be impatient for want of food, Mr. Heywood called his servant, and said to her, "Martha, take a basket, and go to Halifax; call upon Mr. N., the shopkeeper, in Northgate, and tell him I desire him to lend me five shillings: if he will be kind enough to do it, buy us some cheese, some bread, and such other little things as you know we most want. Be as quick as you can; for the poor children begin to be fretful for want of something to eat. Put on your hat and cloak, and the Lord give you good speed. Meantime we will offer up our requests to Him who feedeth the young ravens when they cry, and who knows what we have need of before we ask Him." Martha observed her master's directions; but when she came near the house where she was ordered to beg for the loan of five shillings, through fear and bashfulness, her heart failed her. At length Mr. N., standing at his shopdoor, and seeing Martha in the street, called her to him, and said, "Are not you Mr. Heywood's servant?" She said, "Yes." He added, "I am glad to see you. Some friends at M— have remitted to me five guineas for your master, and I was just thinking how I could contrive to send it." Martha burst into tears, and for some time could not speak. The wants of the family, their trust in Providence, this well-timed supply, and a variety of other ideas breaking in upon her mind at once, quite overpowered her. At length she told Mr. N. upon what errand she came, but that she had no courage to ask him to lend her poor master money. She made haste to procure the provisions, and, with a heart lightened of its burden, ran home to tell the success of her journey.

Though she had not been long absent the hungry family had often looked wistfully out at the window for her arrival.

When she knocked at her master's door, which was kept locked and barred, for fear of constables and bailiffs, it was presently opened; and the joy to see her was as great as when a fleet of ships arrive, laden with provisions for the relief of a starving town, closely besieged by an enemy. The children danced round the maid, eager to look into the basket; the patient mother wiped her eyes, the father smiled, and said, "The Lord hath not forgotten to be gracious. His word is true from the beginning: 'The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.'" Martha gave an account of her little journey, as soon as tears of joy would permit her; and all partook of the homely fare with a sweeter relish than the Roman nobles ever knew when thousands of pounds were spent to furnish one meal.

The spirit of persecution raged so warmly against him, that this worthy man was under the necessity of taking leave of his dear family, and going he knew not whither. But the question was, how should he be got ready for his journey? He had a horse; but the little money that remained must be left for the support of his family, for whom Mr. Heywood was much more concerned than for himself. One winter morning, when it was yet dark, the horse was saddled, and this good man, after bidding farewell to his wife, and blessing his children in their beds, set out, like Abraham, when he left his father's house, not knowing whither he went. He moved silently along in by-ways for some time, for fear of being seen, till he had got out of the neighbourhood. Having not one farthing in his pocket to bear his travelling expenses, he committed himself to the protection of Providence. He determined at length to leave his horse at full liberty to go what way it would, and thus travelled on for a great part of the day, till both man and beast stood in great need of refreshment. Towards evening, the horse bent its course to a farm-house, a little out of the road. Mr. Heywood called at the door, and a clean decent woman came out to inquire what he wanted. "I have reason," said he, "to make an apology for giving you this trouble, being an entire stranger in these parts. My horse stands in need, as well as myself, of shelter and refreshment for the night: if you could any way make it convenient to furnish my horse with a little hay, and a stand under cover, and myself with a seat by your fireside, I ask no more." The

ood woman, a little surprised at his request, told him she ould consult her husband. After a few minutes, they both ame to the door, and Mr. Heywood repeated his request; but old them that he had no money to satisfy them for any trouble ey might have on his account; yet he hoped God would eward them. They immediately desired him to alight: the aster led the horse into the stable; and the mistress took the tranger into the house, invited him to sit down, stirred up he fire, and began to prepare him something to eat. Mr. Heywood told her that he was concerned to see her give herelf so much trouble; that being unable to make her any ecompense, he did not request either a supper or a bed, but nly that he might sit by the fireside till morning. The misress assured him that for an act of hospitality she did not xpect any reward; and that, though the fare her house would afford was but poor, he should be welcome to it; and therefore he hoped he would make himself easy. After supper they ll sat down before the fire, and the master of the house desired to know of the stranger what countryman he was "I was born," said he, "in Lincolnshire; but I have a wife and family near Halifax." "That is a town," said the farmer, "where I have been; and some years ago I had a little acquaintance with several persons there. Pray do you know Mr. S——, and Mr. D——? and is old Mr. F—— yet alive?" The stranger gave suitable answers to these and many other inquiries. At length the kind hostess asked him "if he knew anything of one Mr. Oliver Heywood, who was formerly a minister at some chapel not far from Halifax, but was now, on some account or other, forbidden to preach." The stranger replied, "There is a great deal of noise and talk about that man; some speak well, others say everything that is bad of him; for my own part, I can say little in his favour." "I believe," said the farmer, "he is of that sect which is everywhere spoken against; but, pray, do you personally know him? and what is it that inclines you to form such a poor opinion of his character?" "I do know something of him," said the stranger; "but if you please we will talk on some other subject." After keeping the farmer and his wife in suspense for some time, who were a little uneasy at what he had said, he told them that he was the poor outcast of whom they had made so many kind inquiries. All was then surprise, and joy, and thankfulness, that a merciful Providence had brought

him under their roof. The master of the house said, "Mr. Heywood, I am glad to see you here, having long had a sincere regard for you from the favourable reports I have always heard of you. The night is not far spent. I have a few neighbours who love the Gospel; if you will give us a word of exhortation, I will run and acquaint them. This is an obscure place, and as your coming is not known, I hope we shall have no interruption." Mr. Heywood consented; and on this joyful occasion, a small collection was cheerfully made to help the poor traveller on his way.

Anecdotes and Selections.

A Remarkable Dream.—I thought I was sitting, a little before daylight, with my deceased brother, on the wall of the churchyard of the parish in which we had lived many years together. We remained silent for some time, and then he asked me if I would not go with him into the church. I readily consented, and immediately rising up, walked with him towards the porch, which I thought was very large and spacious; but when he had passed through it, and came to the inner door that led to the body of the church, some way or other (but how I could not well conceive) my brother slipped in before me, and when I attempted to follow, which I was all eagerness to do, the door, which slid from the top to the bottom, like those in some of the fortified towns on the continent, was instantly let down more than halfway, so that I now found it quite necessary to bend up myself almost double before I could enter. But as I stooped to try, the door continued falling lower and lower, consequently the passage became so narrow that I found it altogether impracticable in that posture. Grieved to be left behind, and determined to get in, if possible, I fell down on my hands and tried to squeeze my head and shoulders through; but finding myself still too high, I then kneeled down, crept, wrestled, and pushed more eagerly, but all to no purpose. Vexed to the last degree, yet unwilling to be left outside, I resolved to throw off all my clothes, and crawl in like a worm; but being very desirous to preserve a silk waistcoat which I had brought from France, I kept that on in hopes of being able to carry it with me. Then laying myself flat on my face, I toiled, and pushed, and strove, soiled my embroidered waistcoat, but could not get in after all. At last, driven almost to despair, I stripped myself entirely, and forced my body between the door and the ground, till the rough stones and

gravel tore all the skin and flesh upon my breast, and, as I thought, covered me with blood. Indifferent, however, about this, and perceiving I advanced a little, I continued to strive and squeeze with more violence than ever, till at last I got safely through. As soon as I stood upon my feet in the inside, an invisible hand clothed me in a long white robe, and as I turned round to view the place, I saw a goodly company of saints (among whom was my brother) all dressed in the same manner, partaking of the Lord's supper. I sat down in the midst of them, and the bread and wine being administered to me, I felt such seraphic joy, such celestial ecstasy, as no mortal can express. I heard a voice call me three times by name, saying I was wanted at home. My joy was so great and overcoming, that it soon broke the silken bands of sleep, and made me start up in my bed, singing the high praises of God.

Memoir of Major General Burn.

Family Prayer by Two Daughters.—A gentleman residing in the western part of the state of New York, had sent two of his daughters to Lichfield to be educated. While they were there, God was pleased to bless the place with a revival of religion; and the news of it reached the ears of their father. He was much troubled for his daughters, "apprehensive," to use his own words, "lest their minds should be affected, and they be frightened into religion." Alive, as he thought, to their happiness, and determined to allay their fears and quiet their distresses, he sent a friend to Lichfield, with positive orders to bring them immediately home, that they might not be lost to all happiness and hope, and consigned to gloom and despondency. The messenger departed on his errand; but they had already chosen Christ for their portion, and had resolved that, whatever others might do, they would serve the Lord. They returned to their father's, not overwhelmed, as he expected, with gloom and despondency, but with hearts glowing with gratitude to God, and countenances beaming with serenity and hope: indeed, they rejoiced in the Saviour. Soon after their return home, they were anxious to establish family worship, and affectionately requested their father to commence that duty. He replied, that he saw no use in it; that he had lived very well more than fifty years without prayer, and he could not be burdened with it now. They then asked permission to pray with the family themselves; and not thinking they would have confidence to do it, he assented to the proposition. The duties of the day being ended, and the hour for retiring to rest having arrived, the sisters approached the stand, and placed on it a Bible; one read a chapter—they both kneeled—the other engaged in prayer. The father stood; but while the humble, fervent, prayer of his daughter was ascending to heaven, his knees began to tremble; he also kneeled, and then became prostrate on the floor. God heard their prayer, and directed their father's weeping eyes, which had never shed tears of penitence before,

to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. Happy family! a believing father and believing children, whose God is the Lord!

THE ROBBER AND THE STOLEN SERMONS.—A minister had been preaching one evening, in a village at some distance from his home; when, on his return, he was stopped by a man, who presented a pistol, and demanded his money. The minister allowed him to take his watch and his money; and the thief, feeling some papers in his pocket, took them also away with him, saying, that for anything he knew, there might be bank notes among them. These papers were, however, manuscript sermons, written out at length in a fair and legible hand. Some months afterwards, a respectable looking man called upon the same minister, recalled to his recollection the robbery, stated that he had been the robber, restored the watch and a sum of money equivalent to that which he had taken away, and stated the cause of his making restitution was, that upon looking over the papers, he found a sermon on the words, "Thou shalt not steal." The singularity of this circumstance induced him to read it; and the impression produced by its warnings upon him was so powerful, that he abandoned his profligate courses, became an altered man, devoted himself to industrious labour, and took the earliest opportunity of restoring the property he had stolen.

PROOF OF BEING A CHRISTIAN.—The simplicity of youthful conversion was illustrated in the case of a child thirteen years old, who resided in New York. "Mother," said this girl, "can you know whether or not I am a christian by my feelings?" "My dear," replied her mother, "I must first know what your feelings are." The daughter smiled, and said, "Well, then, you know, when you have been angry with a person, and it is all made up, how happy you feel. Now I have been a long time angry with God, and it is all made up, and I feel so happy." Thus she expressed a reconciliation to God through Jesus Christ.

AT HOME IN GLORY.—"How delightful to think of glory," said a young christian when near her end. "Death is but a step into it. Jesus, the Lord of glory, is waiting to receive me! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"—"Almost at home!" said another, after a long illness, "Almost at home! My precious bible! what a treasure thou hast been to me! True: every word. I never thought I should be so happy when I came to die. I am as happy as I can be out of heaven!"

HOW TO TREAT AN ENEMY.—A gentleman once told a pious baronet that a person high in power had insulted him, and he would punish him for the insult. "Certainly it will be *manly* to do so," said the baronet, "but it will be *Godlike* to forgive him." Another nobleman used to say, "By revenging an insult you put yourself on a *level* with your adversary, but by forgiving him you rise *above* him."

A YOUNG MAN had long been confined with a diseased limb. A friend called on him who wished to see it. As the young man uncovered it he said, "There it is. And a precious treasure it has been to me. It taught me the folly and vanity of my heart, and led me to seek the favour of God through Jesus Christ. It has almost brought me to heaven. Eternal glory is now my hope!" Another young christian being near his last hours on earth, said, "There lie my clothes, and it makes me happy when I think that I shall never put them on again. Clothed in the righteousness of Christ, it will be now the only dress I shall ever wear again!"

ROWLAND HILL once went to preach where the minister was not a man of the best character, but made a great to do about appearances; and made many apologies for not having a better *cassock* in which to dress the preacher. "Sir," said Mr. Hill, "I can preach very well without my cassock, but I cannot preach without my character."

The Fireside.

REPAYING MOTHER.

"MOTHER," said a little black-eyed boy of six years, "when you get old, and want some one to read to you, I will."

Little Henry's mother had been in the habit of reading to him a good deal, and on this sabbath-day she had read to him out of the Bible and explained it. The child was just able to read a little himself, and the progress he was making suggested to him how he might at some future time return all his mother's care. "I will pay you back, mother," said he, looking up into her face with childish satisfaction, as if a new thought from heaven had been sent down to light up the little world in his soul. His mother pressed him to her heart with a delight that seemed to say, "My dear son, I am more than paid off already."

But, children, you can never repay mother. Her thoughts of love, and acts of affection to you, are more in number than the days of your life. From the hour of your birth mother has been one with you. How often has she nourished you, dressed you, kissed you, rocked you on her knee and the cradle, carried you in her tender arms, watched over you in sleep, guided your infant steps, delighted in the dawning intelligence of your eye, and the winning affection of your smile, hushed your pains and sufferings, thought of you in absence, and guarded your life with a mother's solicitude, and a mother's devotion? Ah! dear child, you can never "repay your mother."

Mother has taught you to read and to pray. She has patiently sat by you and taught you the letters of the alphabet; and then

she helped you to put them together and to spell words. She taught you to spell "GOD." And before you could read, she taught you to say, "Our Father, which art in heaven." Mother has trained you with lessons, and hymns, and prayers to come to Christ. She has prayed for you when none but God knew it, and has prayed with you when your wandering thoughts understood not the meaning of her prayers. She has taken you on the sabbath to worship, and by her example she has pointed you to heaven, and "led the way." Dear child, you can never "repay your mother."

Yes, there is one way in which you can more than repay your mother. It is by loving Jesus Christ. Mother is getting ready for that blessed abode, where parents and children may meet together around the throne of God and the Lamb. There Jesus dwells in glory, that same Jesus who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Come, little children, come to Jesus Christ? and repay mother, by praising God with her in heaven!

The Penny Post Box.

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

LET me say a few words about these, for I think in these days it is very needful. There are men, even in this land of light, who deny God and his government of the world. There are others, who confine his judgments to bible times. They are both wrong—the former are wicked men, and the latter are weak men. God has not forsaken our world; he sees all that is done, and sometimes, even under this system of mercy, comes out of his place to punish the bold blasphemer. Here are two instances. They occurred a few years ago. The writer says—"Travelling with a female passenger from Bristol, she told me of the awful end of a pugilist. She went to see him. When she went into his chamber she said, "How do you do James?" He replied, "Ha! Betsy, I am glad to see you, I have received a letter from hell." She thought he must be delirious, and begged him to compose himself, when, with an oath, he exclaimed, "Do you think I dont know what I say? Your name is Betsy——, I tell you I have had a letter from some of my old companions in hell, (mentioning their names) who are playing a game, and they want me to make an odd one, and I shall go at ——o'clock." She left him. But he died at that very hour!

A young man in a lawyer's office in London, went on board a ship in the Thames to see his brother from the East Indies. When leaving the ship, his brother cautioned him how he went down, for he was lame. He replied with an oath, "I'll shew you the way lawyer's go to hell!" His foot slipped, and he fell into the water,

nd was drowned before the eyes of his agonized mother and rother! Several persons saw him fall, but they seemed paralyzed, nd the efforts they made to save him were too late.

Verily there is a God that yet judgeth in the earth! Reader, lost thou not fear him? Beware lest he take thee away with a troke, and then a great ransom cannot deliver thee! Pause! reect, repent, pray; and fly to Christ now, this very day, for forgiveess and salvation!

OBSERVER.

MATTHEW WILKS; OR, MINISTERIAL POPULARITY.

PERHAPS some of your readers may be amused on reading the following humorous lines, which it is said were written by this celebrated minister. Mr. W. died about thirty years ago, and was many years a popular preacher at Whitefield's old Tabernacle, Moorfields.

When to famed London first I went,
To preach the gospel my intent,
My fame soon flew around the place, me
And people thought me filled with grace.
I to the tabernacle came,
And found it crowded through my fame;
For, from the pulpit to the door,
'Twas filled with throngs of rich and poor,
Who came to hear in stuffs and silks:
My name was then "Great Mr. Wilks."
But as the sun went past the height
Of noon, declining towards the night;
So soon my soaring fame, I found,
Was something nearer to the ground:
But still it flew, though not so high—
"The Reverend Mr. Wilks" was I.
And as the rolling years went round,
And me in London still they found,
I yet went on with lessened fame,
"The Reverend Mr. Wilks" my name.
The tabernacle still my place,
I filled, though with slower pace;
And found that as I older grew,
The people wanted something new;
The stuffs yet came, though fewer silks;
My name was only "Matthew Wilks."
But oh! the worst was yet to come,
And further slighting was my doom:
For if a friend should chance to meet
An old acquaintance in the street,
And say, "Come, Thomas, will you go
To hear 'Matt Wilks' whom well you know?"
How oft has this been the reply—
"A squeaking fellow! no, not I."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ORIGIN OF NAMES OF DAYS OF THE WEEK.

Our names of the days are from our Saxon Ancestors, who were idolaters.

Sunday, or Sun's-day, because on that day they worshipped the Sun as the chief deity, giving light and heat.

Monday, or Moon-day, because it was the next greatest light in the heavens.

Tuesday, had its name from Tuisco, a warrior renowned in their fables as a great hero.

Wednesday, was also named after Woden, another of their celebrated warriors, whose deeds were told in their legends.

Thursday, was named after Thor, their god of the clouds and winds, to whom they prayed for fine weather.

Friday, from Friga, a goddess to whom they always prayed for peace and plenty.

Saturday, from Seater, another of their gods, to whom they prayed for protection, freedom, and concord.

Because of the origin of these names, and the names of the months, from Roman idolaters, the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, refuse to use them, but say first day, or first month, instead.

Hints.

Some People dont know what is the matter with them. They say they have weak nerves. It may be so. Let them get up early and fall to work in good earnest, and the symptoms may disappear sooner than they expect.

Slander is a tax which the best men are sometimes called to pay to an envious public. Birds generally peck the ripest fruit.

The most Dangerous of wild beasts, said an old philosopher, is the slanderer, and of tame beasts, the flatterer.

Many People complain of the shortness of time; but such have generally more than they make good use of. They spend time in doing nothing; and so, when they look back, they see nothing. No wonder it looks short.

Our own Troubles will look less if we look at the troubles of others. We need not look far to find many who are far deeper sunk in trouble than we are.

The Countenance of a Man is often an index of his heart. Not always, but generally, you may tell what a man is by his looks. The sot, or the sober, may thus be easily known; and so may one of good temper be distinguished from a violent man.

Hope is a good thing at all times, and hence our Maker has made it like a perpetual spring in our hearts, to cheer and refresh us. It may often be disappointed as regards the things of this life—but as regards the promises of God, never!

Death, after all, is a terrible thing to a worldly-minded man. Terrible to the eye of nature, and more terrible to the eye of conscience. But to the christian death has no terrors. In his eye, death is stingless. Try to find out how this is.

The Best Home a man can have is in his own heart. If there be not the answer of a good conscience there, he will never be at peace or rest anywhere.

Gems.

CHRIST ALWAYS COMES to us with blessing in each hand—forgiveness in one, and holiness in the ther; and never gives either to ny who do not desire both.

THE LOVE OF GOD springs from he knowledge of Christ. Until we now Christ, we cannot love God.

TO KNOW CHRIST is to have iches in poverty, comfort in rouble, ease in pain, health in ickness, and life in death.

THE SALVATION OF GOD is as much his gift as our existence. We could not have lived without him, and we cannot be saved without him.

CHRIST WAS GOD manifest in the flesh. When we hear what Christ says, we hear what God says, and know what is his mind and will about us.

WE OWE OUR SAVIOUR a debt which if the world were ours we could not pay. All he asks in return is that we love him and obey him in all things.

A THOUSAND ANGELS could not bear the burden of one sin. How heavy the burden laid on the Lamb of God, when he bore the sin of the whole world!

ONLY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST can cleanse away the foul stains which sin has made on the conscience of man. But that blood cleanseth us from all sin.

IF GOD SUSTAIN US, no temptation can overcome us; but if he leave us to ourselves, the weakest temptation is too strong for us: daily, therefore, let us cry, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

GOD'S MERCY, in pardoning our sins for Christ's sake, is now an act of simple justice. Because Christ died to take away our sin, which was the only obstacle to pardon.

Poetic Selections.

OUR LIFE.

LIFE is like a painted dream,
Like the rapid summer stream,
Like the flashing meteor's ray,
Like the shortest winter's day,
Like the fitful breeze that sighs,
Like the wavering flame that dies—
Dazzling for a moment here,
Soon our life will disappear;
The gift of God is Life Eternal,
That alone is ever Vernal.

TO A SLEEPY WORSHIPPER.

THE king of saints to-day,
Gives audience in this place;
His servants here proclaim
His messages of grace.
Dost thou receive that message with a nod?
Awake, O sleeper, call upon thy God!

UNION OF CHRISTIANS.

GLORY to God! we now are one,
United to our head above,
With undivided hearts we praise,
Our God for his uniting grace.
Let names, and sets, and parties fall,
And Jesus Christ be all in all:
Thus like thy saints above, shall we
Be one with each, and one with Thee!

ON THE TREES.

Spring.

TREES, ye are promising,
Little buds peeping,
Tell us you wake again
From winter's sleeping.

Summer.

Trees, ye are beautiful,
Gracefully bending,
O'er the lone valley's stream
Shade from heat lending.

Autumn.

Trees, ye are fading fast,
Autumn winds blowing,
Strip off your leaves at last,
On the ground strewing.

Winter.

Trees, ye are desolate:
Where buds were springing,
Now on the branches bare,
Snow falls are clinging.

Moral.

Trees thus a lesson teach—
Can you espy it?
Trees thus a sermon preach—
Can you apply it?

The Children's Corner.

THRASHING THE CORN.

HARVEST is a busy time! Could one of you boys or girls who live in large towns, get into a railway carriage and ride through the country for 100 miles on one of our fine harvest days, what busy scenes you would behold! Six or eight men in about every field, all hard at work in the heat of the sun, cutting down the golden grain; and when they have tied them in sheaves, and filed them in shocks, troops of women and children gleaning up the scattered ears. Boys and girls in the villages know all about harvest, for all the men, women, and children, are busy then.

No sooner is the corn carried home from the fields, than the thrashing begins. That man you see in the picture in the barn is an old hand at the work. How much he can thrash in a day from light to dark I dont know, but he boasts that he can beat any man in the village, or five miles round. He may for ought I know, but I know *one* that can beat him—it is that new thrashing machine, which goes by steam. But it is a dangerous thing to use among so much straw, for the cinders may set them on fire.

What a great blessing is a good harvest! It is perhaps the greatest earthly blessing next to good health. How good is God to make the corn grow, and give fine weather when it may be gathered good. All His ways are good who filleth our mouths with food and with gladness!

BRITISH INDIA—THE SEPOY MUTINY.

No sooner had the great Russian War ended, than we were engaged in a broil at Canton, in China, and that was not brought to a close before we had a brief contest with Persia. (How odd it seems to be writing in 1857 of the English fighting with one of the old nations of the bible!) But peace with Persia had scarcely been concluded, before the native soldiers in our pay in India, usually called Sepoys, rose in mutiny. One regiment after another, to the number of 30,000, rebelled, shot their officers, murdered with dreadful cruelty all the English they could lay their hands on, robbed the treasuries, and spread ruin and desolation over all Northern India. Our readers have no doubt heard these dreadful tidings; but perhaps as many of them may not have read the history of British rule in India, we give the following brief sketch.

Before we do so, we wish just to say, that Divine Providence must have permitted this awful calamity for some wise purpose, which we cannot see as yet. He alone can bring good out of evil. If in the end the result should be the entire destruction of the accursed system of *caste* in India, it will be a blessing to the people for generations to come; for nothing hinders the spread of the gospel there, and the progress of civilization, like that monstrous system of pride and tyranny.

India is perhaps more properly called Hindustan (the land of the Hindus), but seafaring people usually speak of the country as the East Indies. It is a vast country of Asia, forming a large, triangular shaped territory. It is no less than 1,900 miles long, and about 1,500 broad. The northern boundary of this country is formed by the Himalaya mountains, some of them being 25,000 feet above the sea level, and being of course covered with perpetual snow. Not to enter into its geography too minutely, we merely mention that the great divisions of the country are Northern Hindustan, Hindustan Proper, the Deccan, and India south of the Krishna. Besides these great divisions, however, the large territories of Ava and the Burmese empire, are now attached to India.

The three great divisions of British India are Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, each of these being a Presidency, and the capital being Calcutta.

The history of the rise and progress of British power in this great country would occupy volumes, but we give an outline

of the facts, which are of especial importance at the present moment, now that British rule is being defied by the native army. Our energetic Anglo-Saxon forefathers, as early as the reign of Edward the Sixth, showed great anxiety to hold commercial intercourse with India, whose wealth had already become proverbial; but attempts to trade thither became, from a want of maritime knowledge, unsuccessful, till in 1600, Queen Elizabeth granted a charter to a company of merchants enabling them to trade to the East Indies. This was the origin of the East India Company. The first expedition of these merchants consisted of five ships, taking out bullion, iron, tin, cloth, cutlery, and glass, which were exchanged for sumptuous clothing, gems, and gold. Annual expeditions of a similar kind ensued; and a few years afterwards the Company were allowed to plant factories on the coast of India. These factories at first were mere warehouses for the safe custody of imports and exports, but by degrees, for protection against robbery, they were strengthened, till at last they became armed garrisons. By stealthy steps the Company obtained a further and further foothold in the country, siding with this prince against that, and in the end taking advantage of both.

Only forty years after the original charter was granted to a few merchants in London to enable them to trade with the East Indies, these enterprising men had secured factories at Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Malacca, Siam, the Banda Islands, &c., and in five years more they had obtained permission from the natives to build Fort St. George, at Madras, thus recognizing the trading company as a military power. From this time British influence and power were gradually extended, till in 1702 an act of parliament was passed establishing the Company, giving permission to raise stock by the sale of shares, and giving to shareholders the power to elect directors.

At the time when England was engaged with the rebel army under the Pretender, in 1745, troublous times had fallen upon the British in India. France had been gradually obtaining power in India, and in 1746, a French battalion destroyed the army of the Nabob of the Carnatic, and soon after, the French officers succeeded in disciplining Indian troops according to the European method. These Indian soldiers were known by the name of Sepoys, and the East India Company organized these Sepoys to keep in check the natives themselves, while the Company were every day extending their possessions. The power

East India Company, in fact, gradually increased, and
sive encroachments on native territory were continually
made. Warren Hastings was at that time at the head
Company's affairs in the East; and our readers will at
ssociate this name with a more celebrated one—that of
, who, in denouncing Warren Hastings, in the House
mmons, accused the East India Company of "having
very monarch, prince, and state in India, broken every
ct, and ruined every state who trusted them." Hard
these; but at all events the history of the Com-
ıp to that time, and for many years subsequently, has
history of aggression and aggrandisement. Tanjore, a
rovince in the Carnatic; Bengal, the Mogul empire,
, Assam, the Mahrattas, Seringapatam, Nepaul, Oude,—
re the names of the successive triumphs of British skill
lomacy, backed by British arms; and thus we have ac-
l a rule over some 150 millions of souls in India.
v it is rather painful to admit—but facts force us to admit
at as British rule in this country has been gradually ac-
l by superior diplomatic skill, by taking advantage of the
sies and quarrels of native princes, and by superior force
ıs, this acquired power has not only not been exerted for
enefit of the native tribes, but has really been turned
it them, for the aggrandisement of British interests. We
lly persuaded that India is on the whole a very much
naged country—that its revenues are forced from the
s unjustly, collected tyrannously, and spent lavishly; and
neanwhile the legitimate resources of the country are
eloped mainly because the native population—the ryots
e so little share in the fruits of the soil, that all incentive
ertion is wanting.
o or three years since there was a royal commission ap-
d to inquire into the position of affairs at Madras, and
ommission established incontrovertibly that there existed
em of tyranny and torture practised by the servants of
ast India Company, which, if it had been discovered in
ia, Poland, or Naples, would have caused a thrill of horror
n outburst of virtuous indignation throughout our coun-
We will quote an extract from the report of this com-
on. The Commissioners say, "The police establishment
bane and pest of society, the terror of the community,
he origin of half the misery and discontent that exists

among the subjects of the government. Corruption and bribery reign paramount throughout the whole establishment. Violence, torture, and cruelty, are the chief instruments for detecting crime, implicating innocence, or extorting money. Robberies are daily and nightly committed, and not unfrequently with their connivance. The so called police is little better than a delusion; it is a terror to well-disposed and peaceable people, none whatever to thieves and rogues."

Hard words these, again say we, but we must remember that they emanate from a commission who were sent to inquire into the truth. What is the state of affairs in another of the presidencies, Bengal, may be shrewdly guessed from a speech made by Mr. Kinnaird lately in the House of Commons. That gentleman informed us that, "in Bengal an amount of suffering and debasement existed which probably was not equalled, and certainly not exceeded, in the slave states of America."

We have all heard much of the evils of underletting in Ireland; there was, a few years ago, a great outcry about the middleman system; but the same evils exist in India to a far greater extent. In 1855 a conference of protestant missionaries was held at Calcutta, and this conference issued a report which gives a "horrible and heart-rending" account of the condition of the ryots, or peasantry, of Bengal. The system under which the land is let is a kind of complicated system of screws, all pressing downwards the poor ryot. "In many cases," we are told, "the land passes through several hands before the ryot obtains it; and each subholder taking his profit, the poor ryot has almost invariably to pay several times the amount of the assessment. Rents being thus exorbitantly high, and profits (from the cause we have mentioned) very low, recourse is often had to force, and sometimes even to torture, to collect it. But more than this; the ryot has a host of indirect taxes levied upon him, apparently at the mere will of the Zemindar, or assessor; and if the ryot dares to oppose himself to these extortions and to seek redress in a magistrate's court, he is sure to be way laid by the agents of the oppressor, and, perhaps, on returning to his village, he will often find his goods and cattle confiscated, his former house a heap of ashes, and the site of it actually ploughed over.

We may well conceive that where there is so much tyranny allowed—of course, it is not directly and intentionally exerted—by the East India Company, there are many other evils ex-

ing in the country, and that in military as in civil matters, nsiderable oppression exists. While we await, however, rther information on these matters, it may be well just to ve a slight sketch of a city often mentioned in the recent counts, as being in the possession of the mutineers.

Delhi, which was once the capital of the Mogul empire, is id in former times to have covered a space of twenty square iles. In the present day an immense number of its ancient reets, houses, temples, and other edifices, are in ruins, and e modern town, removed at some distance from the old, occues a space of seven miles in circumference. It is situated on range of rocky hills, and is surrounded by walls recently rengthened and improved by the British. The city contains any large houses, modern temples, mosques, and the palace the Emperor, a high and extensive cluster of Gothic towers nd battlements, and the Jumna Musjied, the largest and andsomest place of worship in Hindustan.

Poetry.

FOR PROTECTION FROM VIOLENT MEN.

"The land is full of bloody crimes."—Ezekiel vii. 23.

THE sons of violence and lies,
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee:
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

In Thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE BANIANS OF INDIA, hold a Jubilee every year at Quilacara, in Travancore. The Rajah of the place erects a scaffold, and ablution is then performed. When this is ended, some fanatic devotees come forward, who sacrifice themselves by piecemeal. One of these advancing in the madness of his superstitious zeal, first slices off his nose with a large knife, in honour of his idols, then his lips and ears—then closes the ceremony by cutting his own throat; and thus terminating his existence. Some of these faquirs plunge themselves into dark and dismal caverns, where they will remain many days like statues in a fixed attitude. Others will squat on their posteriors, with their hands fixed on the top of their heads, the palms being uttermost and their fingers intermingled, till the nails become rivetted in the flesh. These fanatics are fed by devotees. Others again remain twelve hours a day with their eyes turned towards the sun, holding in their hands a chafing dish filled with fire, in which they burn incense in honour of their idols. Some of them spend years without reposing on the ground, but when sleep becomes irresistible, they lean on a cord, fastened at each end to the branches of a tree. Others are occupied in measuring with their bodies, moved along the earth, in a horizontal and grovelling posture, the distance between remote cities. Some of the faquirs, who worship Mamaniva, lash their ribs well with thongs, and drive nails into their flesh for the *good* of their immortal souls. In short, there is not an attitude, however painful, absurd, or difficult, in which these unhappy beings do not place themselves, to propitiate their idol gods. How cruel and superstitious is idolatry!

This was written fifty years ago; and such cruel customs, excepting self-murder, continue to this day.

THE HEATHEN.—Rowland Hill was once preaching to a rustic congregation, and wanted to answer the question, "Have not the heathen sufficient light; and if so, why should we trouble ourselves about them?" He remarked that they did not properly use the light they possessed. He supposed the whole family at the farm house to be assembled round the fire in the large kitchen on a winter's evening. The work of the day was over; the farmer was quietly smoking his pipe, and now and then entertaining the children with his oft-repeated tales, while the good wife was knitting at his side. Just when all were thus enjoying themselves, the plough-boy opened the door, and cried out in great alarm—"Master, master, there are thieves in the yard." All was consternation. The farmer rushed to the closet for his lantern, lighted the candle and ran out, holding the light up to his head, and advanced with cautious steps. In the yard was the wheelbarrow, and over it the farmer stumbled. Why did he fall? Not because

he was without light, but because he did not use it properly: so it is with the heathen. "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools."

Learning to Pray.—A Moravian missionary states that a Hottentot, being under deep conviction of sin, was anxious to know how to pray. He went to his master, a Dutchman, to consult with him; but he gave him no encouragement. A sense of his own wickedness increased, and he had no one near to direct him. Occasionally, however, he was admitted into the family at the time of prayer. The portion of scripture which was one day read by the master, was the parable of the pharisee and publican. While the prayer of the pharisee was read, the poor Hottentot thought within himself, "This is a good man; here is nothing for me;" but when his master came to the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," "This suits me," he cried, "now I know how to pray!" With this prayer he immediately retired, and prayed night and day for two days, and then found peace. Full of joy and gratitude he went into the fields, and as he had no one to whom he could speak, he exclaimed, "Ye hills, ye rocks, ye trees, ye rivers, hear what God has done for my soul! he has been merciful to me a sinner."

Paganism of Ancient Britain.—In Scotland stood the temple of Mars; in Cornwall, the temple of Mercury; in Bangor, the temple of Minerva; at Maldon, the temple of Victoria; in Bath, the temple of Apollo; at Leicester, the temple of Janus; at York, where St. Peter's now stands, the temple of Bellona; in London, the site of St. Paul's cathedral, the temple of Diana; at Westminster, where the Abbey rears its venerable pile, the temple of Apollo." Who can read such a statement of facts, well authenticated as they are, and consider what England now is, without acknowledging the vast obligations under which we are laid to Divine revelation? What but the bible has performed this mighty moral revolution in this far off island of the northern sea?

The Penny Post Box.

"WHAT GOOD CAN I DO?"

These words are often either in the heart or on the tongue, especially of the "have me excused" sort of people. But there is something wrong at the bottom, depend upon it. For why should not any christian man or woman try to do some good? There is too much bad in the world, and we ought all try to make it better. If we dont, it will get worse, and we may too.

We all might do good where there is so much ill,
And there's always a way if we have but the will.

Perhaps you have never tried. It is time you did. There is no time to be lost if you mean to do anything. And if you have not done anything yet, you should fall to in good earnest, without delay, to make up for lost time.

Work now, for time is flying fast,
And working-time will soon be past.

Dont say, "I am only a working-man or a working-woman, what good can I do?" So much the better. You may do more good than a gentleman or a lady among your own class. Working-folks will take more notice of working-folks than they will of gentle-folks.

We all may do good, whether lowly or great;
The deed is not measured by purse or estate.

Do you say, "Tell me, what can I do?" I will tell you. You can talk, I suppose. Well: a great deal of good is done in the world by talking. If you love Jesus Christ you can talk about him. We can all talk about what we love. Talk to your neighbours about Jesus Christ.

Yes: tell to all your neighbours round,
What a dear Saviour you have found;
Point them to his redeeming blood,
And cry—Behold, the way to God!

Some around you are suffering in one way or other. Go and see them. They will take it kind of you; especially the widows and fatherless. This will shew them that your religion is pure and kind-hearted, and they will more readily listen to what you have to say. Jesus Christ did good in this way.

Visit the fatherless and widows poor,
And the great God will bless you more and more.

Perhaps some of your neighbours are blind, or aged, and cannot get out of doors. Take your Testament, and go and read a few chapters to them. You can hardly think how quietly they will listen, and how glad they will be!

Be feet to the lame, and eyes to the blind,
And the favour of heaven you surely shall find.

Perhaps the sabbath-school is short of teachers. Now dont say, "I am no scholar." If you can read at all you can teach as much as you know, and that will be something. The A. B. C., and words of one syllable classes, must have teachers as well as the testament and bible classes. Dont be ashamed of teaching A. B. C. If two angels were to come into the school, they would not fall out about taking a higher or a lower class.

While Gabriel with the highest class you see,
Michael is teaching babes the A. B. C.

Another thing, you walk as well as talk! Cannot you pick up a handful of tracts somewhere, and take them to the houses round where you live, or give them away to those young men there at the top of the street. If you have not money to spare to buy them, ask some good-natured christian lady or gentleman to give you a

few hundreds. I am sure they will if they see you wish to do good.

Morning and evening sow the good seed,
And the Lord of the harvest will bless thee indeed.

And there is one more way of doing good. There is this little magazine, so full of good reading every month, and so cheap that anybody may have one if he will. Cannot you shew one of them to your friends, and take down their names and supply them with it. I know *one* who does so, and he knows he is doing good in many families around him at little expence of time or trouble.

I wish the *Pioneer* may find its way
To every house; and so I often say.

Well, now: in one or all of these ways working men and working women may do much good. And if they once begin, and go on steadily, they will find that they are not only doing good, but getting good—

"To get good, do good—is a saying true,
I've proved it, and I hope that you will too."

Birmingham. R. C., *a Working Man.*

The Fireside.

GOOD OR ILL HOUSEWIFERY.

BY THOMAS TUSSER, WHO DIED 1580.

Ill huswifery lieth,
Till nine of the clock:
Good huswifery trieth
To rise with the cock.

Ill huswifery trusteth
To him and to her:
Good huswifery lusteth
Herself to stir.

Ill huswifery careth
For this nor for that:
Good huswifery spareth
For fear ye wot what.

Ill huswifery pricketh
Herself up in pride:
Good huswifery tricketh
Her house as a bride.

Ill huswifery one thing
Or other must crave:
Good huswifery nothing
But needful will have.

Ill huswifery moveth
With gossip to spend:
Good huswifery loveth
Her household to tend.

Ill huswifery brooketh
Mad toys in her head:
Good huswifery looketh
That all things be fed.

Ill huswifery bringeth
A shilling to naught:
Good huswifery singeth—
Her coffers full fraught.

Ill huswifery rendeth,
And casteth aside;
Good huswifery mendeth,
Else would it go wide.

Ill huswifery craveth
In secret to borrow:
Good huswifery saveth
To-day, for to-morrow.

Ill huswifery pineth,
Not having to eat;
Good huswifery dineth
With plenty of meat.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

HUMAN BONES.—The skeleton of a human body is said to contain 254 separate bones.

THE WALRUS.—The feet of this sea monster of the poles, are like those of a fly, which enable it to climb up slippery rocks of ice.

BLANKETS were first manufactured in England in the year 1340.

CUCUMBERS are from the east, and were first brought here in 1597. Should we not have been better without them?

THE PRICE OF A BIBLE.—In the reign of Edward I. the price of a fairly-written Bible was thirty-seven pounds; and the hire of a labourer three halfpence a day.

COINS IN ENGLAND were once only in silver. It was not until 1609, that copper coins were put in circulation.

A JOLLY BEGGAR OF 1608.—He is described thus:—"The whole kingdom is his walk; a whole city is his parish; in every man's kitchen his meat is drest; in every man's cellar is his beer; and the best men's purses keep a penny for him to spend." No wonder the country swarmed with them.

COWARD.—This word, it is said, comes from cowherd, for which employment a timid man was only fit, as there was no danger in taking care of cows.

SOCRATES being asked why he built so small a house, said, "I wish I could fill it with my real friends."

THE FIRST AUCTION in England is said to have taken place in London in 1700, when an East India merchant sold his goods in this new fashion.

Hints.

THE BEST EDUCATION is always given at the fireside, and chiefly by the mother. The best and wisest men the world ever knew, were first taught by their own mothers what they never forgot.

A BLIND CONSCIENCE sees nothing—a dead conscience feels nothing—a dumb conscience says nothing. He who is thus must be miserable.

TO LIVE DOWN SLANDER so conduct yourself that no one will believe those who slander you.

THE FOLLIES OF YOUTH are drafts drawn on future life, and made payable with interest on demand.

AFFECTATION punishes itself; for no man is despised for being what he is, but for pretending to be what he is not.

MAKE YOUR OWN HEART your happiest home, and you will always be in good company.

ALWAYS CONSIDER the wise as the most honourable of men, and the pious as the wisest of the wise.

SHUN THE COMPANY of all from whose lips you hear virtue ridiculed, and piety despised.

NEVER LOOK above you for a higher station, until you feel the ground solid on which you now stand.

BE CONTENT in your station, and adorn it by the discharge of the duties it requires.

ALL VICE is as mean and degrading as it is wrong and wicked. A vicious man cannot help despising himself. "What a fool I have been," is the language of his heart if you do not hear it from his lips.

DONT LET MEMORY be only a row of pegs to hang up old grudges on.

Gems.

THE GRACE OF GOD never leaves man what he was, nor where he as; it renews his nature and hanges his course: if we have ceived grace, we are new creatures.

THE TWO THRONES.—God has vo thrones—one in the highest eavens, the other in the lowest earts.

FOUR THINGS, said Philip Henry, would not have against me for he world. 1. The word of God.— . My own conscience. 3.—The rayers of the poor.—4. The opinion f godly ministers.

NO CONDITION OF LIFE will give ontent without the grace of God. laman was discontented in a ourt—Ahab on a throne—Adam in aradise—and angels in heaven.

INFIDELITY is not the child of nquiry, but the offspring of indoence. Fools who say "no God" ave first done "abominable iniquity."

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN feels the grace which he cannot express—the hypocrite talks only of grace which he does not feel.

PROCRASTINATION in religious matters is a cheat and a thief. If you listen to its advice, you will be deceived and lose what is more precious to you than the world—your own soul!

PRAYER IS A KEY, which being turned by the hand of faith, opens to us the treasures of God, laid up in eternity for an everlasting possession.

UNSANCTIFIED KNOWLEDGE.—A head full of knowledge, and a heart full of evil desires, will sink a soul into the lowest hell.

PRIDE ruined angels, and has ruined the world. It now excludes God from the hearts of men, and will, if indulged, for ever exclude the soul from heaven.

Poetic Selections.

THE POOR MAN TO THE DISCONTENTED RICH MAN.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;
Thou, having more than much, yet seekest more.
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and whoso wants, is poor:
Then this must follow of necessity—
Poor are thy riches—rich my poverty.
Though still thou get'st, yet is thy want not spent,
But, as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch;
But with my little I have much content—
Content hath all; and who hath all, is rich:
Then this in reason thou must needs confess—
If I have little, yet that thou hast less.
Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is ever
To reckon how, and when, and where he spent;
Then this thou braggest—thou art a great receiver:
Little my debt, when little is my store—
The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the more.

FLETCHER.

AGAINST SCANDAL.

BELIEVE not a reviling tongue,
As many people do;
But always think that story wrong,
That ought not to be true.
For scandal ever working under ground,
Can secretly the highest virtue wound.

AVOID FOUR SORTS OF MEN.

The *Misers*, who hoard any thing;
The *Prodigals*, who spend every thing;
The *Boasters*, swaggering and sinning;
The *Jokers*, who are always grinning.

AND FOUR SORTS OF WOMEN.

The *Peacocks*, whose fine dress is all;
The *Magpies*, with their chatter small;
And *Doves*, who nothing do but coo—
Be sure you little have to do.

PHILIP HENRY'S FOUR RULES.

1. Have communion with few,
2. Be familiar with one,
3. Deal justly with all,
4. Speak evil of none.

REPINING.

WHEN thou afflict'st me, Lord, if I repine,
I show myself to be my own—not thine.

The Children's Corner.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

This is a picture of an English Shepherd and his flock, such as might often have been seen in former times, before the commons were enclosed. The commons were large tracts of grass land, all open, on which numerous flocks of sheep were fed. It was quite needful then that some one should always be with them, to take care of them, and prevent them from wandering away. This was the shepherd's employment. He was mostly an old man who knew all about the flock, and could tell his own sheep from others. He always carried a long staff with a hook at the end of it, with which he could lay hold of any one sheep he wanted to secure. He had also a dog who watched all his master's movements, and would run and bark and fetch up the sheep when his master bade him.

You may read in the Testament how Jesus Christ is called the Good Shepherd, because he takes care of his sheep—that is, of all who trust their souls to his care. And like a good shepherd too, he takes care of the lambs—that is, of all children who love him. Are you a lamb of the flock of Jesus?

"Join all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set our Saviour's glory forth.

My bright example and my guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray!
Nor follow the forbidden way!

I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wandering soul amongst his sheep,
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs."

BRITISH INDIA—BENGAL PRESIDENCY.

THE three great divisions of British India are Bengal, Madras, and Bombay. The cities of Bombay and Madras are the seats of government for each of those presidencies; but the city of Calcutta is the seat of government, not only for the Bengal Presidency, but for the whole of British India; the Governor-General and his Council residing there.

The Bengal Presidency is the largest and most important; in the northern regions of which, formerly the seat of Mohammedan power, the Sepoy Mutiny broke out. How the British first got a footing in the southern part of Bengal is thus described by William Howitt, in his work—"*Civilization and Christianity.*"

"In 1756, Surajah Dowlah, the Subahdar (or Nabob) of Bengal, demanded an officer belonging to him, who, according to the custom amongst the colonists there, had taken refuge at Calcutta. The English refused to give him up. The Subahdar attacked and took the place. One hundred and forty-six English fell into the conqueror's hands, and were shut up for the night in the celebrated Black-hole, whence only twenty-three were taken out alive in the morning! It may be said in vindication of the Subahdar, that the act of immuring these unfortunate people in this horrible den was not his, but that of the guards to whom they were intrusted for the night, and who put them there as in a place of the greatest security; and it may be added, not to the credit of the English, that this very black-hole was the *English* prison, where they were in the habit of confining *their* prisoners. As Mr. Mills very justly says, 'what had they to do with a *black-hole?* Had no black-hole existed, as none ought to exist anywhere, least of all in the sultry and unwholesome climate of Bengal, those who perished in the *black-hole* of Calcutta would have experienced a different fate.' On the news of the capture of Calcutta arriving at Madras, a body of troops was despatched under Admiral Watson and Colonel Clive, for its recovery, which was soon effected, and Hoogly, a considerable city about twenty-three miles further up the river, was also attacked and reduced.

A treaty was now entered into with Surajah Dowlah the Subahdar, which was not of long continuance; for, lest the Subahdar, who was not at bottom friendly to the English, as he had in reality no cause, should form an alliance with the

French at Chandernagore, they resolved to depose him. This bold and unwarrantable scheme of deposing a prince in his own undoubted territories, and that by mere traders and strangers on the coast, is the beginning of that extraordinary and unexampled assumption which has always marked the conduct of the English in India. Scarcely had they entered into the treaty with this Subahdar, than they resolved to depose him, because he would protect the French, who were also permitted to hold a factory in his territory, as well as they. This audacious scheme was Clive's. Admiral Watson, on the contrary, declared it an extraordinary thing to depose a man they had so lately made a solemn treaty with. But Clive, as he afterwards avowed, when examined before the House of Commons, declared that, 'they must now go further—they could not stop there. Having established themselves by force, and not by consent of the Nabob, he would endeavour to drive them out again.' This is the robber's doctrine;—having committed one outrage, a second, or a series of outrages, must be committed, to prevent punishment, and secure the booty. But having once entertained the idea of pulling the Subahdar from his throne, they did not scruple to add treason and rebellion to the crime of invading the rights of the sovereign. They began by debauching his own officers. They found out one, Meer Jaffier Khan, a man of known traitorous mind, who had been Paymaster-General under the former Subahdar, and yet retained great power in the army. This wretch, on condition of being placed on the throne, agreed to betray his master, and seduce as many of the influential of his officers as possible. The terms of this diabolical confederacy between the base traitor and the much more base English, as they stand in the first Parliamentary report on Indian affairs, and as related by Orme in his *History of India*, (ii. 153,) and by Mills (ii. 110,) are very instructive."

And what had Meer Jaffier to pay for the help of British power to supplant and betray his master? Well; the Committee of Council at Calcutta do not seem to have been oppressed with much bashfulness on that point. The following are the demands they made upon their tool, and with which he was of course obliged to comply. Under pretence of compensations for losses sustained by the capture of Calcutta, the Company were to receive 10,000,000 rupees, the English inhabitants 5,000,000 rupees, the Indians residing there 2,000,000,

and the Armenian merchants 700,000. In addition to all this they asked 2,500,000 rupees for the squadron, and the same amount for the army. "When this was settled," said Clive, "Mr. Becher (a member) suggested to the committee that he thought that committee, who managed the great machine of government, was entitled to some consideration as well as the army and navy." Of course, the proposal was eminently acceptable to that patriotic and disinterested body. Accordingly the Governor, Mr. Drake, received 280,000 rupees, Clive 280,000, and the inferior members of the committee 240,000 each. "Thus," says Mr. Howitt, "did these Englishmen bargain with a traitor to betray his prince and country—the traitor, for the bribe of being himself made prince, not merely to sell his master, but give two millions three hundred and ninety-eight thousand pounds sterling, or, according to the historian Orme, £2,750,000, with valuable privileges and property of state; while these dealers in treason and rebellion pocketed each from two hundred and forty to two hundred and eighty thousand pounds sterling! A more infamous transaction is not on record." And what aggravates the villany of this transaction is the fact, that at the very moment when they were carrying on this treasonable negotiation with Meer Jaffier, Clive was writing in the most affectionate terms to Surajah Dowlah—the same post which carried a "soothing letter" to the Nabob carrying to Clive's agent at his court another letter couched in these terms: "Tell Meer Jaffier to fear nothing. I will join him with five thousand men who never turned their backs."

But not one half of this tale of infamy has been told. The individual through whom Clive and the Committee communicated with Meer Jaffier was a Bengalee of the name of Omilchund, a native merchant of great wealth, residing at Calcutta. This man, who held in his hand the whole thread of the conspiracy, imitating the conduct of the English members of the plot, demanded of them at the last moment three hundred thousand pounds sterling as compensation for his services. These worthies, so prompt to exact enormous donations for themselves, were extremely incensed at the demand. But Clive—a man, says Mills, "to whom deception, when it suited his purpose, never cost a pang,"—had a plan in readiness whereby they might secure the assistance of Omilchund and yet save paying the reward for which he stipulated. This

was no easy matter; for the Hindoo merchant distrusting, no doubt, the honesty of his British-fellow conspirators, had required that an article stating his claim should be inserted in the treaty between Meer Jaffier and the English, which he further insisted on seeing with his own eyes. But what was Clive's expedient? He caused two copies of the treaty to be drawn up, one genuine, the other fictitious, the latter containing the engagement demanded by Omilchund, the former omitting all mention of his name. There was, however, another obstacle in the way. Admiral Watson, joined with Clive in the command, having some small remnant of honesty, hesitated about signing the simulated treaty. And what did Clive do? *He forged Admiral Watson's name.* The plot then proceeded against Surajah Dowlah. The English general, having matured his plans, changed the tone of flattery and friendship in which he had hitherto indulged towards the unfortunate Prince into violent accusation and menace, and intimated his intention at once to march his troops against him. This was done accordingly, and Meer Jaffier, when his master was in agony of disaster and defeat in the field of battle, drew off his division of the army and joined the English. Surajah Dowlah was defeated, and shortly after assassinated by the son of Meer Jaffier.

And how fared it with Omilchund, the go-between in this precious conspiracy, whose right to compensation had been, as he believed, solemnly guaranteed by treaty? Mr. Macaulay shall relate the residue of the tale,—"The new sovereign was now called upon to fulfil the engagements into which he had entered with his allies. A conference was held at the house of Jugget Seit the great banker, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements. Omilchund came thither, fully believing himself to stand high in the favour of Clive, who, with dissimulation surpassing even the dissimulation of Bengal, had, up to that day, treated him with undiminished kindness. The white treaty was produced and read. Clive then turned to Mr. Scrafton, one of the servants of the Company, and said in English, 'It is now time to undeceive Omilchund.' 'Omilchund,' said Mr. Scrafton in Hindostanee, 'the red treaty is a trick; you are to have nothing.' Omilchund fell back insensible into the arms of his attendants. He revived, but his mind was irreparably ruined. . . . From the moment of that sudden shock the unhappy man gradually sank into idiocy."

We must now revert to Meer Jaffier. He was raised to the throne of the master, whom he had betrayed, and, while he continued sufficiently obsequious to the English, and sufficiently ready to pour money into the maw of their insatiable rapacity, he was sustained there by their power. But this did not last long. He, in his turn, was dethroned by these commercial king-makers, in favour of his son-in-law, Meer Causim. This man, by employing every species of cruelty to extort the necessary funds from his unhappy subjects, to serve the purposes of the English, pleased the latter for a while. But in about three years they wearied of him also; dismissed him from the royalty of Bengal, and re-installed Meer Jaffier once more. From this time forward the English became, of course, the real masters of Bengal, though they continued for some time to rule in the name of some puppet nabob or another.

This is an ugly tale to begin with; and many such an ugly tale might be told of what the British rulers have done there since, during the past hundred years, in adding, by force or fraud, territory after territory to their dominions. And what good have they done? True it is that within the past fifty years many horrid customs have been suppressed; but these were not done until after repeated remonstrances from the people of England. Within the past fourteen years, the Chairman of the Company says, they have received 300 millions of revenue, and have only spent £1,400,000 in improving the country by public works. Verily we do not wonder that this punishment has come upon them, for they have been unjust stewards. Had it not been for one thing which at the time this Company did all they could to prevent—the introduction of the Bible into India, with the preaching of the Gospel—we could now have no hope for the future. Yes, it is a fact that ought to be more known and talked about, that the Rulers of India, like their prototypes at Jerusalem, forbade the first baptist missionaries, Carey and Marshman, to publish the gospel either by word of mouth, tract, or book! When that excellent man, Henry Martyn, a pious Church Missionary, heard of this, he was so distressed that he could not sleep. But they did; and what they did in giving India the Bible is now our chief ground of hope. Singular too, it is, that their most active defender, *General Havelock*, himself a baptist, married the *daughter of Marshman.*

Poetry.

FOR THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
  Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
  Thy radiant glories shine.

But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
  Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
  Are treasured in thy mind.

Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
  The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
  Shall hear the joyful sound?

O when shall India's sable sons
  Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals, long enslaved, become
  The freed-men of the Lord?

When shall the untutored heathen tribes,
  A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
  And learn and feel his grace.

Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt
  To spread the gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolished throne
  The temples of thy praise!

Anecdotes and Selections.

CHOOSING AFFLICTION.—The Rev. H. Venn once told his children that he would take them to see one of the most interesting sights in the world. He would not tell them what it was; but in the evening led them to a miserable hovel. "Now," said he, "my dear children, can any one that lives in such a wretched habitation as that be happy? Yet this is not all; a poor young man lies there on a miserable straw bed, dying of disease, at the age of nineteen, consumed with fever, and afflicted with nine painful ulcers." "How wretched!" they all exclaimed. He then led them into the cottage, and addressing the poor dying young man, said, "Abraham Midwood, I have brought my children here to show them that it is possible to be happy in a state of disease, and poverty, and want: now, tell them if it is so." The dying youth, with a sweet smile, replied,

yes, sir; I would not change my state with that of the person on earth, who has not those views which I have. d be God! I have a good hope, through Christ, of being ad- into those blessed regions where Lazarus now dwells, having rgotten all his sorrows and miseries. Sir, this is nothing to hile the presence of God cheers my soul, and whilst I can ccess to him, by constant prayer, through faith in Jesus. In- ir, I am truly happy, and I hope to be happy for ever through searchable riches of His grace."

Y A PRAYER MEETING.—Some christians excuse themselves weekday evening service by the careless remark, "It is prayer meeting!" Not so a poor labouring man, who said, the house of God; I love preaching; but more than all I e prayer-meeting. I always feel as if I were going to my s house when I go into the place where we meet for prayer!" lace for prayer his Father's house! What a beautiful ! This poor man felt himself to be a child of God; and should the child go but to his Father's house, to ask his or what he felt he wanted? And when weary with a hard ork, where should he seek for refreshment and rest but in her's house? A pious cartman, who was always found in ce at the prayer-meeting, said, "I find I can rest all the by going to meeting; for there I forget all my toil and pains, l stronger and better prepared for the next days work."

TO BE LAUGHED OUT OF RELIGION.—A working man who ard the preaching of the Gospel, and to whom it had been blessed, was the subject of much profane jesting and ridi- ong his fellow-workmen and neighbours. On being asked daily persecutions did not sometimes make him ready to his profession of attachment to divine truth, he replied, I recollect that our minister once said in his sermon, that if e so foolish as to permit such people to laugh us out of our , till at last we dropped into hell, they could not laugh us in."

BROUGHAM ON WAR.—My principles—I know not whether ree with yours: they may be derided, they may be un- ble: but I hope they are spreading far and wide—my es are contained in the words which that great man, Lord d, used to express in secret, and which I now express in -*Peace*, PEACE, PEACE. I abominate war as unchris- I hold it the greatest of human crimes. I deem it to all others—violence, blood, rapine, fraud, every thing an deform the character, alter the nature, and debase the man."

Rest on the Sabbath.—At a tavern in Pennsylvania, a man, who had arrived the evening before, was asked on sabbath morning whether he intended to pursue his journey on that day. He answered, "No." He was asked, "Why not?" "Because," said he, "I am on a long journey, and wish to perform it as soon as I can. I have long been accustomed to travel on horseback, and have found that, if I stop on the sabbath, my horse will travel farther during the week than if I do not."

The Way to the Pit.—A young man, on reaching the door of a theatre, overheard one of the door-keepers calling out, "This is the way to the pit." Having had some instruction in the word of God in early life, what the man said reminded him that the employments of the theatre led to hell. The thought haunted him, and made him cease frequenting such amusements: he became attentive to the concerns of his soul, and afterwards became a minister of the gospel.

"Jack better for Preaching?"—A person who had expressed doubts whether the negroes received any real advantage by hearing the Gospel, was asked whether he did not think one, named Jack, was better for the preaching. He replied, "Why, I must confess that he was a drunkard, a liar, and a thief; but, certainly now he is a sober boy, and I can trust him with anything; and since he has talked about religion, I have tried to make him drunk, but failed in the attempt."

More Lost than Gained.—An old gentleman in Boston remarked, "Men do not gain anything by working on the sabbath. I can recollect men who, when I was a boy, used to load their vessels down on the Long Wharf, and keep their men at work from morning to night on the sabbath-day; but they have come to nothing. Depend upon it, men do not gain anything, in the end, by working on the sabbath."

The Fireside.

THE WIFE'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

VERSIFIED BY A WORKING MAN.

Haste thee home, my husband dear,
When thy daily toil is o'er,
I shall wait with listening ear
For thy footsteps at the door.

If companions shall invite thee
From thy own fireside to roam,
Think then, husband, think upon me,
And I pray thee hasten home.

Haste thee home, my husband haste;
  Turn thee from the thoughtless throng;
Nor thy time nor money waste,
  Midst their revelry and song.

Husband, from the tempter part,
  Shun the dreadful alehouse snare;
Come and cheer my anxious heart,
  Never let me feel despair.

Leave me not alone to sigh,
  And wish for thy return in vain;
Pass that hateful beershop by;
  From its drowsy drink abstain.

Happy then will be our lot;
  Peace and plenty smiling round;
Then my fears will be forgot,
  Fireside pleasures will abound.

Birmingham. R. C.

The Penny Post Box.

CIRCULATION OF THE PIONEER.

ne more month and we shall complete another volume. We ould take time by the forelock, and inquire of our friends what ey have to say about our circulation for another year. Are we go up or down?—to increase or to decrease? All will depend on the advice they may give and the efforts they may make.

First, we request our readers, any of them, to give us their opinn about this little periodical and what they think would improve either in matter or appearance. But if they have any thoughts these subjects, and intend to favour us with them, we *must* have em in a few days—by the *seventh day of this present month of ovember* at the latest, or they will not be of any service to us, as e always go to press very early in the month.

Next, and chiefly, we hope they will also tell us what they have und to be the best modes of circulating the *Pioneer*—that is, of etting others to take it, and *keep* taking it; for it is little, very ttle, use beginning to take it, and not go on through the year. Ve want, therefore, to hear from any of our friends what they can ell us about getting and keeping subscribers; and we hope they vill oblige us. We should like to have an extra effort made for 858; and if, in our December number, we can publish from the etters which may reach us within the next few days the best nodes of securing this desirable object, we shall be all the more ikely to accomplish it. So what our friends do in this matter they must do quickly, or their suggestions will be of no advantage. We hope our *Penny Post Box* will be full.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts

OF THE DATE PALM TREE.

Its fruit supplies the most nourishing of vegetable food, alike eatable when fresh or when dried, uncooked or cooked. The fleshy insertion of the young branches into the stem at its crown—in form not unlike the leaf of an artichoke—is eatable, and affords a valuable prevention against scurvy. The white pith of the crown or brain, with a flavour of cocoa-nut, is enough for the dinner of six men.

All the domesticated animals—horses, dogs, sheep, &c.—are fond of, and thrive upon, the date. Its very stones, softened in water, or ground into a coarse meal, are a nourishing food for the camel and the cow. No part of this invaluable tree is useless. The hairs are made into mats and baskets; and the branches of which, according to Herodotus, the Ethiopians made their bows, are now made into crates and many articles of furniture.

The branches, again, with their leaves, are used to thatch the roofs and wattle the sides of the rude huts of the inhabitants of the desert; and the lower part of the branch, steeped in water and beaten out, makes an excellent besom.

The fibrous substance which grows between the branches and trunk, the *lif*, supplies the Arab baths with a pleasant substitute for the sponge; and it is also twisted into ropes and woven into sailcloth. The trunk itself supplies the best building-wood for rafters and columns.

The whole tree, from its root to the furthest tip of its last branch, is thus serviceable to man. There remains only the sap to be accounted for. This, if the crown be laid bare, will afford daily, during three or four months, a gallon of milky juice, which forms the favourite drink of the Arabs. The first day it is sweet, and in this condition all drink it; the second day, it becomes slightly acid and sparkling, and being now also intoxicating, if drunk in large quantities, the graver sort do not touch it. The third day it is vinegar. This *lagby* is not the only stimulant the palm-tree supplies, for the dates, steeped in water, give a wine which can be preserved for ten or twelve months, and by distillation, affords a colourless spirit.

Hints.

When Truth comes, dont run into a corner and hide yourself, but meet her with an open face, a listening ear, and an obedient heart.

He who yields himself up to the indulgence of mere animal pleasures debases his mind, and corrupts his own soul.

Cultivate a Good-natured Disposition, for nothing is more pleasing. It is a cheap and easy attainment, and often does more to make way for a man than money or power.

Always keep a Good Conscience.—Never mind what it costs. It will repay itself. Part with it, and you will rue its loss, and wish you had it safe back again.

True Cheerfulness is a precious thing. It makes him who has it happy, and sheds happiness on all around him.

Industry exercises body and mind, and causes both to grow. It is a bar to keep off temptation. It gives a relish to all our enjoyments, and strengthens all our attainments.

Gems.

'o RELY ON GOD'S PROVIDENCE ın act of the highest wisdom. he only knows what is best for ıow, and he only knows what we ll need to-morrow. He can avert evil, and give all good. Trust ɟod.

ATAN DELIGHTS IN CRUELTY; it ıne of the leading features of his racter; he revels in war, blood-d, and suffering; he delights to nent us, and to set us torment-one another.

F GOD IS OUR FATHER we may ect five things from him,—pro-ion, protection, correction, indul-ıce, and an inheritance; but he ɔ will expect five things from us, everence, fear, love, confidence, l obedience.

THE CARNAL MIND cannot ap-ıve of spiritual things, for they pear foolishness unto it; and ırefore the greatest follies of the rld are preferred to the Lord sus.

IT IS PRIDE, generally speaking, ıt sets professors speaking against ch other, whatever they may pre-ıd; if it was hatred to sin, zeal r God, or love to holiness, we ould see the tear in the eye, or e token of love in the sound of e voice.

A TRULY GOOD MAN will lay him-lf out for the good of others: he ınnot make self his centre, circle, idol; he desires to do good, and do good to the greatest extent of is power, and to the greatest num-er possible.

DREAMERS never tell their dreams ıntil they awake, so sinners never ɔnfess their sins while they are iving in them: awakened sinners lone confess, fear, sorrow for, and forsake their sins. Reader, have ɟou ever been awakened?

Poetic Selections.

LIVE THEM DOWN!

BROTHER! art thou poor and lowly
  Working hard from day to day?
Though thy gains come in but slowly,
  Though thy wages hardly pay—
Fear not, though the proud ones frown;
Trust in God, and *live them down!*

If to vice thou wilt not pander;
  If to pride thou wilt not kneel,
Thou for this may meet with slander,
  Thou for this reproaches feel—
Jest of witling, curse of clown,
Heed not either—*live them down!*

Hate may wield her scourges horrid:
  Cruelty thy woes deride;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead;
  Envy's spear may pierce thy side—
  Look to Jesus!
Thus they served the crucified!

Then expect, when life is ended,
  To sit down with Him above;
Though thou here art unbefriended,
  Thou shalt dwell with Him in love.
Bear the cross, and wear the crown—
  Just as he did—*live them down!*

THERE COMES A TIME.

THERE comes a time, or soon or late,
  When every word unkindly spoken,
Returns with all the force of fate,
  To bear reproof from spirits broken,
Who slumber in that tranquil rest
Which waking cares no more molest.

Oh, were the wealth of worlds our own,
  We freely would the treasure yield,
If eyes that here their last have shone,
  If lips in speechless silence sealed,
One look of love o'er us might cast,
Might breathe forgiveness for the past.

When anger arms the thoughtless tongue,
  To wound the feelings of a friend,
Oh! think ere yet his heart be wrung,
  In what remorse thy wrath may end;
Withold to-day the words of hate,
To-morrow it may be too late!

The Children's Corner.

THE OLD WEAVER.

Here is a picture of an old weaver sitting at his loom weaving a web of linen. In former days you might have found a weaver and a loom in almost every village, but you might go a long way before you could find one now; the new inventions for weaving by steam power, as they do the work more quickly and more cheap, have made the old looms unprofitable, and therefore useless.

I remember the time when my old schoolmistress spun the threads at her spinning wheel; and it was a common thing in those days for the farmer's wives and their daughters to sit at their spinning wheels round the fire on a winter evening as busy as bees, and making a humming noise with their wheels like them too.

When they had spun enough, they took it to the old weaver, who wove it into a piece of cloth, of which they made sheets and under clothing; and good strong stuff it was; and many a piece of it did a thrifty housewife keep, ready for use, in her strong old oaken-chest upstairs.

I have heard some old people say, there have been no good times since the old spinning wheels were broken up—but that is all nonsense. When things are cheap more people can get them. All the inventions and improvements which are made are intended to make the people more comfortable and more happy.

Another thing, we should not only improve our comforts, but we should improve our minds too. We have not only cheaper clothing than *our fathers had*, but we have cheaper bibles and books of all kinds to *improve our minds*. Learn to make good use of them.

NOAH'S CARPENTERS.

It was a late hour at night. The city of N——, with its many turrets and spires, was sleeping under the shadow of those rocky sentinels which have guarded the plain since the flood. The waves of the ocean fell gently and soothingly on the beach. The moon waded through the fleecy autumn clouds, now playing with the waters and lighting up the scene, and then concealing her glory, as if to make her revelations more prized. It was a night for pious thought and conversation.

Two persons were leaving the city, and passing along the water-side to a beautiful valley, where one was a resident and the other a guest. The taller, the elder of the two, was actively engaged in a work of benevolence, and he invited his young friend, of whom we will speak as Henry, to aid him.

Hitherto not a word had been addressed to the obliging lad about his soul. The fitting occasion seemed to have arrived. A quaint but fitting manner was chosen.

"Henry," asked the elder of the younger, "do you know what became of Noah's carpenters?"

"Noah's carpenters!" exclaimed Henry, "I didn't know that Noah had any carpenters."

"Certainly he must have had help in building one of the largest and best proportioned ships ever put upon the stocks. There must have been many ship-carpenters at work for a long time, to have constructed such a vessel in such an age. What became of them, think you, when all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened?"

"What do you mean by such a queer question?" Henry replied.

"No matter what, just now. Please answer the enquiry. And you may also tell me, if you will, what you would have done in that dreadful hour, when the storm came in its fury, and Noah's prophecies were all fulfilled, and all but the family of the preacher of righteousness were ready to be engulfed in those black waters?"

"I don't know," said Henry, in a half-thoughtful, half-trifling manner; "perhaps I should have got on the rudder."

"*This is human nature* exactly, Henry. It would 'climb

up some other way,' rather than enter the fold by the only door. It would 'get on the rudder,' in its pride and short-sightedness, rather than go into the ark of safety. It would 'save itself,' by hanging on at the hazard of being swept into the gulf of despair, instead of being saved by the provisions of infinite love.

But I'll tell you plainly what I mean, Henry, by Noah's carpenters. You have kindly and generously given me your aid, day by day, in building an ark in N——, by which many, I trust, will be saved. I feel grateful for your help. But I greatly fear, that while others will be rejoicing in the fruits of our labours, you will be swept away in the storm of wrath which will by and by beat on the heads of those who enter not the ark of Jesus Christ. No human device will avail for you. 'Getting on the rudder' will not answer; you must be in Christ, or you are lost. Remember Noah's carpenters, and flee to the ark without delay."

They reached the house and parted. The winter came. The lad was placed at a boarding school, in——. He visited home during the winter vacation, and presented himself to the church for admission to its communion. He then stated that the conversation detailed above had never passed from his memory. It led him to serious reflections, and ultimately, we trust, to the ark of safety. He is now entering a career of public usefulness. He will never forget Noah's carpenters.

Though Noah's carpenters were all drowned, there are a great many of the same stock now alive; of those who contribute to promote the spiritual welfare of others, and in the up-building of the Redeemer's kingdom, but personally neglect the great salvation.

Sabbath-school children, who contribute their money to send tracts and books to the destitute, or to aid the work of missions, and yet remain unconverted, are like Noah's carpenters.

Teachers in Bible-classes and Sabbath-schools, who point their pupils to the Lamb of God, but do not lead the way, are like guide-boards that tell the road, but are not travellers on it; or like Noah's carpenters who built an ark, and were overwhelmed in the waters that bore it aloft in safety.

Careless parents, who instruct their children and servants, as every parent should, in the great doctrines of the gospel, yet fail to illustrate these doctrines in their lives, and seek not

personal interest in the blood of Christ, are like Noah's car-
:nters, and must expect their doom.

Printers, sewers, folders, and binders, engaged in making
bles and other religious books, booksellers and publishers of
ligious periodicals, who are doing much to increase the
ıowledge of the gospel and to save souls, but so many of
hom are careless about their own salvation will have the
ortification of knowing, that while their toils have been
strumental in the spiritual good of thousands, they were
ıly like the pack-mules that carried a load to market without
sting it, or like Noah's carpenters who built a ship they
ever sailed in.

Wealthy and liberal but unconverted men, who help to
ıild churches, and sustain the institutions of the gospel, but
ho "will not come unto Christ that they may have life," are
ewing the timbers and driving the nails of the ark, which
ıey are too proud or too careless to enter. Perhaps they
ıink they will be safe on the "rudder;" but they may find
o late that when they would ride they must swim—that
hen they would float they must sink, with all their good deeds
nmixed with faith, as a millstone about their necks.

Moralists, who attend church and support the ministry, but
ho do not receive into their hearts the gospel they thus sus-
ain, are like Noah's carpenters.

Professed ministers of the gospel who preach the truth
vithout practising it, who commend the love of Christ with-
ut experiencing it, who guide the wandering to the fold of
Christ without entering in themselves—are they not like
Noah's carpenters? If Paul might indulge the apprehension
est, when he had "preached to others," he should himself
e a "cast-away," may not those of us who follow at a sad
listance from Paul in the christian race, well see to it that we
ıre not left to buffet the waves of an overwhelmed world,
when some of those whom we have led into the ark are borne
riumphantly above the billows in which we are engulfed.

Perhaps the christian reader will be encouraged by this
narrative, to speak a word in season to some of these ark-
builders. Their kindness should be acknowledged. "These
things ought they to have done." The danger is that the
great thing will be left undone. Speak to that young man.
Tell him that the storm of wrath will come. Tell him that
"getting on the rudder" of the ark, and all other human

devices, for salvation, are vain refuges of lies. Tell him that the ark is open, that it is safe, that it waits for him. The dove and the olive-branch are in this ark. The bow of mercy spans the heavens above it. Peace, and hope, and salvation are there. But if scorned or neglected, when once the door is shut, they only that are in the ark will "remain alive." Who can abide that storm? Who can buffet those waves? Who will survive that deluge?

Poetry.

ETERNITY.

Hast thou numbered the drops of diamond dew
That sparkle in the morning's golden hue?
Hast thou counted the flowers that perfume the breeze,
Or numbered the leaves of the forest trees?
Hast thou counted the birds on wanton wing,
That make the glad air with sweet melody ring?
Hast thou numbered the waves of the deep blue sea,
Or counted the billows how many they be?
Hast thou number'd the stars that emblaze the sky,
And roll in the fields of immensity?
Or counted the moments now passed away,
Since chaotic night was dispelled by day?

Now add together the mighty sum
Of things that are, and are yet to come:
And fast as the gathering numbers swell,
There are numbers yet that none can tell:—
No! by nothing in earth, or air, or sea,
Can we number the days of Eternity!

Yet every throb of our beating hearts;
Every scene that so soon departs;
Every moment from the day of our birth;
Every turn of the revolving earth;
Every billow of life's great sea,
Is rolling us on to Eternity.
And now, as the old year sinks into its tomb,
And another year springs from futurity's womb;
Let each ask himself where his soul will be,
When time is engulphed in Eternity!
Fly to the Saviour, and thy soul shall be,
Safe through all ages of Eternity.

W. J. L.

Anecdotes and Selections.

A Glorious Thing to Die.—Mr. N. B. Cobb, of Boston, so much noted for his benevolence, a short time before his death said, "Within the few last days, I have had some glorious views of heaven; it is indeed a glorious thing to die. I have been active and busy in the world, and have enjoyed it as much as any one. God has prospered me, and I have everything to tie me here: I am happy in my family, and have property enough; but how small and mean does this world appear when we are on a sick bed! Nothing can equal my enjoyment in the near prospect of heaven. My hope in Christ is worth infinitely more than all other things. The blood of Christ! the blood of Christ! none but Christ!"

"And He Died."—A certain vain youth happened to stroll into a church, where he heard the fifth chapter of Genesis read, stating that such and such persons lived so long a time, and yet the conclusion was, they "died;" Seth lived 912 years, "and he died;" Enos, 905, "and he died." The frequent repetition of the words "and he died," notwithstanding the great length of years they had lived, impressed him so forcibly with the thought of death and eternity, that, through Divine grace, he became an exemplary christian.

Last Words of Halyburton.—"O blessed be God that I was born," said this holy man when dying. "I have a father and a mother, and ten brethren and sisters in heaven, and I shall be the eleventh. O blessed be the day that I was ever born! If there be such a glory in Christ's conduct towards me now, what will it be to see the Lamb in the midst of the throne! My peace has been like a river. Blessed be God that I was ever born."

Good Reason for Sobriety.—A gentleman, on entering a stage coach, rubbing his head, with a yawn, said, "My head aches dreadfully; I was very drunk last night." A person, affecting surprise, replied, "Drunk, sir! do you get drunk?" "Yes," said he, "and so does every one at times, I believe. I have no doubt that you do." "No, sir!" he replied, "I do not." "What, never?" "No, never; and amongst other reasons I have for it, one is, I never find, being sober, that I have too much sense; and I am loth to lose what little I have." This remark put an end to the conversation.

The Minister and the Profligate.—A minister having made several attempts to reform a profligate, was at length repulsed with, "It is all in vain, doctor; you cannot get me to change my religion." "I do not want that," replied the good man: "I wish religion to change you."

Dying Words of Mr. H. S. Golding.—A little before his death, when his brother said to him, "You seem to enjoy foretastes of heaven," he replied, "O, this is no longer a foretaste; this is heaven! I not only feel, but I breathe the air of heaven, and soon shall enjoy the company!" The last words which he uttered were, "Glory, glory, glory!" He died in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

The Coal-boatman's Death.—A coal merchant at Brigg, in Lincolnshire, had occasion to send a boat to Barton, with a cargo of coals, and ordered one of his men to take charge of it. As the boat was leaving the wharf, a person civilly accosted the man, asking where he was going. "I am going to hell," said he with an oath. Awful to relate, he died suddenly before he reached Barton.

A Nobleman Reproved.—A nobleman seeing a large stone near his gate, ordered his servant, with an oath, to send it to hell. "If," said the servant, "I were to throw it to heaven, it would be more out of your lordship's way."

Law of Pittacus.—By one of the laws of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, every fault committed by a person when intoxicated was deemed worthy of a double punishment.

The Fireside.

HIS MOTHER'S TEARS AND PRAYERS.

A young man whose father died when he was an infant, was left to the tender care of his own loving mother, who always managed to controul him so long as he remained with her.

"One day in conversation upon this subject, he remarked to me, 'Whenever I was guilty of disobeying my mother, and she called me to account, she would talk to me seriously, and then kneel down in prayer and tell God all about my conduct and the consequences of my course. I used to feel at such times as if my heart would burst, and I have often said, 'Mother, whip me, but don't talk to me and pray for me.' 'Ah,' said he, 'it was the talking and praying that affected me more than the whipping, though all were necessary.'"

Yes: nothing we can do subdues the heart of a child more, or so much, as the prayers of a pious mother. The tender love of a mother expressed in earnest prayer for her child is never forgotten in after life. The feelings then excited will be brought back by memory wherever such a child may be, and to the end of life.

The Penny Post Box.

CIRCULATION OF THE PIONEER.

ıe letters we have received in reply to our invitation, we ıe following hints as to the best means of increasing our on for the coming year.

Vorking Man" says:—"I take a deep interest in the *Pioneer*, so useful that I should like to see it once a week instead of nonth. It is now the best and cheapest I know. As re- ttending its sales; I will tell you what I do, and I do so ense of duty. I take one in my hand ready cut open, and to my neighbours and fellow workmen. I then ask them to , and I tell them I will get it for them and deliver it my- hat they shall have no trouble about it. This is the way to cribers. If any one should say, It is so much trouble; my s, I know that, but what good work that is worth doing one without some trouble. But it is not all trouble; there ard in knowing we are doing good; and some might do this way that are not able to do much in any other way. secret of success is earnestness. If we are not in earnest not succeed. I do not, however, believe that any one who ut the matter in earnest will fail. I am only a working t I find time to circulate from 25 to 30 copies monthly. other working men, and working women, and sabbath achers, to begin in good earnest, and we should soon double ıscribers for 1858; and we ought to do it, and keep them e year. If I lose a subscriber in the course of a year I ıt until I have got another, perhaps two, in his place. That ay to get on and keep on. You, Mr. Editor, ask if the to go up or down; dont think of going down; they must It is in our power to keep them up, and I, for one, shall est. So I say;—

go up, with all my heart;
each one will do his part,
may new subscribers start,
To take them in next year.

Come let us all in earnest be,
And then the Editor shall see
What can be done when all agree
To spread the PIONEER."

end, writing from Wales, says:—"I circulate a number of eer every month, for I am very fond of them, and feel much in spreading them all I can. I manage the circulation of y enough, for I take every opportunity of shewing them at ol, or at prayer meetings, or among my neighbours and and when visiting the sick. One of my subscribers has the bed of affliction for ten years, and she told me that she ot be without it on any account; and she, though confined ed, has persuaded others, who came to see her, to take it. not this doing good. I think it is; and that we all might

do a great deal of good in this way if we would. And really it does one good to do good. I have promises for a dozen more for next year already. I always take them myself to the subscribers. That is the way to get them and keep them. I hope to get more yet. But I will write and tell you. May God prosper you!"

"A New Subscriber" says "You ask if your valuable little periodical—the *Pioneer*—is to go up or down. I say, Go up to be sure! I have only just had it put into my hands, and am so pleased with it that I shall take it myself, and I shall order sixteen copies every month to begin with; and have no doubt that I shall soon double that number. I am a local village preacher, and am much pleased with the christian spirit of the work, which is one of the cheapest of the kind I ever saw. Go on in the name of the Lord, and you will prosper! I should like the *Pioneer* to spread far and wide over the whole land, and I will do my best to help it on."

Now: shall our circulation be doubled or not?

MUSIC OF SHOP AND FARM LABOUR.

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. GAGE.

THE banging of the hammer,
The whirling of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the plane,
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning lathe,
The whirring of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
The fan's continuous boom,
The clipping of the tailor's shears,
The driving of the awl—
These sounds of honest industry
I love—I love them all.

The clicking of the magic type,
The earnest talk of men,
The toiling of the giant press,
The scratching of the pen,
The tapping of the yard stick,
The tinkling of the scales,
The whistling of the needle
(When no bright cheek it pales),
The humming of the cooking stove,
The surging of the boom,
The pattering feet of childhood,
The housewife's busy hum,
The buzzing of the scholars,
The teachers' kindly call,
These sounds of active industry
I love—I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft-repeated shout
Spurring his stock along;
The bustle of the market man
As he hies him to the town;
The halloa from the tree top,
As the ripened fruit comes down;
The busy sound of threshers,
That clean the ripened grain;
The husker's joke and catch of glee
'Neath the moonlight on the plain:
The kind voice of the herdsman,
The shepherd's gentle call—
These sounds of pleasant industry
I love—I love them all.

Oh, there's a good in labour,
If we labour but aright,
That gives vigour to the day-time,
And sweeter sleep at night;
A good that bringeth pleasure,
Even to the toiling hours;
For duty cheers the spirit,
As dew revives the flowers,
Then say not that Jehovah
Gave labour as a doom;
No!—'tis the richest mercy
From the cradle to the tomb.
Then let us still be doing,
Whate'er we find to do,
With a cheerful—hoping spirit,
And free hand, strong and true.

NOTICE.—*Our regular readers will observe that as four of our pages must this time be used for Title, Preface, and Contents, we are compelled to leave out our Facts, Hints, Gems, and Children's Corner.*

THE

HRISTIAN PIONEER;

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

ISSUED IN NUMBERS, ONE HALFPENNY EACH.

EDITED BY JOSEPH FOULKES WINKS.

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PREFATORY ADDRESS.

The Editor to his Agents and Readers.

AR FRIENDS,—Having been permitted, through the favour of ine Providence, to complete the TWELFTH VOLUME of this nble periodical, we desire to return you our best thanks for assistance and support you have rendered us.

Ve commenced the present volume at a time when a serious ney panic was doing great mischief in the country, throwing usands out of employment, and causing great alarm, anxiety, l apprehension.

Notwithstanding these very unfavourable circumstances, ough the active efforts of our AGENTS, our sales were not y kept up, but extended a few hundreds beyond those of the vious year.

Now things are again in a promising position. We have been oured with a plentiful harvest; the panic has passed away; ney is again in circulation; employment is found on every nd; and trade is revived.

May we not, then, reasonably hope that we shall be permitted share in these advantages?

We shall, if all our Agents, Readers, and Friends will, *during present month of December*, kindly favour us by showing a py of the *Pioneer* to their neighbours, and try to persuade em to take it for 1859. We advise them not to use the copy December for that purpose, as that would not be a fair sample.

We would most earnestly urge this upon our friends at this vourable time, and for one good reason. Our circulation has ver yet been what it ought to be. Now, by a prompt and cisive effort it may be made so.

And we need scarcely remind you that by circulating a hum- publication like this, *not one number of which appears without* e GOSPEL *in it*, you are making yourselves HOME MISSION- IES to your neighbours, many of whom might not be reached benefited in any other way.

We cannot do more in this matter ourselves, than say what we ve said. We now cheerfully leave ourselves in your hands. nly, *what you do, do quickly;* we repeat, in this present month December, ready for January, 1859, when we hope that, though e *see* you not and *know* you not, we shall *feel* the benefit of your ctive and disinterested efforts for the wider circulation of the IONEER; and we promise you that our best efforts, as long as od permits, shall be put forth to sustain its character as an teresting and useful monthly cottage visitor.

Leicester, Dec. 1, 1858. THE EDITOR.

CONTENTS.

THE SOLDIER'S STORY.

During the winter of 1825, meeting a pious soldier of the 3rd regiment of Foot Guards in London, he inquired if I should like to attend a Soldiers' Prayer Meeting; and having answered in the affirmative, I was led to a large upper room, where I found about thirty soldiers, and some of their wives, with one or two pious sailors, assembled. I was most kindly received into this company of good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and, being instantly recognised by many, I was asked to conduct the meeting; but, anxious as I was to observe what method a body of pious soldiers brought together had been led to adopt, I declined doing so; and three of the soldiers in turn gave out a hymn, and after each had done this, all fell upon their knees, while he who had announced his hymn, proceeded most solemnly and appropriately to implore the Divine blessing.

I rejoiced that I was in a corner where I could secretly enjoy my own feelings, and silently pour out my soul to God. Never was I more devoutly affected. The scene, the singing, the persons, the locality, and the indistinctly-smothered sighs of so many broken hearts, was really altogether overwhelming. At the conclusion of the last soldier's prayer, a humble soldier gave out another hymn. He then said,—"Comrades, please to sit down, and I will furnish you with some particulars that may be profitable to us all, respecting the two last lines we have just been singing. Some of you may have heard me say, that during the last war I belonged to a foot regiment, in which there were a few christian soldiers. William, my beloved friend, was one of that number. We met as regularly as we could for prayer and praise; and as William generally conducted the meetings, he would often close the services with holy joy and rapture, singing,—

'Then we'll *march* up the heavenly street,
And *ground* our *arms* at *Jesus' feet*.'

"When Lord Wellington took the command of the British army in the Peninsula, our regiment was ordered to embark for Lisbon. We had many blessed meetings on board, notwithstanding all the scoffs and sneers of the sailors; but after a few storms in running over the Atlantic, we disembarked, and were ordered to Belem Tower. Other regiments arrived also, and as we had a prospect of marching up the country, if

we could force the enemy out of Portugal, we were the more earnest in our prayers that God would have mercy upon all the officers and soldiers in the British army, and graciously prepare every man for the events of his providence, through which we might be called to pass. We have often stolen away to a retired spot, near Belem Tower, and William would cheer us all up by saying, 'Fear not, comrades; whether we live or die in camps or hospitals, or on the field of blood itself, we'll sing with joy,'—and here he repeated his favourite lines.

But not to detain you too long, I should say that we marched through Portugal and Spain over the very bodies of our comrades, driving the enemy before us; and, notwithstanding all the drunkenness, blasphemy, and licentiousness, so common in the army, we were successful in almost every battle. Many a day, after a long march, when we halted in the evenings, fainting with hunger, have we hastily prepared for refreshment with the camp kettle, and then withdrawn to the banks of some river, and by the light of the moon held our prayer-meetings. William would often address us at the close of the meeting, saying, 'Ah! comrades, we shall soon have done with marching and counter-marching, with fatigue parties and trenches, with fields and camps, and blood and slaughter; and then, oh then, to depart and be with Christ! Oh! what glory—washed in his precious blood—justified by his glorious righteousness—and accepted in the beloved! Oh, comrades, look up, for your redemption draweth nigh!'

At length we were hurried pell mell into the battle of Barossa. It was a day of blood, indeed, that will long be remembered by every survivor. At the close of the sanguinary conflict, our company had advanced to some short distance from the field of battle, and when the word was given to halt, a soldier ran up to inform me my comrade William was dying. I instantly hastened thither, and found him lying on his back, with his right hand upon his left breast, and the paleness of death spread over all his features.

I eagerly grasped his left hand, and called out, 'William, William.' He opened his dying eyes, and exclaimed, 'Ah, comrade, is that you? How could you have found me out in this slaughter-house of groans and blood? you have only just come in time.' I grasped his hand with affection, as a pious friend and brother in the Lord, and as the tears rolled copiously down my cheeks, I said, 'Where are you wounded, William?'

He rolled his eyes in anguish, and replied, 'Oh, Ive a musket ball through my left breast, and I feel it will not be long before my soul will leave this agonized frame; life is ebbing fast, and stingless death, through Christ my Lord, is coming upon me.' 'Are you in much pain, William?' He pressed his hand to his breast, and cried out with bitter anguish, 'Oh, comrade, the pains of my body are greater than I can possibly express.' I paused and wept over him, and, waiting a moment until he could recover, as his breath became shorter, while the blood was coming out of his wound, I said, 'William, how is it with your soul? Are you happy in the Lord? Is Christ now precious to you? We have fought in many battles—we have marched over many a waste-howling wilderness—we have encountered many enemies—we have held many blessed meetings in Spain—you have often told us the Lord was with you in camps, in trenches, on guard, or on the march. Is Christ with you now, William? Is your soul comfortable in the enjoyment of his love, and the foretaste of heaven?' To my great surprise, he made a mighty effort, and sprang up, so as to occupy a sitting posture, while he lifted up his hand to heaven, and cried out, 'Ah, comrade, the joys of my soul are greater than all the pains of my body; yes, indeed, he is precious, and I now prove, that having loved his own, he loveth them to the end. Adieu, comrade, I am now indeed going to be with Jesus;' and then waving his hand, and gazing around him, he cried out with a peculiar tone of voice that I shall never forget, while I held my hand to his wound, 'Farewell marches and trenches; farewell fatigue-parties and midnight revellings of drunken comrades; farewell fields of battle, and blood, and slaughter, and farewell sun, and moon, and stars, and'—he paused, almost exhausted with his feelings; but, turning to me, he cried, 'Yes, farewell, beloved comrade in Christ Jesus; meet me in glory, for oh, in a few minutes more my soul must depart, and then, yes,

> 'Then I'll *march* up the heavenly street,
> And *ground* my *arms* at *Jesus' feet*.'

His head sank upon my shoulder; and suddenly the bugles sounded to call in stragglers from the field on some special duty. I was compelled hastily to run to our company, and fall in for duty; but in a little while a soldier from the field came up to me, saying, 'Briery, I dug a small pit, and have just put your comrade William into it. He was a good fellow;

I could not bear to see him lying without a grave.' Ah, comrades, I was immediately like David when he lost his friend and brother in the war, and I cried out in his mournful language of deep sorrow, 'How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places—I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan—very pleasant hast thou been unto me—thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.'"

The soldier finished his simple and heart-affecting tale, and we all kneeled down, while he poured out his soul before God for the Army and the Navy in particular, that sailors and soldiers might choose William's God, and enjoy William's triumphs, as they were infinitely greater on the field of death, than those the Duke of Wellington enjoyed, in quitting that field, for all the glory that could be conferred on him by his country.

I never remember any thing told with more simplicity, ease, and pathos in my life, and I solemnly declare it left such an impression upon my soul, that at that moment, and indeed for many weeks afterwards, I occasionally felt a sort of ardent momentary desire to die like William, taking leave of all sublunary objects, and proclaiming the language of triumph to friends and foes, to family and to kindred, in the prospect of full redemption by the blood of the Lamb.

Reader, this narrative exhibits, in a striking view, the horrors and miseries of war. Oh! how painful is it to contemplate man, originally made in the image of his beneficent Creator, thus transformed into the murderer, the butcher of his race! As if the ravages of natural death were too limited and slow, war, with its attendant evils, has in all ages extensively prevailed, numbering its victims by thousands and millions. Still, war, with all its dreadful horrors, is only the direful effect of that more direful cause which dwells deep in the desperately wicked heart of every unrenewed man. "The carnal mind is enmity against God;" its desire is to hurl Jehovah from his throne, and to set up the idol of self in His place; and thus maintaining a warfare with God, and living in a state of continued rebellion against Him, need we wonder that the envy and malice which cannot successfully oppose our Almighty Creator, should seek its gratification in the misery and death of those who are His rational and intelligent offspring?

But this narrative shews, above all, the unspeakable value of the gospel. Possessions and honours may sustain and

gratify us in the day of health and prosperity, but what do they avail in the day when God taketh away the soul? We have reason to fear, that on the fatal field of Barossa, many a soldier yielded up his spirit amidst the most embittered reflections as to the past, and the most hopeless anticipations as to the future; having lived without the faith of the gospel, they died without its hope. But how different was it with William; he, in believing penitence, had been brought to the feet of Jesus; in the hour of his extremity, he enjoyed the tokens of His everlasting love; and, leaning on His arm, he triumphantly entered through the gate of death into the heavenly city. Be entreated, therefore, oh reader, to enlist under the Captain of Salvation, and following him, to endure "hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He is the resurrection and the life. He leads all His followers to victory and triumph; and if you depend on his atonement, intercession, and promised Spirit, He will carry you safe through the Jordan of death, and present you faultless before the throne of his glory with exceeding joy.

Poetry.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise
  And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
  Through his beloved Son;

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
  And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
  Is more than conqueror.

Stand then, in his great might,
  With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
  The armour of your God.

From strength to strength go on,
  Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
  And win the well-fought day.

That having all things done,
  And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
  And stand complete at last.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THREE TEMPERANCE TESTIMONIES.—At a meeting held at Surrey Chapel, London, Rev. Newman Hall presiding:—

Mr. Hefry, chimney-sweep, contrasted his state when a frequenter of the tap-room with his present condition. He was now, through temperance, a teacher in a Sunday school. He had, on his own responsibility, opened a temperance hall and mechanics' institute. He had established a penny bank, where the weekly deposits were £5 or £6 from 300 depositors; and although he was poor, he was trusted because he was a teetotaller. He thought a day wasted in which some good was not done. Drunkards seldom did anything for the good of others. Let them sign the pledge, and employ part of the time and money they would save in doing good.

Mr. Cort, blacksmith, said—Home was a sacred place. Home is where hearts are bound together in love. A British workman should be proud of his home, for it is his industry which furnishes it. But alas! how many turn home into a scene of disgrace and misery! He knew many who could earn £3 a week, who had nothing left in their pocket on Monday morning. Why not save the public house money? If they invest it in beer and spirits, they get knocks from pewter pots and rolls in the gutter for interest. Instead of a sum to draw on in old age, old age draws on them in the prime of life. Let the drunkard try to reform and pray for God's help. Little strokes cut down strong oaks. Begin! It was no sin to be poor, but a great sin to make themselves poor.

Mr. Benn, tailor, related that his grandfather, from whom he inherited his trade as well as his name, came to London as a young man, and found work in a large shop. "Have you worked before in London?" "No!"—"Then there's pints,"—that is, a pint for each man, and as there were forty-five men, his grandfather had to pay for this quantity. The next day he was told that the foreman was so extraordinary a man that he could keep his leg in boiling water, and he was none the worse—the leg was of cork! Then one of the workmen said, "Have you ever sewed gold braid?" "No!" "O you should know how—it will be very useful—I shall be glad to show you." His grandfather thankfully accepted the offer. "You say you have never sewed gold braid before? Then there's pints!" A third time he had to pay for forty-five pints. Whereon he was so frightened that he went off next morning into Norfolk! Mr. Benn entreated the workmen to break away from habits which thus enslaved and degraded them.

SCEPTICAL SAILOR CONVINCED.—A careless sailor, on going to sea, replied to his religious brother in words like these: "Tom, you talk a great deal about religion and Providence; and if I should

be wrecked, and a ship were to heave in sight, and take me off, I suppose you would call it a merciful Providence. It's all very well; but I believe no such thing. These things happen like other things, by mere chance, and you call it Providence—that's all." He went upon his voyage, and the case he put became literally true: he was wrecked, and remained upon the wreck three days, when a ship appeared, and seeing the signal of his distress, came to his relief. He returned, and, in relating the case, said to his brother, "Oh! Tom, when that ship hove in sight, my words to you came in a moment into my mind like a bolt of thunder, of which I have never got rid; and now I think it no more than an act of common gratitude to give myself up to Him who pitied and saved me."

The Child and the Lion.—The Rev. John Campbell relates a singular escape of a Bushman child from being devoured by a lion. The child was only four years of age, and was sleeping beside its parents in a half open hut. About midnight the child awoke, and sat by a dull fire. The father happening to awake about the same time, looked at his child, and while looking, a lion came to the opposite side of the fire. The child, ignorant of its danger, was not afraid, but spoke to it, and sportingly threw live cinders at it; the lion growled, and approached nearer; the child seized a burning stick, and playfully thrust it into its mouth, and the lion scampered off as fast as it could run. The father witnessed all this, but was afraid to interfere, lest he, as well as his child, should have been torn to pieces by the ferocious animal.

Gilpin's Fall.—When this zealous minister was on his way to London, to be tried before the popish party, he broke his leg by a fall, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The person in whose custody he was, took occasion from this circumstance to retort upon him an observation he used frequently to make, "That nothing happens to the people of God but what is intended for their good;" asking him whether he thought his broken leg was so. He answered meekly, "I make no question it is." And so it proved; for before he was able to travel, Queen Mary died. Being thus providentially preserved from probable death, he returned to Houghton through crowds of people, who expressed the utmost joy, and blessed God for his deliverance.

God less Critical than Man.—"My grandfather," says Mr. Orton, "once solicited a very excellent but modest minister to pray in his family when there were several others present; he desired to be excused, alleging that he had not thought of it, and there were so many other ministers present." My grandfather replied, "Sir, you are *to speak to your Master*, and not to them, and my Bible *tells me, he is not so critical* and censorious as men are."

The Fireside.

IS THAT MAN A HUSBAND?

Is that man a husband whose idea of a woman is that she is some sort of inferior being, who knows nothing, and has no right to know anything beyond cleaning, and scrubbing, and cooking?

Is he a husband who in seasons of domestic affliction leaves the home to its sorrow, to seek "pleasure" elsewhere?

Is he a husband whose affections grow cold, and whose conduct is harsh to a wife because, through illness or anxiety, the maidenly bloom has fled from her cheeks, and she has grown less beautiful than she was?

Is he a husband who grudges the bare expenses of the household, and yet spends more each week in selfish enjoyment?

Is he one who has never a kind word or a smile for his wife, but who yet cannot see a cloud on her brow but he breaks forth into complaint and reproach.

Is he a husband who suffers his wife to work hard daily at her needle or at the washtub, to maintain the house, to the ruin of household comfort, and the neglect of the little children who need her most watchful care and attention?

None of these, nor many others, such as the drunkard, the gamester, and above all, the man who has some great defect in character, have any right to become husbands. How much must innocence suffer when it is conjoined to vice and badness of heart!

IS THAT WOMAN A WIFE?

Is that woman a wife who thinks more of her new dress than her children, and who stints her family to provide finery for herself unbecoming her station?

Is that woman a wife who passes the morning amongst the gossips and scandal-mongers of the neighbourhood, to the utter neglect of her household affairs?

Is that woman a wife who sits reading some novel, or other nonsensical book, while her husband stands before a glass vainly trying to pin together a buttonless shirt bosom?

Is that woman a wife who is all smiles and good-humour when out among friends or acquaintances, and reserves her frowns and ill-temper for her own fireside?

Is that woman a wife who expects her husband to swallow bad coffee, smoky tea, and ill-cooked victuals, because she will not be at the trouble to cook them properly?

Is she a wife who contracts debts without her husband's knowledge or means of payment?

Is that woman a wife who, because something has occurred in ; course of the day to cloud her husband's brow, sulks for an ır, or puts herself into a passion, because he is not very cheerful? None of these, nor many others, had any right to become wives nor indeed has any woman a call to be a wife, to whom a *good* sband's society is not the most highly valued of earthly blessings; l her home the cherished and treasured spot to which her affec- ns cling?

The Penny Post Box.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED.

D ENGLAND is the freemans' home, where every man is free,
d none can make another man be what he would not be;
ıe Queen herself now cannot take for soldiers or for sailors
ır ploughmen or ship-carpenters, our shoemakers or tailors.
ıe despots may, the despots do, in Austria and in Prussia,
ıd what is worse they yet do so in France as well as Russia.
ell, let them try to prop their thrones by levies and conscriptions,
e say in England "One freeman is worth more than three prest ones."
nall things with great if we compare—just as it is with nations,
is it with the management of monthly publications.
e would not have an edict passed to force one man to take them,
ır well we know were such laws made, all Englishmen would break them.
ır do we ask subscription lists to bolster up our pages;
ır puff ourselves as if we had the wisdom of all ages;
or get some mighty Conference, or wise Association,
y "speech" and "resolution" to applaud our publication.
ıch tricks are played, we know full well, but we will do without them,
nd like a "True-born Englishman" we will care naught about them.
ll that we ask is just to have an Englishman's free action,
clear stage and no favour—without flattery or detraction.
et us have these, and we will ask to have no other favour,
ut willingly let all the rest depend on our behaviour.
nd this is best, for if you try to prop what has no merit,
ou only pamper idleness—industry disinherit.
ou see it so in Church and State as well as in our books,
'or so can every one discern who at the matter looks.
ınd so we end our rhyming now by asking every reader,
Vho thinks this little work to be for truth an earnest pleader,
'hat he will join our ranks and be a willing *Volunteer*,
'o spread through all our cottages the CHRISTIAN PIONEER.
So if you will, begin just now, whate'er your rank or station,
And shew to every neighbour round this little publication;
Shew it and pass it every month to all who wish to take it,
And we will do the best we can a cheap good book to make it.

THE EDITOR.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts

THE LEVIATHAN.—This monster iron steamship, which while building went by the name of the "Great Eastern," has since been named the "Leviathan." It was built on the banks of the river Thames below London. The attempt to get it down into the water sideways has been attended by an enormous outlay of money and labour. It is the largest vessel the world has ever seen. We give a few facts of its amazing dimensions, and shall have more to say about it soon. The "Leviathan" measures 680 feet in length, 83 feet in breadth, and 60 feet in height. For the better understanding of this magnitude, let it be remembered that she is six times as large as the "Duke of Wellington" line-of-battle-ship of 130 guns—that her length exceeds three times the height of the London Monument--and that one turn round her deck involves a walk of more than a quarter of a mile. Compared with all vessels of modern times she stands alone and unapproached; she is twice as long and more than four times as large as the great American steam-frigate the "Niagara," and exceeds that in tonnage by nearly 18,000 tons, her burden being within a few tons of 23,000. To approach her at all in size, we must go back to the days of Noah, and compare her to the Ark in which he and his family was saved. According to the computations of Sir Isaac Newton and Bishop Wilkins, the Ark was a few feet wider in breadth than the Leviathan, but not so deep, and not so long by above 100 feet. While we write this, they are moving her a few feet a day down to the river.

Hints.

GETTING OLD.—How do I know I am? 1. By my looking glass. 2. By the face of an old friend. 3. By more room being wanted for my books and letters. 4. By lots of useless old things I think of giving away or burning. 5. And by many I meet who neither know me, nor I them.

THE MIND OF MAN is nourished by new knowledge, just as his body is with more food. Get more knowledge if you would have your mind grow.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS"—said the Son of God, after one of his most splendid miracles—"that nothing be lost." What a lesson was this never to waste anything.

A MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER has a fortune in himself of more value than money. Nay, a good character can command money or money's worth any time. People have no fear of trusting such a man.

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN? He who behaves like one, whether he wears a labourer's frock, or an artizan's jacket—a superfine broad cloth, or a robe of office.

INDUSTRIOUS LABOUR in any honest calling is highly honourable. So let us honour every man or woman that works, for if they did not work we should soon be without food or clothing. If we had only rich men who do nothing, the world would soon be ruined.

HE WHO WASTES NOT another man's property will take care of his own. Such a servant is worth more wages, and deserves to have them.

WHEN TRUTH APPROACHES YOU, dont run into a corner and hide yourself, but meet her with an open face and bow down to her.

Gems.

RELY ON GOD'S WORD.—For all has said will be done, whether the way of promise or threatning.

HUMILITY makes us strong, for eads us to trust in Christ. Pride .kes us weak, for it persuades us trust in ourselves. Hence it is it the proud are overcome, while humble conquer.

THINK MORE of thy sins than sufferings; sin is the cause of ffering. Get relief of sin from sus, and suffering will not hurt e, but rather preserve thee in ly health.

SEEK NOT HONOUR FROM MEN, t you be disappointed, and then l into sin. Seek the honour that meth from God only, and he will ve "glory, honour, immortality," d crown all with "Eternal Life."

IF YOU CANNOT FORGIVE AN IN-RY, what evidence have you that od has forgiven you; he that lives enmity with any human being, ay well doubt his acceptance with od: for "if ye forgive not men eir trespasses, neither shall your eavenly Father forgive you."

AS WE HAVE RECEIVED more om God than we have ever done r God, or ever can do, we should e all the more humble, thankful, nd zealous.

BETTER CROSS YOUR WILL than ound your conscience. The former s but a quick pain and soon over; he latter may mortify and take long uring; and yet the blood of Christ an heal even that and at once.

SATAN IS AN ACCUSER.—He accuses both the christian and his God. He suggests that we have sinned beyond hope, and that God will not, nay cannot now, forgive us. But let us hear what God says about himself and us, for he is true; but satan is a liar.

Poetic Selections.

YONDER HAPPY LAND.

BY faith I see a glorious sight;
A vision of the land of light,
Before me glows in glory bright.

Springing the throne of God beside,
I see the crystal river glide,
An unexhausted endless tide.

Beside its banks on either strand,
Planted by the great Father's hand,
The Trees of Life immortal stand.

The cloudless beams of golden light,
Unfading beam with glory bright;
For in that land there is no night.

There holy seraphs tune His praise,
Who lives through everlasting days,
In rapturous and exulting lays.

There men redeemed from death and sin,
Now a new life of love begin,
Through Him who died their love to win.

There now they wave the victor's palm:
Safe from all terror and alarm,
They fear no evil, dread no harm.

No care-worn brow there sweats with toil,
No hostile feet ere tread that soil,
Or with rude hand its labours spoil.

There slander never can prevail,
Or our good name again assail,
By stinging with its scorpion tail.

Sorrow and sighing flee away,
From those bright realms of endless day,
While God wipes all our tears away.

I wish I were among them there!
Where, free from pain, and grief, and care,
I could their perfect pleasures share.

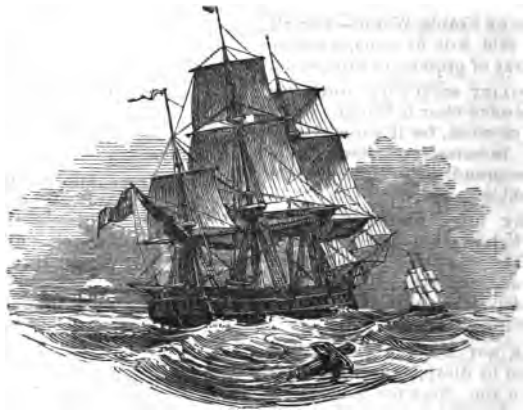
I fain would breathe ambrosial air,
In yon celestial regions fair,
And bloom in youth immortal there!

GOD'S radiant throne I then should see,
And gaze on Him who died for me,
The LAMB of awful Calvary!

Then while new glories I behold,
My heart shall glow with love untold,
To Him who brought me to his fold.

Then I shall join the white-robed throng,
And on our golden harps prolong,
From age to age Redemption's song—

To Him who washed us in his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God,
"Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the LAMB for ever!"



The Children's Corner.

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR BOY.

An idle disobedient boy,
Thinking he should be free,
If from his home he went away,
Resolved to go to sea.

Although he so ungrateful proved,
His father loved him still,
And pray'd him not to leave his home,
But he replied, "I will."

With tears the father gave his son,
Before he went away,
The best of books, entreating him
To read it every day.

But when upon the wide blue sea,
This youth regarded not
The good advice he had received—
His bible he forgot.

Not by his father now advis'd,
More wicked he became,
And with his shipmates oft he would
Profane God's holy name.

But when one night a storm arose,
His soul was fill'd with fear;
It brought to mind his wicked ways,
On seeing danger near.

While wishing he was safe at home,
There came a mighty wave
Across the ship, which swept the mate
Into a watery grave.

At length the ship to pieces went,
And all the crew were drown'd
Except this youth, who reach'd a rock,
Where he next morn was found.

Though sadly bruised, and almost dead,
Reading a book was he,
The only thing beside himself
Saved from the raging sea.

On the first page he saw his name,
Writ by his father there,
Whose voice he had so often heard,
Pour'd forth in fervent prayer.

The thought of his ingratitude,
And how he did despise
The good advice so often given,
Caused tears to fill his eyes.

In that bless'd book he also read
His heavenly Father's name,
Which he so often had profan'd,
He now thought of with shame.

For mercy now he humbly pray'd;
God granted his request;
His life was saved, his soul renewed,
His mind with peace was blest.

Since Jesus Christ has made him free,
He earnestly has striven,
To lead lost sinners in the way
To happiness and heaven. J. D.

A WONDER OF THIS AGE.

And truly, when our readers have read over the narrative below, which has lately appeared in *Chambers's Journal*, they will, we have no doubt, agree with us that the whole thing is a real wonder.

"In the neighbourhood of Bristol there exists an institution but little known to the general public, yet of such a singular nature that it may fairly be classed amongst the wonders of the age. It is situated at Ashley Down, one of the most beautiful suburbs of the city, and is simply and unobtrusively named 'The New Orphan Asylum.' Within its walls 300 fatherless children, aged from a few months upwards, are fed, clothed, and taught. The elder girls are instructed in sewing and all domestic arts, and at a proper age are each provided with an outfit and a suitable situation; the boys are similarly fitted out, and apprenticed; and all this is done without any regular funds or subscribers, by a man who neither does now, nor ever did, possess any property, or pecuniary means. Nor has a single shilling ever been solicted for its support, for the New Orphan Asylum is *founded on faith.*

This statement will probably raise a smile of incredulity; but it is, nevertheless, a fact which cannot be gainsaid. There is the extensive range of buildings, in substantial stones and mortar; there, too, are 300 living witnesses, the recipients of its bounty and protection. On every Wednesday, the doors are open to all who choose to inspect for themselves this monument of love and charity. Enter: in this stern, practical, matter-of-fact nineteenth century, it is refreshing to halt for a moment on such a verdant spot. There is no charge for admission; neither are the attendants permitted to receive any fees; but in the entrance-hall is a small box labelled, 'For the Use of the Orphans;' and if you think fit to drop a coin therein, you may do so. Visitors are shewn the dormitories, each little bed with its snowy coverlet; the wardrobes, fitted up with presses, wherein every child deposits his or her Sunday clothing with admirable precision of folding and arrangement; the nursery, and its tiny inmates, their basinets and toys; and the dining-room, so large and lofty, and well ventilated, that it must be a pleasure to eat therein. Then there are the schools, three in number—*the girls', the* boys', and the infants'—all of *whom go through their exercises* and sing their simple melodies,

wearing, withal, a healthy, hearty, and happy expression, which speaks volumes for the system under which they are trained. Passing on, we visit the 'cutting-out' and 'making-up' rooms, the bakery, the dairy, the kitchens, the laundry, the bath-rooms—all well arranged, and indeed perfect in their appointments. Another range of offices is devoted to various store-rooms. There are stores of flour, of bread, of meat, of rice, of oatmeal—good Scotch meal, which forms the staple of the children's breakfast. There are stores of shoes, of clothing, of soap, of linen, of crockery, and even of toys for the amusement of the younger ones. The staff of teachers, nurses, and servants, is large and efficient; the mental and physical wants of the children are amply provided for, and their comfort most sedulously studied; and all this, as many well know, has been brought into existence literally out of nothing. Doubt it not. Were you as incredulous as Thomas of Didymus, yet must the evidence of your senses convince you of the reality of this extraordinary fact. Seek not to explain it away, for the truth of the history attached to that asylum is incontrovertibly established.

That history is to be read in a little book, entitled, *A Narrative of some of the Lord's Dealings with George Muller.**—a quaint, strange title, which, of itself, seems to remove us far from the world of steam, and gas, and electric telegraphs. It is written in a simple style, wherein is no seeking after effect or ornament, and consists principally of extracts from the author's diary.

George Muller's creed is so unsectarian, that I have never yet been able to ascertain its precise nature; he, indeed, distinctly states that he does not belong to any sect, and his writings, no less than his deeds, confirm the assertion. He is a Prussian by birth, and emigrated, in 1829, to England, where, to quote from the narrative, he 'began the service of caring for children who are bereaved of both parents by death, born in wedlock, and who are in destitute circumstances, on December 9, 1835.' For ten years he carried on his work of love in Wilson Street, first renting a single house for the use of his proteges. As their number increased, other premises became necessary; till in 1845, four contiguous houses were occupied by about 130 children.

The expense of supporting these establishments was entirely

* Nisbet & Co. London: 1856.

defrayed by unsolicited contributions. Upon this principle they were started, and even when sorely pressed, it was rigidly adhered to. A perusal of the author's journal shews that he was often reduced to great extremities, from which he was always relieved in what will no doubt be deemed an unaccountable manner. Thus, under date August 10, 1844, is the following passage:—

'In the greatest need, when not one penny was in hand, I received £5 from a brother at Hackney.'

And again,

'Aug. 16, 1845. Our poverty is extremely great. The trial of faith as sharp as ever, or sharper. It is ten o'clock, and there are no means yet for a dinner. I now thought of some articles which I should be able to do without, to dispose of them for the benefit of the orphans, when one of the labourers (teachers) gave me £1. There were also taken out of the boxes in the orphan houses 1s. 6d., and by knitting came in 2s. 3d., and from A. A., 2s.'

Such passages as these are of continual recurrence. Frequently, the last crust of bread, and sip of milk, was consumed, and Muller never contracted debts. Over and over again, the daily record commences with, 'Not a penny in hand!' and ends with, 'Only a few pence left;' and there was no treasure to draw upon, save the inexhaustible fund of faith—a fund which indeed appears to have fully answered every demand upon it, for the wants of the day were always fully supplied.

But the great work was yet to come. In 1845, Muller first began to conceive the idea of building an asylum for the accommodation of 300 orphans, and having fully considered the undertaking, 'I judged,' he says, 'that the cost would be £10,000; and on November 4, I began asking the Lord for means.' Strangely enough, on the following 10th December, £1000 came to hand. This was the largest donation which, up to that time, had ever been received; 'but when this money came,' he writes, 'I was as calm, as quiet as if I had received only one shilling: for my heart was looking out for answers. Therefore, having faith concerning the matter, this donation did not in the least surprise me.' Other donations followed, including a second sum of £1000 on the 30th of December; and then he relates how he, 'having asked the Lord to go before him, went out to look for a piece of ground' whereon to build.

Here is a picture of startling sublimity! Imagine a gaunt, grave man, attired in a suit of rusty black, walking forth into the bustling city, like the pilgrims in Vanity Fair, and in all simplicity of heart, and earnestness of faith, seeking to be so directed to a suitable site. One almost expects to read on the next page, how that 'one of shining countenance appeared unto him, and bade him be of good cheer.'

It is not my intention to follow George Muller throughout the gradual process by which he effected his purpose; suffice it to say that, by little and little, the necessary funds flowed in. The building, which, with the land, cost eventually upwards of £15,000, was commenced in July, 1847; and in June 1849, the children were removed from Wilson Street to the healthier locality of Ashley Down. No flourish of trumpets ushered in the event; quietly and unostentatiously the children and their more than father walked from the one house to the other; and save that the old school-rooms were closed, whilst merry voices awoke the unwonted echoes of the Down, no change was perceptible.

Little more than twelve months elapsed ere Muller began to contemplate an extension of his work; and undeterred by the absence of visible means, the frequency of pecuniary difficulties, or the magnitude of the undertaking, he determined to build another wing, capable of receiving other 400 orphans, with a view to the ultimate extension of this additional number to 700, or 1000 in the whole. The first donation received for this purpose was ten shillings! But, nothing discouraged, he persevered; and in May 1852, the building fund amounted to £3530 9s. 0½d. The next year this amount had increased to £12,531. In 1854, upwards of £5000 was added to the fund; and in 1855, the sum in hand being £23,059 12s. 0½d. —always the odd farthing—the new building was commenced, and is, at this present writing, on the point of being opened for the reception of the forlorn little beings for whose benefit it is designed. Whether the benevolent founder will be enabled to complete his self-imposed task, by the construction of the intended third building, time alone can determine. Let us hope so.

Muller seems to have been incited to his efforts by the success of a similar institution at Halle, in Prussia, founded in 1696 by A. H. Franke, professor of divinity. This is the largest charitable establishment for poor children in the world,

containing 2000 inmates, and is in a flourishing condition. We will here let Muller speak for himself:—

'Franke is long since gone to his rest, but he spoke to my soul in 1826, and he is speaking to my soul now; and to his example I am greatly indebted in having been stirred up to care about poor children in general, and about poor orphans in particular.

'At the last census in 1851, there were, in England and Wales, thirty-nine orphan establishments, and the total number of orphans provided for through them amounted only to 3764; but at the time the New Orphan House was being built, there were about 6000 young orphans in the prisons of England. Does not this fact call aloud for an extension of orphan institutions? By God's help, I will do what I can to keep poor orphans from prison?'

The utter abnegation of self which pervades the work is remarkable and characteristic. 'What have I done,' he cries out in one place, 'that men should praise me? I have only sought to be used as the honoured instrument of saving young children, who have neither father nor mother, from sin and vice.' Truly, such men are *in* the world, but not *of* it.

Contributions appear to arrive from all parts of the globe, and from all kinds and conditions of men. Here are a few entries, for example: 'From negro brethren in Demerara, 12 dollars;' 'From an archdeacon, and one of the Queen's chaplains, 12 guineas;' 'From one of the orphans formerly under our care, a sovereign;' 'From Mount Lebanon, £2, and from Orleans, five francs;' 'From an Israelitish gentleman, an entire stranger, £5;' 'From a shepherd in Australia, who had read my narrative while tending his flock, 12s.' The amounts vary from a single farthing to thousands of pounds; and the receipt of a copper coin, or the presentation of a check for £5000, is recorded in an uniformly grateful strain.

Nor is it to money alone that assistance is confined. One gentleman offers his services gratuitously as an architect, and another as a surgeon. Another gives glass for the three hundred windows of the new building, and others send jewellery and ornaments, silver spoons and tea-pots, watches, gold and silver, old coins and needlework—to be sold for the benefit of the institution. On one day, 'three autographs of William IV., *two of Sir Robert Peel*, and one of Lord Melbourne,' *were received*; and on another, 'a Coverdale Bible of

1535, perfected almost sheet by sheet.' Perhaps the most singular gift of this kind was, 'A silver medal, given to the donor for being engaged in the taking of Java; but, laying down his honour, he desires to have this medal used to lay a stone in the new building.' Then there are donations of books, of coals, of provisions, and of clothes—old and new; donations, indeed, in almost every conceivable form. And in this manner, to sum up all in his own words, 'without any one having been personally applied to for anything, the sum of £84,441 6s. 3½d. has been given to me for the orphans since the commencement of the work.' And greatly has it been needed, for, in addition to the expense of purchasing land, and building and furnishing the asylum, the present average expense for each of the orphans is stated at £12 6s. 8d. per annum.

Not the least peculiar feature in the subscription-list is the absence of all personal publicity. Those who give to the New Orphan Asylum must do so from a pure and unmixed feeling of charity, for their names are carefully withheld; even their initials are rarely given; nor would any offer induce a departure from this rule.

No sectarian doctrines are taught in the schools, neither is any interest necessary to obtain admission for orphans. If they be deprived of father and mother, and in distress, that is sufficient passport to the large warm heart and helping-hand of George Muller. Long may his life be spared, and his labours blest!"

Poetry.

UP, BE DOING!

Up, be doing! time is flying—flying at a rapid speed;
Life's the time for word and action, life's the time for thought and deed;
Let us seize the present moments, strive to do what good we can,
Our great aim and motto ever—love to God and love to man.

Up, be doing! careless sinner, live no longer dead in sin;
Call on Jesus Christ thy Saviour, and the christian life begin;
Spurn no longer offer'd mercy, freely offered unto thee,
Purchased with that blood so precious spilt on Calvary's rugged tree.

Up, be doing! careless mortal, work and live for truth and right;
Up and work, no longer tarry, work while yet the day is light;
If my voice could reach the masses that in crowded cities dwell,
I would warn them of their danger, and the road that leads to hell.

doing! toiling brother, read the book and use the pen;
is much that you can do for yourself and fellowmen;
ı full many a foe surround you, snares on every side you see,
grace of God can save you, and from danger set you free.

doing! christian brother, onward in the christian life;
the knowledge of salvation in this world of sin and strife;
is much around wants doing, and as much to be undone;
ı good work give your service; there is work for every one.

doing! live to purpose, every man, or rich or poor,
ıe forward, for the Master needeth many labourers more;
loiterers or loungers, who all day will idle stand;
ınee, and work in earnest, with a ready heart and hand.

doing! life is transient, we are passing fast away,
: voice of wisdom cryeth, "work while it is called to-day."
: hearken to its counsel, live to labour and to love;
when all our work is ended, we shall surely rest above.
ingham. R. C.

Anecdotes and Selections.

'UL VISITATION.—One of our friends in Birmingham has ıs the name and residence of a man who, on sabbath evening,), 1857, was admitted into the Queen's Hospital. He was le a smith. The *Birmingham Journal* says:—"He had been g hard at a public house the greater part of the day, and on g home he quarrelled with some person who was in the yard ing the amount of a beer bill which he owed. Words ran ıd he became excited by violent passion, giving utterance to ımous expressions. Suddenly he ran into the house, point- his open mouth, and making signs that he was bereft of He was immediately conveyed to the Queen's Hospital, being questioned could give no answer; but shortly after ıission he wrote on a slip of paper, *The Lord has taken y speech.* No word has escaped from his lips since."

ARD'S OPINION OF SWEARERS.—As he was standing one day e door of a printing office, he heard some dreadful volleys ı and curses from a public house opposite, and buttoning his up before he went into the street, he said to the workmen m, "I always do this whenever I hear men swear, as I at any one who can take God's name in vain, can also steal, *ything else that is bad.*"

Dying Christians.—"O, glory, how delightful in contemplation!" said a youthful Christian at the moment when she was terminating her earthly course; "death is but a bridge, a step, when I look on the Lord of glory on the other side. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, make no long tarrying, O my God." "Almost at home," said another, after a lingering illness, and drawing near the borders of Immanuel's land; "Almost at home. My precious Bible! true every tittle; I never thought it could have supported me thus; but it does. I never thought I could have enjoyed so much. I have not an anxious wish. It is heaven already begun; I am as happy as I can be on this side heaven."

A Good Old Man's Rebuke.—A good old man was once in company with a gentleman, who occasionally introduced into conversation the "devil, deuce," &c., and who at last took the name of God in vain. "Stop, sir," said the old man, "I said nothing while you only used freedoms with the name of your own master, but I insist upon it that you shall use no freedoms with the name of mine."

Character.—The late Rev. Rowland Hill was once called to occupy the pulpit of a person, whose character was, alas! not altogether immaculate, and who worried him with apologies because he could not offer him a *cossack*. "Sir," said Mr Hill, "I can preach without my *cassock*, but not without my *character*: character is of immense importance, sir, to a preacher of God's holy gospel."

Drowsy Hearers.—In the early history of New England, a person was appointed to wake the sleepers in church. He had a long wand: on one end was the tail of a fox, with which he gently touched the drowsy females; but at the other end was a ball, with which he bestowed, on the heads of the snoring men, a sensible rap.

Religious Liberty.—Stephen, King of Poland, said to those who persuaded him to constrain some of his subjects who were of a different religion, to embrace his, "I am King of men, and not of consciences. The dominion of the conscience belongs exclusively to God."

Metaphysics.—A Scotch blacksmith gave the following definition of this science. "Two folk disputing together; he that's listening does not ken what he that's speaking means; and he that's speaking does not ken what he means himself."

Value of a Living.—"What is your curacy worth?" said a Bishop. "As much as your bishoprick, my Lord," replied the Curate, "hell or heaven."

The Fireside.

AROUND MY OWN FIRESIDE.

I FEEL more happy than a king,
As with my wife I read or sing,
Or do some other pleasant thing,
Around my own Fireside!

Though daily labour is my lot,
And land or gold possess I not,
Still hope and joy are in my cot,
Around my own Fireside!

When wearied out with toil and care,
How sweet at evening to repair,
And rest me in mine own arm chair,
Around my own Fireside!

While many to the beer-shop roam,
Where staggering drunkards reel and foam,
I'm sober in my happy home,
Around my own Fireside!

When wintry days are dark and drear,
And some look cold and speak severe,
At home I have a friend sincere,
Around my own Fireside!

Sweet are the evening hours I spend,
As o'er some book our thoughts we blend,
Or tell some tale to please a friend,
Around my own Fireside!

'Tis there my smiling wife I see;
'Tis there my prattler climbs my knee;
'Tis there I feel I'm blest and free—
Around my own Fireside!

'Tis there our grateful songs arise
To God my Saviour good and wise,
The maker of the earth and skies—
Around my own Fireside!

Home! 'tis a sweet, a welcome sound;
It makes my heart with joy abound;
Thank God that such a home is found
Around my own Fireside!

Birmingham. R. G.

The Penny Post Box.

SPREAD THE "CHRISTIAN PIONEER."

BY A WORKING MAN.

SPREAD the "Christian Pioneer" in a great and swelling tide,
That the tidings of salvation may be sounded far and wide;
Help to spread it, every one of you, for the truth its pages tell,
May save some careless sinner from the way that leads to hell.

Spread the "Christian Pioneer," every reader, young or old,
You may circulate this useful work if you have not fame or gold;
For love to God and man will find some good work yet to do,
And here, my friend and brother, there is work for me and you.

Spread the "Christian Pioneer," 'tis a work both good and cheap;
All who peruse its pages well, are sure some good to reap.
Let us help it on, and pray for it, with all our mind and will,
That it may pursue its useful way, and its good work fulfil.

Spread the "Christian Pioneer," that God's kingdom may increase,
And the kingdom of the devil may on every side decrease.
Then let us all now fall to work, and do the best we can,
By shewing it to all around, for this is the best plan.

Spread the "Christian Pioneer," for it is no arduous task;
Some will take it in and thank you, if you only will them ask;
Tell them that you will bring it, as succeeding months come round,
And that every month, on every page, some good will there be found.

Spread the "Christian Pioneer" where you labour day by day;
Ask your fellow-workmen kindly, and they will not say you nay.
I have tried this plan, and always find they take it with good cheer;
So let us all join heart and hand to spread the "Pioneer."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE POLICE IN LONDON.—At the present time the Metropolitan Force consists of a Chief-Commissioner, Sir Richard Mayne; 2 Assistant-Commissioners, Captain Labalmondiere and Captain Harris; 18 superintendents, 133 inspectors, 625 sergeants, and 4954 constables—making a total of all ranks of 5733. The machinery by which this comparatively small force is enabled to watch by night and day every alley, street, and square of this vast metropolis, nay, tries every accessible door and window of its 400,000 houses, patrols 90 square miles of country, exercises a surveillance over the 8000 reputed thieves who prey upon its inhabitants, and keeps in awe the 40,000 or 50,000 people who form the "uneasy classes" of the metropolis, is not very complicated. The Metropolitan Police

district extends from Charing Cross fifteen miles in every direction, and includes the whole of Middlesex, and large portions of Surrey, Hertfordshire, Essex, Kent, Buckinghamshire, and Berkshire, for which seven counties the commissioners are magistrates, and the police are sworn constables. The River Thames is under its jurisdiction, from Chelsea to Barking Creek, including wharves, docks, landing-places, and dockyards.

Hints.

IDLENESS travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes her.

TIME AND COMPANY.—If you would be provident of Time, be prudent in the choice of your Company.

AN IDLE PERSON is a public nuisance. Every person who is able should do something for the public good. He who will not, be he rich or poor, is a nuisance in society.

FORTITUDE OF MIND is a noble faculty. It makes us to bear up bravely against the ills of life, and so overcome them, or else bear them patiently if insurmountable.

IF YOU NOTICE AN AFFRONT, you place yourself on a level with the offender; but if you pass it by, you rise above him.

IT MAY BE MANLY to resent an injury, but it is God-like to forgive it.

THE HEART OF MAN is of itself only a small thing, and yet the whole world is not enough to satisfy its vast desires. Only He who made it can fill it.

A MAN OF WORTHLESS CHARACTER ruins himself. No one dare trust him. Help given to such a man is all thrown away; for it only aids him to make himself worse.

Gems.

THE GRACE OF GOD will not save us if the precepts of the gospel do not rule us. We must be "obedient children" if we would have the smile of our Father.

THE LOVE OF GOD TO HIS SON is the same as that with which he loveth us. Jesus said, "Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me."

GOOD, BETTER, BEST.—To thank God is good, to obey him is better, but to do both is best.

TRY YOUR SCHEMES AND PLANS by asking yourself if you can ask God's blessing on them. If you cannot, dont go on with them. Reconsider them.

JESUS NEVER FORGETS HIS SAINTS; nor should they ever forget him. He loves to see them remember him, and it grieves him when they only seem to forget him.

LAW AND GRACE.—The law shows our sin, and generates despondency. Grace reveals Christ as our Saviour, and excites hope. The law was by Moses the servant, but grace by Christ the Son.

WHEN AFFLICTIONS COME we should be more anxious to know the design of God in sending them than their removal; then they will be found blessings.

DO YOU WISH TO KNOW whether your sins are pardoned, ask yourself if you hate them, and if you love Christ, whose blood was shed to secure your pardon.

THE WAY TO HONOUR CHRIST is to confide in his promises of love, to serve him with your spirit in the gospel, and look for his mercy unto eternal life.

WHAT CAN I BEAR FOR CHRIST?—Can I bear slander, contempt, persecution, poverty, suffering, death? Others have, and won the prize. My heart fears the conflict, but Christ whispers, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

The Children's Corner.

SALVATION OF INFANTS.

To Mothers who lose their little ones while they are yet infants, there cannot be anything more consoling than the words of our Lord Jesus who, when speaking of such, said, "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father." Happy little ones! removed from earth, and all its coming sorrows, to the land of peace and joy for ever!

"Millions of infant souls compose
The family above!"

Infidelity has no such consolations to offer. If they are to be believed, when infants die there is an end of them. But who would not sooner believe Jesus Christ than an ignorant prating infidel.

EPITAPH ON FOUR INFANTS.

Bold infidelity, turn pale and die;
Beneath this stone four hapless infants lie!
Say, are they lost or sav'd?
If death's by sin, they sinn'd, for they lie here,
If heaven's by *works*, in heaven they can't appear:
Ah! reason how deprav'd!
Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied,
They died for Adam sinn'd; they live for Jesus died.

BURIED IN THE SNOW.

THE human frame affords, in various points of view, a most astonishing subject of reflection. How often do we hear, for example, of circumstances the most trivial and insignificant, leading to the extinction of life, and yet how many instances are there upon record of persons surviving hardships and sufferings of such violence and duration, as human nature appears utterly incapable of enduring! Among the latter the following history is not one of the least remarkable.

Elizabeth Woodcock was the wife of a farmer at Impington, near Cambridge. On Saturday, the 2nd of February, 1799, she went on horseback to attend the market at the latter place. Returning home in the evening, between the hours of six and seven, she had proceeded so far as within half-a-mile of her own house, when her horse started at a sudden light, which is supposed to have been occasioned by some meteor. She was herself struck with the light, and exclaimed, "What can this be!"—The night was very stormy and inclement; a bleak wind blowing boisterously from the north-east. A great quantity of snow had fallen during the day, but the surface of the ground was not uniformly covered by it. Many of the deepest ditches were filled, while it was but thinly spread over the open fields. In the roads and lanes, and many inclosed situations, it had accumulated to a considerable depth; not so much, indeed, as to render the ways impassable, but sufficient to retard the progress of the traveller. The dangers resulting from these circumstances may easily be conceived.

The horse, on starting, ran backward: he approached the brink of a ditch, which Mrs. Woodcock recollected, and fearing lest the animal should plunge into it in his fright, she prudently dismounted with the utmost expedition. She resolved to lead the horse home on foot; but he again started, and broke from her. She repeated her attempt to seize the bridle, but the horse, still under the impression of fear, suddenly turned out of the road, and directed his course to the right, over the common field. She immediately followed, in the hope of overtaking him, but unfortunately lost one of her shoes in the snow. Although fatigued with her exertions, and impeded in the pursuit by a heavy basket, containing several articles of *domestic consumption, which* she had brought from market,

she still persisted, and following him through an opening in a hedge, she overtook him, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the place where she alighted. Taking hold of the bridle, she once more endeavoured to lead him home, but had not retraced her steps farther than a thicket contiguous to the above-mentioned hedge, when she found herself so much exhausted, and her hands and feet, particularly her left foot, which was without a shoe, so exceedingly benumbed, that she was incapable of proceeding farther. In this state she sat down upon the ground, and letting go the bridle, said to the horse, calling him by his name: "Tinker, I am too much tired to go any farther, you must go home without me;" and then exclaimed, "Lord have mercy upon me! what will become of me!"

The horse, as if understanding the words of his mistress, went home. His arrival alarmed the husband of the unfortunate woman; who, accompanied by another person, set off with a lantern in quest of her, and went quite to Cambridge, where he could obtain no other intelligence than that she had left the inn at six o'clock that evening. They again explored the road the same night, and for four succeeding days with no better success, and even searched the huts of the gypsies in that neighbourhood, suspecting that she might have been robbed and murdered by those people.

The ground where the poor woman was left was on a level with the common field. She was well acquainted with its situation, as well as with its distance from, and bearing with respect to her own house. At this time there was but a small quantity of snow drifted near her, but it accumulated with such rapidity, that, at eight o'clock, which she knew by the ringing of Chesterton bell, she was completely inclosed by it. The depth of the snow in which she was enveloped was about six feet, and over her head about three. She was now incapable of making any effectual attempt to disengage herself, and the cold was so intense, that her clothes were frozen stiff. Resigning herself, therefore, with calmness to her melancholy situation, she awaited the dawn of the succeeding day.

In this uncomfortable state she passed the first night of her captivity, during which she slept very little. Early the next morning she distinctly heard the ringing of a bell at one of the neighbouring villages. Her mind was now engaged with the thoughts of preservation, and employed itself in devising

expedients to attract the notice of any person passing near the place, so as to lead to a discovery of her situation. She observed before her a circular aperture in the snow, about two feet in length, and six inches in diameter, running upwards through the mass. Breaking off a branch of the bush which was close to her, she thrust her handkerchief through the hole, and hung it out as a signal of distress. At the same time she recollected that the change of the moon was at hand; and having an almanack in her pocket, she took it out, but not without great difficulty, for the purpose of consulting it, and found that there would be a new moon on the next day, February 4th. The difficulty which she found in taking the almanack from her pocket, proceeded, in a great measure, from the stiffness of her clothes; but the trouble was compensated by the consolation which the prospect of a speedy change of weather in her favour afforded.

The extremity of the hole was closed, on the first morning of her imprisonment, with a thin covering of snow or ice, which easily transmitted the light. This she broke when she put out her handkerchief, and in consequence of the admission of the external air, she found herself very cold. The second morning it was again closed in a similar manner, and thus continued till the third day, after which it remained open. She perfectly distinguished the changes of day and night, heard several times the bells of her own and some of the neighbouring villages, particularly that of Chesterton, which, in the winter season, rings every night at eight o'clock, and at four in the morning; and is two miles distant from the place where she sat.

Finding that her left hand began to swell, in consequence of her reclining, for a considerable time, on that arm, she took two rings from her finger, and put them, together with the money she had in a small box, conceiving that, in case of her death, they would be less liable to be overlooked by any person by whom she might be discovered. She frequently shouted with all her force, in the hope of being heard by any who chanced to pass that way.

She had been entombed nearly a week, when on the Friday after the commencement of her misfortunes, a thaw took place. She now felt extremely faint and languid. Till this time she had not had any sleep, and she subsisted during the whole period of her confinement on the snow, which she ate. In

consequence of the thaw, her clothes were now soaked through; the aperture already described, became considerably enlarged, and tempted her to make an effort for her release. It was, however, in vain: her strength was too much impaired, and her feet and legs were perfectly useless. She now, for the first time, began to despair of deliverance from this forlorn situation: her sufferings increased; she sat with one of her hands spread over her face, and fetched deep sighs; her breath was short and difficult, and the symptoms of approaching dissolution became hourly more alarming. Such was her situation, when the precaution she had taken on first being immured in this dreary abode, led to her discovery.

On Sunday, February the 10th, a young farmer, named Joseph Muncey, returning home from Cambridge, about noon, crossed over the open field, and passed very near the place of Mrs. Woodcock's imprisonment. His eye was attracted by a coloured handkerchief, suspended from the twigs; he walked up to the place, and perceived an aperture in the snow. It was this aperture that led to the wretched prisoner's apartment, which was sufficiently large to afford her room to move herself three or four inches in any direction, but not to stand upright, being only about three feet and a half in height, and two in the broadest part. He heard a sound issue from it, similar to that of a person breathing with difficulty. He looked in, and beheld a female figure, whom he immediately recognized to be the very person who had been so long missing. Without speaking to her, he ran and communicated the discovery he had made to another young farmer and a shepherd, who were at a little distance. Scarcely able to credit his report, they repaired with him to the spot. The shepherd called out: "Are you there, Elizabeth Woodcock?" on which she called him by his name, saying in a faint and feeble accent: "I know your voice; for God's sake help me out of this place."

The utmost efforts were immediately made to comply with her request. The shepherd cleared a way through the snow till he was able to reach her; she eagerly grasped his hand imploring him not to leave her. "I have been here a long time," observed she. "Yes," answered the man, "ever since Saturday."—"Aye, Saturday week," she replied, "I have heard the bells go two Sundays for church." This observation proved how perfectly she was apprised of the duration of her confinement.

During this conversation with the shepherd, the other two had hastened to the village to convey the information to her husband, and to procure proper means for conveying her home. They soon returned, accompanied by Mr. Woodcock, and some of the neighbours, bringing with them a chaise-cart, blankets, and refreshment. Having cleared the snow a little more away, one of the party, at her request, gave her a piece of biscuit and a small quantity of brandy, by which she found herself considerably refreshed. When he took her up, to put her into the chaise, the stocking of the left leg, adhering to the ground, came off. Though he moved her with the utmost caution, she fainted in his arms. Nature was quite exhausted; and the motion, together with the impression made by the sight of her husband and neighbours was too much for her strength and spirits. She, however, soon came to herself again, and being gently placed in the carriage, and covered with the blankets, was conveyed without delay, to her own house.

On her arrival there she was immediately put to bed; her hands and arms were sodden, but not very cold, though her legs and feet were. The latter, indeed, were in a great measure mortified. Mr. Okes, the surgeon, who attended her, found that the frost had extended its violent effects from the end of the toes to the middle of the instep, including more than an inch above the heels, and all the bottom of the feet, which were mortified, so that medical applications were incapable of restoring them. All the toes were removed, and the integuments from the bottom of one foot, but a piece of the heel was long before it loosened itself.

By the middle of April the sores began to diminish; her appetite was tolerably good, and her general health improving; but with all these favourable circumstances, she felt extremely uncomfortable. Her prospect, it is true, was very discouraging. Though her life was saved, yet the mutilated state in which her sufferings had left her, without even a chance of being ever able to attend to the duties of her family, was very distressing. It is not improbable that this consideration preyed upon her spirits, and contributed to abridge her life, for her health began again to decline, and she closed a lingering existence on the 13th of July, 1799.

Let us hope, though nothing is said about it, that this poor woman was led to seek deliverance from a greater danger by Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

Anecdotes and Selections.

Power of a Bible.—A gentleman once visited a school, when the following story was told him of two boys who went there, whose names were Tommy and James. Many of the children used to pay a penny a week to get a Bible. James much wished for one; but his father was a wicked man, who, though he earned a great deal of money, spent all at the public house, and left his wife and child in a sad state of want. Tommy, though the son of a poor widow who was a washerwoman, had a penny a week given him by his mother, and very kindly paid the weekly penny for his friend, and James got a Bible. He was obliged to hide it, because he knew that if his father found it he would burn it. One wet day, however, his father stayed at home, and as he had nothing to do, looking about, he found his little boy's Bible and began to read. In about an hour James came in and was much frightened to see his Bible. The man still read on, when, coming to something that struck him very much, he suddenly jumped up, and asked how he got that Book? James told him the truth. Then in an agony, his father stamped upon the ground, and cried, "Wretch that I am! Could that poor widow's son get you this Bible, when I, who had plenty of money, would not buy you one?" Some of his old acquaintances now called and tried to persuade him to go with them. "No," he said, "I will never go with you again. Here (laying his hand on the Bible) is what has gone to my heart." He became an industrious and sober man, and at the end of four years had seventy-five pounds in the saving's bank.

The Power of the Sixpence.—There was recently an old man in an almshouse in Bristol, who boasted that for sixty years he spent sixpence a day in drink, but was *never intoxicated*. A gentleman, who heard this statement, was somewhat curious to ascertain how much this sixpence a day, put by every year at five per cent, and compound interest, would amount to in 60 years. Taking out his pencil, he began to calculate; putting down the first year's savings (365 sixpences) £9 2s. 6d., he added the interest, 9s. 1½d., and thus went on year by year, until he found that in the sixtieth year, the sixpence a day reached the startling sum of £3325 16s. 6d. Judge of the old man's surprise when told that, had he saved his sixpence a day, and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might have been worth the above noble sum; so that instead of taking refuge in an almshouse, he might have comforted himself with a house of his own, costing £700, and fifty acres of land worth £30 per acre, and have left the same as a legacy amongst his children and grand-children.

WHITEFIELD AND THE SAILORS.—When Whitefield preached before the seamen at New York, he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon:—

"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon loose sight of the land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Dont you hear distant thunder? Dont you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?" It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose with united voices and exclaimed, "*Take to the long boat.*"

AN AGED MOTHER said on her dying bed, "I have been the mother of sixteen children, and nursed them all myself. I never gave one of them the breast without praying in my heart that I might not nurse one child for the devil, and now I know that every one of them is either *in* Christ, or *with* Christ. Happy Mother!

VALUE OF TIME.—The difference between rising at six or at eight every morning in the course of forty years, would amount to 29,000 hours, or three years, 126 days, and six hours; or reckoning eight hours each day as working hours, they would form what would be equal to the addition of ten years to a man's life.

The Fireside.

MOTHERLY HINTS TO DAUGHTERS.

SHOULD a young man pay his addresses to you, or give you any reason to believe he will do so, before you allow your affections to be engaged, endeavour, in the most prudent and judicious manner, to procure through your friends every necessary information concerning him—as to his character, his sense, his morality, his religion, his temper, and family. When your friends inform you of these, they have fulfilled their duty; and it behoves you to hearken to their counsel, and to attend to their advice.

Avoid a companion whose family has a tendency to hereditary disease, particularly that most dreadful of all human calamities,—insanity. It is the height of imprudence to run into such a danger; and, farther, *it is highly criminal.*

Do not marry a fool, he is the most untractable of all animals;

he is led by his passions and caprices, and is incapable of hearing the voice of reason. It may probably hurt your vanity to have a husband for whom you have reason to blush and tremble every time he opens his lips in company.

Do not marry a man who has no sense of religion. If you marry an infidel, or an irreligious character, what hope can you entertain of happiness? If you have children, you will suffer the most bitter distress in seeing all your endeavours to form their minds to virtue and piety, all your endeavours to secure their present and future happiness frustrated, and turned into ridicule.

As the choice of a husband is of the greatest consequence to your happiness, be sure you make it with the utmost circumspection. Do not give way to a sudden sally of passion, and then dignify it with the name of love. Genuine love is not founded on caprice; it is founded on nature, on honourable views and sentiments, on virtue, on similarity of tastes, and sympathy of souls.

If you have these sentiments you will never marry any one when you are not in that position which prudence suggests to be necessary to the happiness of either of you. What that competency may be, can only be determined by your own tastes; if you have as much between you as will satisfy all your moderate and reasonable demands, it is sufficient.

Marriage may dispel the enchantment raised by external beauty; but the virtues and graces that first warmed the heart, may, and ought ever to remain. The intense feeling of early attachment will necessarily subside; but it will be succeeded by an endearment that affects the heart in a more equal, a more sensible, and more tender manner.

The Penny Post Box.

IS RELIGION A GLOOMY THING?

Many worldly-minded people think religion is a gloomy thing, and look upon christians as people who do not enjoy life. They are greatly mistaken, and we can prove it.

If I am asked what authority we have for saying that religion is not a gloomy thing, we answer, that our authority is of the highest character. The word of God affirms that Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace; and thousands have proved these words true during their lives, and have confirmed them in their death. But what has the worldling found out in his ways sooner or later? Has he not found that to be without religion is a gloomy thing? Does he not find it gloomy to look back upon his past life, and more gloomy still to look forward? The very thing he thought was gloomy is that only thing that can make him happy. For—

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die!"

In further proof of this, listen to a rich man who spent a long fe in pursuing the pleasures of the world, and who has recently one the way of all the earth. The late Earl Fitzhardinge, when 1 his dying bed, is said to have exclaimed:—"Mine has been a st life! I had always thought religion was a melancholy thing, ut I now find that it is the only thing worth living for. Here I m now a poor penitent sinner, clinging to the cross of Christ!" uch, reader, is the testimony of one who had the means of rinking deep into the cup of worldly pleasure. May the words of ie dying earl impress many a living sinner! No doubt there are iany who read these pages who have not yet come to Christ for ardon, peace, and joy, preferring yet the unsatisfactory pleasures the world. Dear reader, you will find, sooner or later, that you re missing the only pleasure worth having—

"Religion 'tis a cheering ray,
That helps us on the world's rough way;
Religion is our guiding star,
The only thing worth living for!"

Yes, my reader, the fashion and pleasure of this world are passing way, and you are passing away too. Come, then, at once to Christ, nd true happiness will be yours:—

"Religion cheers and warms the heart;
Religion, 'tis that 'better part;'
'Tis full of hope and heavenly bloom,
And never was a thing of gloom."

Come, then, and at once renounce the sinful pleasures of the vorld. Take up your cross and follow Christ. Give yourself to iim. Then will you be enabled with gladsome heart to sing:—

"O, happy day that fixed my choice,
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

Religion will sustain and cheer you amid life's changing scenes, ind shed its softening influence into your own heart, and all around you. What home so happy as the christian's home? To the working man religion is everything. It cheers his spirits as he abours for the bread that perisheth. Sweet are his evening hours when he gathers round his own fireside after the toils of the day. Welcome to him, too, is the christian sabbath, when the voice of prayer and the song of praise is heard within his humble dwelling, and in the house of God. Then he can sing,—

"I would not change my blest estate,
For all that earth calls good or great;
And while my faith can keep her hold
I envy not the sinner's gold!"

R. C. B.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ABOUT FEMALE CLOTHING.

We often hear new-a-days about females taking cold, and no wonder, when we look at the clothing many will wear, even in winter.

I need not make any remark respecting females of the higher classes, because they always have ample means of guarding against the changes and severities of the weather. But how is the case as it regards the wives and daughters of working men and servant-maids, in our towns and villages? How many of these classes are seen in the streets and roads during rainy weather, in tawdry cotton shawls and cotton gowns, trailing the ground, (after the example of their betters,) and with boots no stronger than brown paper; with faded and dirty bonnets, remnants of finery, garnished with flame-coloured ribbons? Even the grocer's or baker's maid-of-all-work has her net cap, with a garland of artificial flowers, blackened somewhat from frequent contact with the grate, the fire-irons, or the frying-pan. With such raiment, how is it to be reasonably expected that women, who are frequently exposed to cold and damp, can avoid taking cold?

We still see in the primitive parts of North and South Wales, the north of England, remote from cities, and various localities throughout all Ireland, in many parts of Scotland, and all northern France, a national and appropriate style of clothing among the lower classes of people, who have sense enough to prefer health and comfort to vain fashion; namely, woollen gowns and petticoats, and woollen plaid shawls or whittles, the materials of which they card, spin, and weave themselves; woollen stockings, which they knit; and linen chemises which they manufacture at home. The sensible peasant woman of Wales, in spite of modern innovations, wears a jacket and short petticoat, and a whittle over her shoulder, when she goes to church and market, while a long blue cloth cloak with a hood, and frequently a beaver hat, indicate the woman of Celtic origin, whether in Wales or in Ireland; and is not such substantial dress in a variable climate creditable to them, and preferable to the ever-varying fashions of showy, but unsubstantial print-cottons?

And is it not much more truly economical in the end? That is a false economy which leads poor people to buy flimsy articles that will not stand wear and tear, and are very comfortless besides, merely because they are cheap.

Hints.

On the Voyage of Life dont sit whistling for a fair wind. You may wait long enough if you do. Off with your coat, take the oar, and pull away!

Gratitude and Generosity.—Whenever you see gratitude in a poor man, you may take it for granted that he would be generous if he were a rich man. On the other hand the unthankful would be stingy.

Making a Fortune.—Some men spend the best days of their life in getting enough money to build a house, and then die before it is fit to live in. This also is vanity!

REAL REFORM.—He who reforms mself does more to reform the ıblic than a whole crowd of vain ɔisy empty-headed agitators.

LYING is one of the most hateful ces of human nature. Yet some en delight in lying. They cannot nk themselves lower, for they are ıen on a level with the devil.

IF A PROUD MAN keeps you off at distance, comfort yourself with ıe thought that he is just as far ff from you.

Gems.

DREADING TO DIE.—For a man f the world to dread death is only atural; for a christian to dread eath is like a prisoner dreading to e set at liberty.

A GREAT DELUSION is that when he devil and our own hearts would nake us believe we are not so guilty ıefore God as he says we are. Dont ıelieve either of them, for they are ıoth deceitful above all things, and lesperately wicked.

"SEARCH ME AND TRY ME" is ı right good prayer. For if we at-ɜempt to search and try ourselves, we shall never get to know all the ɜvil that is in us. Only the Holy Spirit can do that for us. So pray for his help.

SOME OF OUR SINS we forget, but there are sins which we do not forget or forgive ourselves for having committed them. God never forgets any of our sins, but he forgives them all when we come to him by Christ.

ONLY LET A MAN know, by his own happy experience, the love of God in Christ, and he will never be fretful or displeased about anything else.

THE GOSPEL is a powerful engine for lifting up fallen humanity, but God himself hath the working of it. He appoints fellow-workers, but he is always the master.

Poetic Selections.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

SAY, my soul, why falls that tear,
  Why afraid of Jordan's streams?
Jesus will my spirit cheer,
  And impart his brightest beams.
What though horrors thee surround,
  Though the raging billows roll;
He can make thy songs abound,
  And the swelling surge control.

Guardian angels, hovering o'er,
  Wait to bear thee hence away;
Smiling seraphs from the shore,
  Beckon thee to endless day.
Seated on his azure throne,
  Cloth'd with light thy Saviour reigns,
Hark! the concert is begun,
  Gladdens all the heavenly plains.

Ceaseless raptures fill the sky,
  Yet the ransom'd spirits sing,
"Glory be to God on high,
  Endless praise to Christ our King."
Rise my soul, and join the song,
  Celebrate thy Saviour's fame;
Let his love each note prolong,
  His salvation loud proclaim.

TIME COMPARED TO A RIVER.

SWIFTLY the rapid river flows,
  Nor heeds the pensive stranger's eye;
No stay, no rest its current knows,
  Stream after stream still passes by:
So move our ages, months, and days,
  Successive years still gliding on,
We gaze at time, and while we gaze!
  That time is gone—for ever gone!
O could I wisely time improve,
  And learn in Christ my Lord to live,
Increase in all the fruits of love,
  Till called to realms of bliss above,
  I shall the end of time survive. C.

PRESS ON!

PRESS on Christian to the prize
Set before thee in the skies!
Press on Christian, look not back;
Keep along the Saviour's track.
Press on Christian, fainting never,
Trust in Christ thy Lord for ever!
Press on Christian, angels o'er thee,
Guide thy steps, and heaven's before thee!

THE CORNER-STONE.

HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
  And build on Him alone;
For no foundation is there given
On which to rest our hope of heaven,
  But Christ the corner-stone!

The Children's Corner.

HOW TO HOLD YOUR PEN.

CAN you write? I hope you can. But if you cannot, you ought to learn. No boy or girl in England now can have any good excuse for not knowing how to write. There was a time when even many rich men did not know how to write. We have even heard of bishops, some hundreds of years ago, who, not being able to write their own names, made a cross instead, as some aged people do now.

Perhaps you may say, but I have not been taught, and I do not know any one who will teach me. Well: suppose it is so, you may teach yourself. I have known many who were determined to learn, and they tried and tried, again and again, and they learned at last. You will if you try.

The chief thing is to know how to hold your pen, and this picture will teach you how to do that.

You do not know how far off you may go to live, and you will be sorry then if you cannot write a letter and send it by the penny post to tell your friends how you are, and ask them how they do. If you can write you can then talk to your friends if they are a hundred miles off.

Another thing, if you are reading a book that has in it something, in prose or poetry, you would like to remember, you may then copy it into a little book of your own, and look at it when you like. I did so when I was a boy, nearly fifty years ago; and I have those little books into which I copied them now, and when I look at them I always feel pleased. In this way I taught myself to know and remember many things which have been of great use to me all my life. So be sure you learn how to write.

GREAT FOG AND FROST.

THE winter of 1813-1814, was perhaps the most remarkable that can be recollected by any person now living. We very well remember it, for we were then in our teens. The preceding winter had also been remarkable in the northern parts of Europe for that extraordinary fall of snow, under which the great army of Napoleon perished—we refer to the retreat of the French from Russia. That ambitious man had forced his way through masses of Russian soldiers to the ancient capital of the Czars, and had planted his eagle standard on the towers of their Kremlin Palace at Moscow, while all the continent of Europe seemed prostrate at his feet, when God took the boastful conqueror in hand, and by flakes of falling snow, a few of which might fall harmless on an infant's cheek, he withered the mightiest host that ever was gathered by man.

But we are about to tell you of the next winter in England. We have just met with a curious account of it, which we now give.

The great fog which preceded this remarkable frost, commenced, in London, on the evening of the 29th of December, 1813, about two hours before Lord Castlereagh set out from London on his way to embark for the Continent. Happily, his lordship proceeded on his journey without interruption. It was not so with the Prince Regent, who, intending to pay a visit to the Marquis of Salisbury, at Hatfield House, was obliged to return back to London, after one of his outriders had fallen into a ditch on this side of Kentish Town; and which short excursion occupied several hours.

This tremendous fog, or "darkness that might be *felt!*" continued till the 3rd of January. On most of the roads, excepting the great north road, travelling was performed with the utmost danger, and the progress of the mails was greatly impeded. On Wednesday, the 29th of December, the Birmingham mail was nearly seven hours in going from the Post Office to a mile or two below Uxbridge, a distance of twenty miles only. On this, and the other evenings, the short stages in the neighbourhood of London had two persons with links running by the horses' heads; nevertheless, with this and other precautions, some serious and many whimsical accidents occurred. Pedestrians even carried links or lanterns, and many who were

not provided with those illuminators, lost themselves in the most frequented, and, at other times, well-known streets. Hackney coachmen mistook the pathway for the road, the greatest confusion occurring.

On the 31st of December, the state of the metropolis, in consequence of the increased fog, was at night truly alarming. It required great attention and knowledge of the public streets to proceed any distance, and those persons who had any material business to transact, were unavoidably compelled to carry torches. The usual lamps appeared through the haze no bigger than small candles. The most careful hackney-coachmen got off the box and led their horses, while others drove only at a walking pace. There were frequent meetings of carriages, and great mischief ensued. Among the passengers much caution and apprehension prevailed. Many, alarmed at the idea of being run down, made exclamations, such as, "Who is coming?" "Mind!" "Take care!" &c. Females who had ventured abroad before the fog came on, were placed under great peril; several missed their way. Such was the extreme density of the atmosphere, on Tuesday evening, the 28th, that the Maidenhead coach, on its return from town, missed the road near Harford Bridge, and was overturned. Lord Hawarden was among the passengers, and received an injury by the accident.

Almost immediately on the cessation of the fogs, heavy falls of snow took place. There was nothing in the memory of man to equal those falls. After several short intervals, the snow continued incessantly for forty-eight hours, and this, too, after the ground was covered with a condensation, the result of nearly four weeks' frost. Almost the whole of the time the wind blew continually from the North and North-East, and was intensely cold. A short thaw also, which scarcely lasted one day, only rendered the state of the streets so much the worse. Hence the mass of snow and water became so thick, that it was with difficulty that hackney-coaches, with an additional horse, and other vehicles, could plough their way through. Almost all kinds of trades and callings, carried on in the streets, stopped, which considerably increased the distress of the lower orders. Few carriages, even stages, could travel on the roads, which, even about town, seemed deserted. From many buildings icicles, full a yard and a half long, were seen suspended. The house water-pipes were all frozen, whence it became necessary to have plugs in the streets for the supply of all ranks of people.

The Thames, from London Bridge to Blackfriars, was, for nearly a fortnight, completely blocked up at ebb tide.

On the 20th of January, in consequence of the great accumulation of snow heaped upon the ground, it became necessary to relieve the roofs of the houses by throwing off the load collected on them; and by these means the carriage-ways in the middle of the streets were rendered scarcely passable for man or horse; and great inconveniences were the consequence. The streams constantly flowing from the open plugs, added to the general mass of ice. An enormous increase took place in the price of coals, as the river-navigation and other means of conveyance were entirely obstructed.

The continuation of the frost and snow induced many coach proprietors, particularly on the northern and western roads, not to continue running their coaches until a change of weather should take place. In many parts where the roads lie low, the snow had drifted higher than the London coaches, which was the case as near as Finchley Common. The snow had drifted into the road in the course of one night, a depth of sixteen feet, and it was impassable at first even to oxen. On Bagshot Heath there was a complete stoppage, and accidents occurred by vehicles getting off the road. About Esher and Cobham again the road was completely choaked up.

With the exception of the Kent and Essex roads, no others were passable but a few miles out of London. The coaches on the western road remained stationary at different parts. The Windsor coach got through the snow at Colnbrook, which was sixteen feet deep, by employing about fifty labourers. Lower down, at Maidenhead-lane, the snow drifted to a great depth; and between Twyford and Reading it assumed quite a mountainous appearance. On parts of Bagshot Heath, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of its accumulation. The Newcastle coach went off the road into a pit upwards of eight feet deep, but without doing mischief to either man or horse. The middle north road was impassable as near as Highgate-hill.

Among the extraordinary aspects and appearances of the late severe weather, the state of the river Thames was not the least singular. Vast quantities of pieces of floating ice, laden generally with heaps of snow, were seen almost everywhere on the surface; and being carried up and down by the tide or the stream, and collected when the projecting banks or the bridges made a resistance to the flow, and a support to the accumula-

tion—sometimes forming a chain of glaciers, united one moment, at another clashing and cracking and dashing in a singular and awful manner; again, when the flood beneath was not sufficiently elevated to support the mass, and when the current passed strongly, the ice islands floated away, clashing and cracking as they went, rising one over another, and then receding, covered with angry foam, as the violence of the winds or waves impelled them.

In passing through the arches of the bridges the crash was tremendous; for, near the bridges, the floating pieces collected about midwater, or while the current was less forcible, and ranged themselves regularly one line upon another, the stream forming them into order as it passed, where it made its way in force, till the increasing confinement of the channel added such violence to the conflict, that a disruption took place, and the broken ice, with a crash, burst away again, and was carried up or down with the tide or the stream. The river was entirely frozen over for the space of a week, and a *Frost Fair* held upon it.

Among other curious things done was the ceremony of roasting a small sheep, which was *toasted,* or rather burnt, over a coal fire, placed in a large iron pan. For a view of this extraordinary spectacle sixpence was demanded, and willingly paid. The delicate meat, when done, was sold at a shilling a slice, and termed *Lapland mutton.* Of booths there were a great number, which were ornamented with streamers, flags, and signs, and in which there was a plentiful store of favourite luxuries.

But all parts of the river were not equally safe; one young man, a plumber, named Davis, having imprudently ventured to cross with some lead in his hands; he sank between two masses of ice to rise no more. Two young women nearly shared a similar fate, but were happily rescued from their perilous situation by the prompt efforts of two watermen.

Eight or ten printing presses were erected, and numerous pieces, commemorative of the great frost, were *actually printed* on the ice. Some of these frosty typographers displayed considerable taste in their specimens.

One of the papers printed and sold contained the following lines:—

> Behold, the river Thames is frozen o'er,
> Which lately ships of mighty burden bore;
> Now different arts and pastimes here you see,
> But printing claims superiority.

Another addressed the spectators in the following terms:—

"Friends, now is your time to support the freedom of the press. Can the press have greater liberty? Here you find it working in the middle of the Thames; and if you encourage us by buying our impressions, we will keep it going in the true spirit of liberty during the frost."

Besides the above, the Lord's-prayer, and several other pieces, were issued from the icy printing offices, and were bought with the greatest avidity.

Every day brought a fresh accession of pedlars, to sell their wares; and the greatest rubbish of all sorts were raked up, and sold at double and treble the original cost. Books and toys, labelled "Bought on the Thames," were seen in profusion. The watermen profited exceedingly; for each person paid a toll of twopence or threepence before he was admitted to Frost Fair; some gift, also, was expected on your return. These men are said to have taken £6 each in the course of a day.

Three persons, an old man and two lads, having ventured on a piece of ice above London Bridge, it suddenly detached itself from the main body, and was carried by the tide through one of the arches. The persons on the ice, who laid themselves down for safety, were observed by the boatmen at Billingsgate, who, with laudable activity, put off to their assistance, and rescued them from impending danger.

Many persons were seen on the ice till late at night, and the effect by moonlight was singularly picturesque and beautiful. With a little stretch of imagination we might have transported ourselves to the frozen climes of the north,—to Lapland, Sweden, or Holland.

Towards the evening of Feb. 7, the concourse became thinned; rain fell in some quantity. The ice gave some loud cracks, and floated with the printing presses, booths, &c., to the no small dismay of publicans, printers, and pedlars. In short, this fairy frost work was soon to be dissolved, and doomed to vanish, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," but not without leaving *some wrecks* behind.

The above is a somewhat humorous account; but we hope our readers will bear in mind that such visitations are from Him who "giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can *stand before his cold?*"

Anecdotes and Selections.

LOOK AT THE LORD JESUS, and you will see in Him at once God and Man, without relinquishing any part of His Deity as God, without alienating any part of His humanity as Man. At His birth you will see a *Man* persecuted by Herod, and a *God* adored by the wise men of the east: at His baptism, a Man in the river Jordan, and a God proclaimed from heaven as the beloved Son of the Eternal Father: in the vessel a Man who sleeps, and a God who calms the wind and the sea. At the tomb of Lazarus, a Man who weeps at the death of His friend, and a God who raises him by a word. At the well of Sychar, a Man who thirsts, and a God who gives water, springing up into life eternal. Upon the cross, a Man who dies, and a God who astonishes all nature so much that the earth trembles to its centre, and the sun itself loses its light. All these are so many indications that the Incarnate word was equally God and Man; God eternal, and man born in time; God omnipotent, and Man weak and infirm; God immortal, and Man subject to death!

ROWLAND HILL'S PREACHING.—It is said that he preserved a memorandum of the sermons he delivered, "from which it appears that up to June 10, 1831, he had preached 22,291." This, of course, does not include all the sermons Mr. Hill preached during an active and laborious ministry of sixty-six years. He died April 11, 1833, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, having been born, August 23, 1744. "Never," said a minister, who preached a funeral sermon for him, "never was there a finer illustration of falling asleep in Jesus. There was no groan, no struggle, no sigh. He laid his head on his Saviour's bosom, and sweetly breathed away his life."

WHEN ROWLAND HILL was in Scotland, he was introduced to an aged minister, somewhat resembling himself in piety and eccentricity. The old man looked at him for some time very earnestly, and at length said, "*Weel*, I ha been looking for some *teem* at the *leens* o' your face"—"And what do you think of my face?" said Mr. Hill—"Why, I am thinking that if the grace of God had na changed your heart, you would ha been a most tremendous rogue." Mr. Hill laughed heartily, and said, "Well, you have just hit the nail on the head."

DREAMING AND ACTING. A man once applied to be admitted to the Lord's table at Surrey Chapel, and stated that his religious feelings originated in a dream. "Well, that may be," said Rowland Hill, "but we'll tell you what we think of your dreams, when we have seen how you act now you are awake."

Bad Bargains.—A Teacher in a Sunday School once remarked, hat he who buys the truth makes a good bargain: and inquired if ny scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain. 'I do," replied a boy, "Esau made a bad bargain, when he sold is birth-right for a mess of pottage." A second said, "Judas ıade a bad bargain, when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silıver." A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us, that he makes bad bargain, who to gain the whole world, loses his own soul.")ont *you* make it.

Old Bishop Latimer.—Preaching one day before Henry VIII., e stood up in the pulpit, and seeing the King, addressed himself in kind of soliloquy, thus—"Latimer, Latimer, Latimer, take care ʼhat you say, for the great King Henry VIII. is here"—he paused, nd proceeded—"Latimer, Latimer, Latimer, take care what you ay, for the great King of kings is here."

When John Wesley was once preaching in the open air, a trong muscular butcher endeavoured to annoy him, but in vain: t last he went up to him, with the intention of striking him on the ead, and raised his arm for the purpose; but he merely stroked is hand down it, saying, "What soft hair he has!

Apology for a Long Sermon.—A minister one day was so ngrossed with his subject, that he exceeded his usual time, and he clock struck *one*. After pausing a moment he exclaimed, '*Time* reproves me, but *Eternity* commends me."

Moses Brown was a pious minister; a friend once said to him, 'Sir, you have just as many children as the patriarch Jacob." 'True," said he, "and I have Jacob's God to provide for them."

The Fireside.

PLEASURE AT HOME.

For pleasure man seeks all around,
And after it far will he roam,
Forgetting it is to be found,
With wife and with children at home.

For pleasure some fly to the pot,
Fill'd up to the brim with its foam,
But there they will sure find it not;
True pleasure is best found at home.

Some think it belongeth to wealth,
And found in a mansion or throne,
But the peasant may have it himself,
With his wife and his children at home.

For pleasure some go with the gay,
And some with the gossip or drone,
But sure they all go the wrong way,
True pleasure is found best at home.

'Tis bought not with silver or gold,
Nor confined to one station alone;
'Tis free for the young and the old,
In that beautiful spot called our home.

Then if for true pleasure you sigh,
I would not persuade you to roam,
For the truest of pleasure is nigh,
With wife and with children at home. R. C. B.

The Penny Post Box.

THE WATCHMAKER'S MONITOR.

One of our oldest and best friends sent us, a few days ago, these verses. He says, "The enclosed copy of verses was given to me by an old man of ninety-three years of age—a watchmaker, and a Wesleyan local preacher. Perhaps you may deem them worthy of a place in one of your magazines." T. N. L.

When you are working in the shop
Where all the watches are hung up,
Let them remind you, day by day,
That time flies rapidly away.

This watch is slow, the other fast,
This keeps behind, while that runs past;
These may at once put you in mind
How they resemble all mankind.

Then let the grand inquiry be
Which of the two is most like me;
Have I been loitering all my days,
Or do I run in wisdom's ways?

You have some watches which are right—
They keep good time both day and night;
But these, like christians, are but few—
Then ask, is this the case with you.

When you have one to regulate,
Examine closely your own state;
Your words and actions well review,
These may want regulating too.

When you've a watch that needs repair,
Whose works are damaged much by wear,

Let this impress your mind, I pray,
That you, like these, will wear away.

When you take off the outside case,
To see what may be out of place,
When you shall it to pieces take,
You may this observation make—

Grim death will call another day,
And break up this dull house of clay,
And all my bones, which now are sound,
Will then be laid within the ground.

When you have put the works in place,
And shut it up within the case,
This solemn truth at once apply,
I soon must in a coffin lie.

Sometimes a watch meets with a fall
Which breaks the face the works and all,
From which you may recall to mind
What accidents befal mankind.

The chain, or main spring, being broke,
Then all the works are idle struck;
You listen, but there is no sound,
No movement in the watch is found.

Then let the grand reflection be,
This soon will be the case with me;
My flesh will fail, my heart-strings break,
Then I shall cease to move or speak.

You may repair the watch 'tis true,
And make the wheels again to go;
But none can rescue you from death,
Or fetch the once departed breath.

Each watch like faithful preachers are,
They warn you daily to prepare,
And you are guilty of a crime,
If you do not improve your time.

Let these few thoughts your minds impress,
And pray that God would give you grace,
That you each minute may redeem,
By giving up yourself to him.

Then when the wheels of life are stopp'd,
My body in the grave is dropp'd,
My spirit then shall wing its way,
Up to the realms of endless day.

And when the trump of God shall sound,
To raise my dust from under ground,
Then soul and body shall unite,
And see my Saviour 'throned in light.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

LADIES' NAMES.—Mary, Maria, Marie (French), signify exalted. According to some, Mary means lady of the sea. Martha, interpreted, is bitterness; Isabel signifies lovely; Julia and Juliet, soft-haired; Gertrude, all truth; Eleanor, all fruitful; Ellen—originally the Greek Helen—signifies alluring, though, according to the Greek authors, it means one who pities. The interpretation of Caroline is regal; that of Charlotte, is a Queen; Elizabeth and Eliza signify true; Clara, bright or clear-eyed; Agnes, chaste; Amanda, amiable; Laura, laurel; Edith, joyous; Olivia, peace; Phœbe, light of life; Grace, favour; Sarah, or Sally, a princess; Sophia, wisdom; Amelia. Amy, beloved; Matilda, a noble maid; Pauline, little one; Margaret, a pearl; Rebecca, plumb; Hannah, Anne, Ann, and Nancy, all of which are of the same original name, interpreted, mean grace or kind. Jane signifies dignity; Ida, the morning star; Lucy, brightness of aspect; Louisa, or Louise, one who protects; Emma, tender; Catherine, pure; Frances, or Fanny, frank or free; Lydia, severe; Minerva, chaste.

WOOD AND COAL FOR FUEL.—Until the time of Edward II., London used only wood for fuel, drawn from the neighbouring forests. In this reign, however, coal began to be imported from Newcastle; and the effects of the smoke speedily showing themselves, Parliament, in 1316, petitioned the king to prohibit its use in London, on the ground of its being a public nuisance. Whereupon he ordered all who burnt sea-borne coal to be fined, and, on a second offence, to have their furnaces demolished.

Hints.

A MAN MAY BECOME GREAT by chance, but he cannot become wise and good without labour and self-denial.

IF THE BEST MAN'S FAULTS were written on his forehead, they would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

IF A GOOD WOMAN'S FAULTS were written on her cheeks, she would not stick her bonnet on the back of her head.

A GOOD BOOK is a letter from a good man to every unknown friend in the world.

MONEY is never so truly valuable as when used for purposes of kindness and benevolence. It is then twice blessed; blessing him that gives and him that takes.

WE MAY FEAR a man of power, admire a man of handsome countenance, esteem a man of wisdom, but it is only the kind and benevolent man that we really love.

SLEEP AND HOPE are two great cordials for human nature By sleep we forget our cares, and by hope we look for the time when we shall be rid of them.

TIME AND COMPANY.—If you wish to be provident of your time, you must be prudent in the choice of your company.

PEEVISH DISPUTATION about trifles is more vexatious than open opposition about matters of importance.

IN CONVERSATION, a wise man may be at a loss how to begin; but a fool will never know when to leave off: set his tongue a going, and then stop it if you can.

LEISURE is a very pleasant garment to look at, but it is a very bad one to wear if it be spent in idleness or dissipation.

Gems.

THE BIBLE is about the only ›k that loses little of its force, or nity, or beauty, by translation, wing that it is God's book for all ple of all tongues and all ages.

POPERY first murders religion, l then dresses it up like a ghost 'righten simple souls.

THE CEREMONIES OF CHRISNITY are few and simple. It has forms, but they are only for er. Its chief business is with heart. If all be right there, its emonies and forms will sit y enough.

THE PEACE OF A CHRISTIAN URCH is best preserved and perıuated by taking watchful care of purity. Unholy professors are ıays the leaders in a disturbance its peace.

UNDER THE NAME CHURCH, says shop Pearson, I understand a dy of persons professing faith in rist, gathered together in several ıces of the world to worship God.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE is the ıdest thing in the world to be cified. A man may try all his e to pacify it by his own works, ıt it will always rise and upbraid m for their imperfection. Only e blood of Christ can calm it to peace.

LAW AND GOSPEL.—The law says, Do and live;" but the gospel ys, "Live and do." Look how e words are changed in their ısition for our benefit and comfort.

CHRIST OUR LIFE.—As surely as n brought death, Christ brings fe. He came to bring it, he died ı secure it, he lives to bestow it. Ie may all go to him for it.

REST ASSURED of this one thing, nd set it down as an unalterable ıct, that nothing but the blood of esus can fetch out the stains of sin n the heart of any man.

Poetic Selections.

MAN.

MAN rose to being on his earthly ball,
Creation's noblest work, and last of all;
Pure was his nature, elegant his form,
And in his bosom glow'd affection warm.

All nature smil'd, while every noble grace,
Beam'd with mild lustre from his lovely face;
He drank at streams of bliss without alloy,
And his heart bounded with the purest joy.

But soon, alas! that lovely morn so bright
Was rapt in shades, and lost in gloomy night;
Man sinn'd and fell, and in that awful fall
He lost his bliss, his paradise, his all.

Prostrate in guilt he lay, o'erwhelmed with shame;
Deprav'd his nature, frail his mortal frame;
His Maker's image lost, his peace destroy'd,
And in his heart was left an aching void.

And when man dar'd, on that eventful day,
To break God's law, and to oppose his sway,
He by that act expos'd his future race
To everlasting ruin and disgrace.

But love Divine, from his august abode,
Beheld him with the pity of a God,
And from his guilt, to raise him to the skies,
He gave his only son a sacrifice.

And now, O glorious truth! the human race
May freely share the bounties of his grace;
Through faith in Christ, to endless life may rise,
And with him reign for ever in the skies.

Quorndon. J. F.

LAST LINES OF THE POET COWPER.

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh! bear me, ye Cherubims, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;

Dissolve thou the bands that detain,
My soul from her portion in Thee,
Oh! strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

Then that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glory I shine,
And no longer pierce with my sins
The bosom on which I recline.

The Children's Corner.

THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

On a fine afternoon sometimes her mother would say to Polly, "Now we have got the child to sleep, and you have done as much knitting as I set you to do, you may take your school Testament and go out on the downs and seek your father, and read a few chapters to him. I think you will find him under the little oak tree near the spring." Right glad was little Polly to hear her mother say so, and she always set off with a light step and a light heart too, for she knew that her father would be glad to see her, and give her one of his best kisses, and tell her to sit down on the bank and read, and speak to her kindly, and listen so quietly, and look so happy, that she was always glad to go.

At last, one afternoon, Richard thought he would try if he could not learn some of these things called letters himself; and so he got little Polly to tell him the names of the big letters first, and as he brought with him to the task two things which are always needful—plenty of time and patience—it was not very long before he knew all the big letters well, and then he was not so long in learning the little ones, and you would have smiled if you had seen how pleased the poor shepherd was, and how he laughed for joy, when, with a little help from Polly, one afternoon under the tree, he made the good book speak to him by reading all through that verse where Christ says, "I am the Good Shepherd, the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep."

THE BLIND PREACHER OF HAWAII.

HAWAII is the largest of a group of islands in the North Pacific Ocean, called the "Sandwich Isles." It was first called "Owhyee," and will be always remembered as the place where Captain Cook, the great navigator, was killed. The group is not very distant from California, on the western shores of North America.

Some years ago, American christians pitying the savage islanders, sent out missionaries to teach them. After many years patient labour they succeeded, and now the people are civilized, and many of them are sincere christians. Here is an interesting narrative respecting a blind man, who was the first native convert, and who became a preacher. He was baptized, and the name of "Bartimeus" was given to him, in allusion to the blind man mentioned in the gospels; but his former name was Puaaiki. This was in 1825. Puaaiki was born about seven years after the death of Captain Cook, and when an infant was buried alive by his own mother; but somehow or other he was saved. He grew up a neglected wicked heathen boy, of filthy and drunken habits. He lost his eyesight before he was a man; and being the subject of a hideous disease, and of a deformed small stature, he was a disgusting object. In this state he was made a laughing stock by boys and others.

He was a great dancer; and in this way he obtained food by dancing before the Queen; but being taken with illness he was left to perish. This was in 1820, when the missionaries first arrived. They visited him, and talked to him of sin and salvation. He listened, and when he was able went to their place of worship. The following is the report which the missionaries afterwards gave of him. He died in 1843.

In the early journal of the mission, we find it said, "No one has manifested more childlike simplicity and meekness of heart—no one appears more uniformly humble, devout, and upright. He is always at the house of God. If he happens to be approaching our habitations at the time of family worship, which has been very frequently the case, the first note of praise, or word of prayer, which meets his ear, produces an immediate and most observable change in his whole aspect.

An expression of deep devotion at once overspreads his sightless countenance, while he hastens to prostrate himself in some corner in an attitude of reverence. Indeed, so pecu-

liar has the expression of his countenance sometimes been, both in public and domestic worship, especially when he has been joining in a hymn in his own language to the praise of the only true God and Saviour—an expression so indicative of peace and elevated enjoyment—that tears have involuntarily started in our eyes at the persuasion that, ignorant and degraded as he once had been, he was then offering the sacrifice of a contrite heart, and was experiencing a rich foretaste of that joy which in the world to come will rise immeasurably high.

He is poor and mean in his person, and his countenance, from the loss of sight, not pleasing. Still, in our judgment, he bears on him the image and superscription of Christ; and if so, how striking an example of the truth of the apostle's declaration:—'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence!'

After a suitable probation, and satisfaction given to the missionaries of his conversion, Bartimeus was received into the church, along with one other, a female. The following is Mr. Richards' record of the examination undergone by this blind Hawaiian at the time of his admission:—

'Why do you request to be received into the church?'

'Because I love Jesus Christ, and I love you, and I desire to dwell with you in the fold of Christ, and to join with you in eating the holy bread, and drinking the holy wine.'

'What is the holy bread?'

'It is the body of Christ, which he gave to save sinners.'

'Do we, then, eat the body of Christ?'

'No; but we eat the bread which means his body; and as we eat bread that our bodies may not die, so our souls love Jesus Christ, and receive him for their Saviour, that they may not die.'

'What is the holy wine?'

'It is the blood of Christ, which he poured out on Calvary, in Jerusalem, in the land of Judea, to save us sinners.'

'Do we, then, drink the blood of Christ?'

'No; but the wine means his blood, just as the holy bread means his body; and all those who go to Christ, and lean on

him, will have their sins washed away in his blood, and their souls saved for ever in heaven.'

'Why do you think it is more suitable that you should join the church than others?'

'Perhaps it is not (hesitating.) If it is not proper, you must tell me. But I do greatly desire to dwell with you in Christ. (Here he wiped his blind eyes.)'

'Whom do you think are the proper persons to be received into the church?'

'Those who have repented of their sins, and obtained new hearts.'

'What is a new heart?'

'It is one that loves God, and loves the Word of God, and does not love sin, or sinful ways.'

'Do you think you have obtained a new heart?'

'At one time I think I have; and then I think again, and think I have not. I do not know. God knows. I hope I have a new heart.'

'What makes you hope that you have a new heart?'

'This is the reason why I hope I have a new heart. The heart I have now is not like the heart I formerly had. The heart I have now is very bad. It is unbelieving, and inclined to evil. But it is not like the one I formerly had. Yes, I think I have a new heart.'

These questions were new to him, and answered from his own knowledge.

Once in the church, this blind Bartimeus continued to grow in knowledge, grace, and usefulness. He became a true helpfellow with the missionaries, learning constantly at their lips, and communicating what he learned to the people.

In the year 1829, we find it said of him, that he was beginning to recover his eyesight a little, and was making a painful effort to learn to read. A missionary's wife at Hilo, in 1830, where Bartimeus then lived, collected a few children, and taught them the elements of reading. Bartimeus at once applied for admission to the class, but was discouraged on the ground of his blindness, and that the school was merely for children. His reply was, that he was a child, and must insist upon attending. And, by literally *digging*, as it was said—for he was so dim of sight that he used to bury his face in his book—*he became able to* make out a verse or two in the Bible.

The disease in his eyes, however, suddenly assumed such an

aggravation, that he was forced to abandon his design of becoming a Bible-reader, and to throw himself for Scripture knowledge entirely upon the resources of his own tenacious memory. Every text and sermon he then heard were indelibly in his mind; and fragments of Scripture at that time being printed in his native tongue, were made fast in his memory, word for word, chapter and verse, by hearing them read a few times."

"The arrangement of providence," says Mr. Green, "by which he was obliged to hide the Word of God in his heart, was a wise and benevolent arrangement; for he never could have become so eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures as he actually became, had he depended upon his imperfect vision, instead of his extraordinary memory. Still his example at Hilo, putting himself in the place of a little child, learning his letters, and spelling out sentences till he could actually read, was of incalculable value. It was to him also a matter of unfeigned delight, that he had been able, though for a short season only, to trace with his own eyes the lines of the Book of God, which he loved more than his daily food."

He laboured with great assiduity and delight during the great revival of 1837 and 1838, when he was publicly ordained to the office of elder. In 1840, he was duly received, upon examination at Wailuku, as a minister of the Gospel in Honuaula, where he laboured with great fidelity and acceptableness, up to the time of his decease, returning every few weeks to recruit his stores, and refill his urn at the missionary well-head, at Wailuku, where he was always welcome.

I have heard Mr. Clark narrate with great interest an account of a sermon which Bartimeus preached there at a protracted meeting, when the king was present, in the evening. His text was Jer. iv. 13—"*Behold, he shall come up as clouds, and his chariots shall be as a whirlwind.*' He seized upon the terrific image of a whirlwind or tornado, as an emblem of the ruin which God would bring upon his enemies. This image, said Mr. Clark, he presented in all its majestic and awful aspects, enforcing his remarks with such passages as, "He shall take them away as with a whirlwind, both living, and in his wrath."—(Ps. lviii. 9.) "And your destruction cometh as a whirlwind."—(Prov. i. 27.) "And the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble."—(Isai. xl. 24.) "Behold, the whirlwind of the Lord goeth forth with fury, a continuing

whirlwind; it shall fall with pain upon the head of the wicked."—(Jer. xxx. 23.) "For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind."—(Hosea viii. 7.)

Many other passages also he referred to, in which the same image is presented, always quoting chapter and verse, till the missionary was himself surprised to find that this image is so often used by the sacred writers. And how this blind man, never having used a Concordance or Reference Bible in his life, could, on the spur of the moment, refer to all these texts, was little less than a mystery. But his mind was stored with the precious treasure, and that in such order, that he always had it at command.

I was never, said our informant, so forcibly impressed, as while listening to this address, with the remark of the apostle, "*Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men;*" and seldom have I witnessed a specimen of more genuine eloquence.

Near the close of his remarks, turning to the king and his chiefs, he said, Who can withstand the fury of the Lord, when he comes in his chariots of whirlwind? You have heard of the cars in America, propelled by fire and steam—with what mighty speed they go, and how they crush all in their way. So will the swift chariots of Jehovah overwhelm all his enemies. Flee, then, to the ark of safety! Here (added Mr. Clark) his appeal to the king and chiefs was bold, and yet persuasive, and, one would have thought, irresistible.

Many more things might be told, and addresses quoted of this blind Hawaiian preacher, over the field of whose ministry in Honuaula, I could not ride without feeling that it was dignified as with the footsteps of angels, for having been the scene of the labours of this man of God. I praised as I passed, the compensating grace of God, who, first choosing so unpromising an instrument as this dwarfed and deformed outcast of humanity, from whom wisdom was at one entrance quite shut out, did so marvellously make up to him the loss of outward sense by inward seeing. Those lines ascribed to Milton, might have been uttered by him:—

"I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

"I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see:
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

"I have nought to fear:
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

"Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song."

Anecdotes and Selections.

Noble Resolution.—John Bunyan was threatened with persecution if he dared to preach the Gospel. He took counsel of God in prayer, and then came to his decision. "If I should now run, and make an escape, it will be of a very ill savour in the country; what will my weak and newly converted brethren think of it? If God, of His mercy, should choose me to go upon the forlorn hope, if I should fly, the world may take occasion at my cowardliness to blaspheme the Gospel." At Samsell, in Bedfordshire, the people assembled; there were about forty persons present. Some of the timid sort advised, even then, that the meeting sould be dismissed. Bravely, he replied, "No, by no means! I will not stir, neither will I have the meeting dismissed. Come, be of good cheer, let us not be daunted; our cause is good! we need not be ashamed of it; to preach God's word is so good a work, that we shall be well rewarded if we suffer for that." Accordingly he was cast into prison. After seven weeks' imprisonment the session was held at Bedford, and Bunyan was arraigned at the bar. This was his sentence: "You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and then if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service, you must be banished the realm; and after that, if you should be found in the realm, without the special licence of the King, you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly." So spake the rude and arbitrary Justice Kelynge, who, like Scroggs and Jeffreys, enjoys the distinction, rare among English judges, of being in infamy immortal. Bunyan answered, inspired with Lutheran and Pauline courage, "I am at a point with you; if I were out of prison to-day, I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God." His spirit blenched not with the lapse of time, though he lay twelve years in that foul dungeon, the discovery of whose abominations, a century afterwards, first started John Howard in his "circumnavigation of charity." Towards the close of his imprisonment, we hear the dauntless beatings of the hero-heart: "I have determined—the Almighty God being my help and my shield—yet to suffer, if frail life might continue so long, even until the moss shall grow over my eye-brows, rather than violate my faith and my principles." Oh, rare John Bunyan! thy "frail life" has become immortal; the

world will not let thee die. Thou art shrined in the loving memory of thousands, while thy judges and persecutors are forgotten, or remembered only with ridicule and shame. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, but the memory of the wicked shall rot." *Punshon.*

JOHN WESLEY AND THE PAPIST BUTCHER.—Here is another anecdote of Wesley and a butcher. During Mr. Wesley's last visit to Doncaster, a wicked butcher, a man of athletic form, and well known as a terrible pugilist, went to hear him preach. By profession he was a papist; but however devoted to his creed, to vital godliness an entire stranger. The solemn yet bland appearance of the apostolic Wesley arrested his notice; and the persuasive eloquence of his voice fixed his attention. To illustrate and give effect to his sentiments, the preacher, with that ease and aptitude which none could excel, introduced the language of a female Romanist who, having lost her crucifix, which had been suspended from her person as an object of adoration, in her distress exclaimed, "I have lost my cross; I have nothing now to trust to but my Christ." "What a mercy," observed the aged minister, "that she had Christ left her!" Then, with his usual fervency and fluency he expatiated on the sufficiency of Christ alone to be the Saviour of the soul, and affectionately recommended him as such to all present. This was new doctrine to the deluded Romanist, who had been taught to trust in many things beside Christ; but it was the doctrine of truth, and the spirit of truth applied it with power to his awakened mind. Immediately he saw the folly of his former creed, and felt himself an undone sinner. He became a sincere seeker of salvation, and soon by personal experience found Christ a sufficient Saviour. Separating himself from the papists, he united himself with the Wesleyan Methodists. For several years he adorned the doctrines of the gospel by a blameless conduct and holy conversation, and ultimately departed this life in the full triumph of faith, proving in death that "Christ is all and in all."

THE WAY TO LOVE GOD.—The way for you to love God is to set his character before you, and to meditate upon it as it is set forth in the Bible, a process by which you will come to revere His majesty, and to bow down before His glory. Survey the innumerable mercies that he is bestowing upon you from morning to night, from year to year; and before you have meditated upon them for one hour, your heart will swell with thankfulness. Dwell upon the amazing love he has shown to you in the gift of his beloved Son. Go to the cross of Christ—see that great sight! You will not look long before you are led to say, with wonder and with shame, "Could I ever have been such a rebel?" Then measure time against eternity, your body against your soul, earth against heaven, and your heart, with all its obstinacy, will inevitably melt under the influence of Divine love.

The Fireside.

RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS.

The responsibility resting on parents is very great, and ought to be often urged upon the attention of all those who have young immortal souls entrusted to their care. Children are to be the men and women of the next generation; and much, very much, depends upon their parents what they will then be. Whether they are to be useful and honourable members of society, with the fear and love of God in their hearts; or grow up to be a pest to society, living without hope and God in the world. Often am I grieved at my heart to see the bad examples many parents are continually setting before their children, all which may be compared to so much bad seed, which will sooner or later, if not uprooted, bring forth thorns and briars. And yet many of these parents wish their children may grow up to be respectable! But how can they expect this if all the while they are, by their example, teaching them habits which are sure, if God's grace prevent not, to lead them astray into bad company, vice, and all ungodliness. Some parents make a practice of swearing before their children, and yet they would be shocked if they were to hear them use such language. A case in point comes, while I write, to my recollection. One day I heard a man drive a boy from where he had no business to be with foul oaths. The boy ran a distance, then turned round and cursed him in return. "There," said the man to me in astonishment, "did you ever hear anything like that!"

Then, with regard to bad habits, I heard a minister of the gospel say, that the drunkards of the next generation are now nestling at their mothers' breasts. Yes, parents, this is an awful fact which ought to stir you up to see that you do nothing to implant a love for that which will make your children drunkards. Many little think what the result may be if they hold the intoxicating cup to the lips of their children. Fathers! mothers! if you wish your children to escape the evils of intemperance, by which so many have been ruined for time and eternity, bring them up to the habit of drinking water, and water only. There are also too many evil examples set before children away from home, which renders it all the more needful for parents to be careful of what they do themselves. Nor would I forget to mention the injunction in the "Good old Book," that we are to train up our children in the way they should go. Oh that I could, with my humble pen, write words that would arouse careless parents to a sense of the great responsibility resting upon them, so that in all things they might set before the rising generation examples worthy of imitation, and bring them

p in the nurture and admonition of the Lord! Thus, and thus nly, can you expect your children to be a blessing to you. Do hink of these things, and may God help you to do your duty! and Ie will if you ask him.

Birmingham. R. C.

The Penny Post Box.

VIRTUE OF NETTLES.

F you think the following may benefit the readers of the *Pioneer*, wish you to insert it in that useful little periodical. It would be well if the working classes, and all others, were better acquainted with the virtues of herbs in general.

It is nearly two years since, when, returning from market, we overtook a poor woman, seated by the side of the road. As she appeared ill, we asked her to ride; she was going to Parson Drove, and as we were to pass through that village, she thankfully accepted the offer. On the way, she informed me that the chief cause of her complaint was, that she had a bad foot, which not only made her lame, and unable to attend to her family, but frequently caused such excruciating pain, as to prevent her resting for whole nights. On enquiry, I found it was a sore, which she said came of itself. She had ventured to Wisbech on the day we found her, and her foot was then in such agony, owing to the irritation caused by walking, that she knew not how to get further, and expected a dreadful night. She had tried various ointments and remedies prescribed by different persons, but without effect. I had long known the excellent effects of nettles in sores, but confess I had little hope of their efficacy in a sore of long standing. However, I told her they were highly recommended by many, and as no expense was attached to the attempt, I advised her to try them in the following manner:—Take a quantity of the leaves, or tops, of stinging nettles, and boil them until tender, as you would spinach; then, when cool enough, foment the foot well with the liquor for a quarter of an hour, or more; then poultice with the boiled leaves, and repeat it when they get dry. I said, if she tried it that night, it might enable her to get some rest, if it did no further good. She promised me she would, and said her husband would get the nettles when he came home from work, and that very night she would try my recipe. I heard no more of her till, nine or ten months after, being in Parson Drove, I met a woman on the road, who accosted me thus, "I must stop and thank you for your cure." I presently recollected her to be the person to whom I recommended the nettles, and was pleased to find that by attending *constantly* to the directions given, her foot

was cured in a few weeks, and she had written to a relation in America who had a similar affliction, recommending the same remedy. I make no comment, but leave the fact to speak for itself.

St. Edmunds, near Wisbech. M. E.

[The writer of the above incident is well known to us as a careful and observant person. She has a beautiful garden of her own, and takes much pleasure in cultivating plants and flowers, and this may have led her to study their virtues. Indeed, we believe with Dr. Watts, that God has given us—

"Herbs and plants of various power,
To nourish nature, or to cure."

For he has spread them over all the earth, and we find the rudest nations making use of them for the healing purposes for which no doubt God designed them.]

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ABOUT RAILWAYS.

It is not thirty-eight years since George Stevenson drove the first engine on a public railway. There are now 134 millions of persons conveyed annually on the British lines.

The lines now measure 9,000 miles, and will soon be 10,000.

On these lines there are 3,121 stations, some of which are spacious and splendid.

As many as 109,660 persons are employed in one way or other on these lines.

There are 2471 station masters—3,563 engine-drivers and firemen—3,716 guards—3,260 switchmen—2,000 gate-keepers—and 2400 police and watchmen.

Beside these, there are 53,000 porters, plate-layers, and regular labourers.

With regard to accidents—in 1857, there were 236 killed, and 736 injured. But only a comparative few of those killed were passengers, for only 48 were killed, but 646 were injured, being a proportion of one in 2,791,686 killed, and one in 20,743 injured.

It is a melancholy fact that six persons committed suicide on the lines by laying themselves down for the trains to pass over them!

Hints.

Wants.—Wisdom wants more pupils; truth more friends; virtue more admirers; honesty more practitioners; and religion more doers of the word.

True Wisdom is from above; it finds root in the heart, it bloometh in wise words on the tongue, and bringeth forth fruit in good actions in the life.

The Sight of a Drunkard is often a more convincing lecture against that hideous vice, than ever was delivered by the most zealous advocate of temperance.

Truth and Falsehood.—It is often from mere carelessness in not always speaking the truth that there is so much falsehood in the world.

Avarice is one of the most stupid and senseless passions that ever afflicted humanity, and is always a sign of a sordid and sickly mind.

Gems.

From Spurgeon.

EVERY CHRISTIAN is a priest to ffer sacrifice of prayer and praise nto God; but none save the Great ligh Priest can offer atonement.

ATONING BLOOD.—Those drops of hrist's atoning blood have put fair olours on all creation, even as the unrise paints the earth, which else ad been one huge blot of darkness.

CHRIST'S WEARY PILGRIMAGE rom Bethlehem's manger to Cal- ary's cross is, in our eyes, paved with glory. Each spot upon which e trod is consecrated to us, simply because there the foot of the earth's Saviour and our own Redeemer once was placed.

FROM THE CROSS the bleeding hands of Jesus drop mercy; from the garden the bleeding pores sweat pardons; and the cry comes, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."

SINNER! thou art to know that Christ died for sin, and is able to save, and thou art to believe that; but thou art not saved, unless thou puttest thy trust in him to be thy Saviour for ever.

THE MARROW OF THEOLOGY IS CHRIST. The very bone and sinew of the gospel is preaching Christ. A Christless sermon is the merriment of hell; but too much of Christ we cannot have. Give us Christ always, Christ ever! The monotony of Christ is the sweetest variety.

IT IS NOT WHAT YOU ARE, but what God is, and what Christ is, that can save you. It is looking from yourself to Jesus.

IT WILL NOT SAVE ME to know that Christ *is* a Saviour, but it will save me to trust in him as *my* Saviour.

JUST CAST THYSELF wholly on Christ, and, if thou art not saved, God's book is a lie, and God himself has broken his own word. But that cannot be. Come thou and try it. "Whosoever believeth in Christ shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

LOOK TO JESUS, with all your sins, doubts, and fears; naked and guilty, just as you are, look to Jesus. Everything besides Jesus is a fallacy, a deception, and a lie.

Poetic Selections.

THE SABBATH-DAY.

O DAY, most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight
Writ by a friend, and with his blood:
The couch of time, care's balm and bay:
The week were dark but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

Thou art a day of mirth;
And where the week days trail on ground
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at a bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven.

ON A PEN.

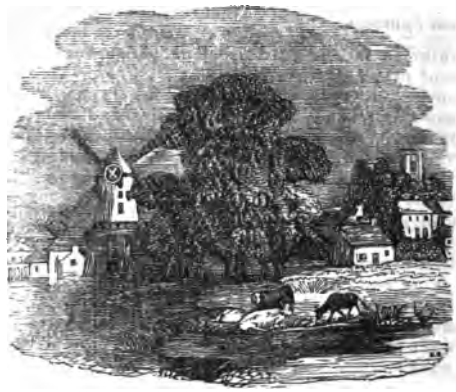
KNOW ye who take this pen in hand,
'Tis no light weapon to command;
Its point can, like Ithuriel's spear,
Make all things what they are appear;
Or, not less prompt to mar or blot,
Make all appear what they are not.
Write nothing, then, that will not bear
Heaven's open sunshine, earth's pure air;
Nor trace a line you dare not meet
Before God's righteous judgment seat.

SIMPLICITY OF THE GOSPEL.

OH! how unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan;
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile;
From ostentation, as from weakness, free,
It stands, like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.
Inscribed above the portal from afar,
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul quickening words,
Believe and live.

HOW MANY HOURS SLEEP DO WE REQUIRE?

NATURE requires five,
Custom gives us seven,
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven.
"Let us not sleep as do others."



The Children's Corner.

AN OLD ENGLISH VILLAGE.

Boys and Girls who live in towns, are very fond of going into the country. There is something so fresh and sweet about the green fields, and hedges, and trees, and brooks of running water. And then the villages look so quiet and so happy, that they feel as if they should like to live there.

And an old English village is always a pleasant place to visit, there are so many things one loves to see. The road to it is over fields sprinkled with daisies and buttercups, or up a green lane with primroses and violets on its banks, and honeysuckles in the hedgerows. And when you get there, there is the old church built of stone, up whose tower the ivy is creeping until it looks like a great green pillar. And yonder is the old mill too which has stood firm though the wind blew hard. Here and there are farmhouses, and gardens, and orchards, and the clear brook running through the street. All these look very nice; and if the farmers do not pay too much rent, and if the labourers have fair wages, and if all have bibles in their houses, and have the gospel preached to them, and send their children to school, they may be as happy as heart could wish. Then these happy cottagers may sit, and with their wives and children, sing—

"I would not change my blest estate,
For all the world calls grand or great."

AN INDIAN PARABLE.

BY SHUJA'AT ALI, A CONVERTED MOHAMMEDAN.

THE Great Indian Mutiny was, there can be now little doubt, got up chiefly by the Mohammedans, who have always, secretly if not openly, been the most inveterate enemies of christianity and British rule in India. And yet now and then a follower of the false prophet has been converted to the christian faith. One of the most eminent of these is the writer of the following Parable. When that eminent missionary, Mr. W. H. Pearce, was smitten with cholera, Shuja'at Ali stood by looking on. Being raised up in the bed to relieve the oppression on his chest, the eyes of the dying missionary fell on one who stood at the foot of the bed, who had been born and reared in all the delusions of Mohammedanism, but who had for many years proved, through the grace of God, a very consistent and devoted christian. A heavenly smile instantly broke over the wan face of the sufferer, which was as instantly responded to by the converted Mussulman, who exclaimed, "Bhay kario na, bhay kario na; Prabhu nikate daraitechhen." "*Fear not; fear not; the Lord is standing by thee.*" The dying saint nodded his assent; and deeply were all around affected with the spectacle of one in the garb of an Oriental, and in a strange tongue, helping to soothe the death-bed of a British christian with the sublime consolations of the word of God!

THE PARABLE.

I have heard of a city, situated at a great distance from any river or stream, which has no springs of sweet water. The inhabitants in former times had to collect and lay in large supplies of rain water; and when these failed them, as they sometimes did, they were reduced to great distress, having nothing to drink save the milk of animals. On one of these occasions a child became ill with fever, and suffered intensely from thirst. His cries for water were most urgent and piercing; but his parents had none to give him. In the extremity of his anguish, a little girl, the daughter of a neighbour, brought him a little water,—all that her mother had left. The boy drank, never did water seem to him so precious as now. It was to him as the water of life. And the little girl who brought it, was no longer the plain and uninteresting child that she had been. Her errand of kindness invested her with a new

and pleasing character. She became the beloved companion of the lad whom she had so befriended, and their mutual fondness promised to increase with years and to be terminated only by death.

The lad gradually recovered, and lived to grow up a serious and thoughtful youth; and one day, in one of his most thoughtful moods, he came to his father, and put to him the question—"Father, is there no way to bring a stream of water into the city?" The father said, "Yes, my son, this may be done by means of an aqueduct; but such an undertaking would require more money than you can well imagine." The youth was silent, but he mentally made a resolve, one which exerted an influence over the whole of his after-life. From thenceforth he was scrupulously careful to avoid expense; but from habits of praiseworthy economy he passed, step by step, into excessive parsimony, and ere long was reputed a miser. He laboured with unceasing diligence, and daily added to his store; but though increasingly rich, his outward circumstances were such as betokened extreme want and penury. He denied himself not only the common comforts of life, but even necessaries of the most indispensable kind, contenting himself with clothes sewn over with patches, and the cast-off shoes of others. And as a crowning act of self-denial, he declined the happiness of becoming the husband of the maiden he had ever loved, and in whom were centred his heart's fondest affections. This was a sacrifice hard to be made—none could be harder; but how else could he fulfil the purpose to which he had devoted all his life?

He now felt himself isolated and alone in the world. A gulph had formed between him and the rest of mankind. His friends forsook him, and all men treated him as an object to be despised and shunned. But he bore his trials with patient endurance, consoling himself with the thought that the time would come when his life-long course of self-sacrifice would be seen and understood, and work out its own reward.

His parents had long since passed away, and he himself was now of an age when life had ceased to be desirable, and he longed to lay it down with all its weight of cares and sufferings. And the desire of his soul is about to be realized. The hand of death had stricken him, and he calmly and hopefully awaits the issue. No friend is there. He is alone. Alone he has lived, and alone he must die. Near him and within his

reach is a small vessel. It is the same in which the little girl had brought him water, and which throughout the long succession of years he has carefully preserved. He seizes it, and applies it to his lips, and instantly expires.

The old man is missed. His home is searched, and beside his lifeless body is found a sealed packet. It contains his will, which is read aloud to the eager multitude. It runs thus:—

"I leave all my wealth, to be applied for the purpose of erecting an aqueduct which shall bring a constant supply of water into the city. For this I laboured, and for this I have sacrificed all that is considered desirable in life."

The mystery of a life-time is explained. The old man has triumphed. No longer will the finger of scorn point to him. Never again will curses and imprecations follow him. Blessings will go down with him to the grave, and from henceforth his memory will be had in unceasing remembrance.

Noble old man!—noble as an example of pure and disinterested benevolence.

But all this, dear friends, reminds me of one more noble, and who was actuated, in all that he did, by a grander and a holier object—an object in which we are every one of us deeply concerned.

The time was when the entire race of man were afflicted with an alarming malady—a malady far worse than the most fatal fever; for it was the malady of sin. The wretched sufferers longed for the water of hope; but there was none in all the earth. They digged in vain. They hewed out cisterns, but broken cisterns; so that to them were applicable the words of the prophet—"My people have forsaken me, the fountain of living water, and have hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, which can hold no water." (Jer. ii. 13.) They were ready to perish, when a voice was heard saying, "Who will go to their relief?" To this the holy child replied, "Lo, I come," (Ps. xl. 7, 8.) I come with the balm of Gilead to heal and restore their souls; and with the life-giving streams of consolation to satisfy their desires. Oh! how vast his love, in that he was willing to leave his Father's bosom, and the glories of his heavenly home, so that he might bring hope and salvation into this guilty world. "He was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich;" (2 Cor. viii. 9) and so poor did he become that he

once said, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." (Luke ix. 5, 8.) He was the Father's only begotten and well-beloved Son, and the adored of angels, yet for our sakes he submitted to be despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. His own, to whom he came, received him not, and all men, a few excepted, hardened their hearts against his love, scorned the mercy that he came down from heaven to offer, treated him with undeserved hatred, denied his pretensions, and even dared to assert that he performed his great works, not by his own almighty power, but by the assistance of Beelzebub.

The child, of whom I first spoke, conferred a benefit upon one city, and one city only; but the child from Heaven has favours to bestow not only upon some, but upon all who desire them: the one by his continued privations became instrumental in the bringing of a stream wherewith to bless his people; the other by his unexampled sufferings, and ignominious death, even the death of the cross, opened a fountain of living water wherewith to bless the whole world. Both provided water for the necessities of man; but the one was water that perisheth in the using, and regarding which it is written,—"He that drinketh thereof shall thirst again," (John iv. 13) the other is water, which in the man that partaketh of it shall be a well of water springing up into everlasting life. (John iv. 14.)

Blessed be the Lord God whose beloved Son has given to the world the water of life; and blessed be the Son for his great and inestimable gift. Behold! he inviteth you to drink. Will you not do it? The people of the city which was destitute of water, received the water that was brought into it, and not only received it, but used it for all the purposes of life. Had they refused to do this, of what advantage would it have been to them to know that there was water in the city? And can the water of salvation which is in the midst of you profit you any thing, if you do not go to it and partake of its blessings? How will the eternal Father, the ever-blessed Son, the Holy Spirit, the angels of light and the saints of God, regard you if you reject the great gift from heaven? a gift purchased with the precious blood of the Son himself. And how will you escape if you neglect so great Salvation? Let me beseech you, if you have neglected it hitherto, to do it no longer. "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way."

(Ps. ii. 12,) Drink of the water of life that is freely offered, and live for ever!

And if the people of the city, though once the enemies of their benefactor, when made sensible of his great goodness, became his friends and united to praise and extol his name, shall we, who were in like manner once the enemies of the Son of God, but are now his friends, shall we be unwilling to honour and glorify him before men? If angels praise him, shall we not praise him? If the shepherds journeyed to Bethlehem to see him, with gladsome hearts, shall we not be joyful in the prospect of seeing him, not now in a manger, but seated on a glorious throne on the right hand of the Majesty on high?

May we, dear friends, be among the number of those who are anxious to behold the Son in his glory, and to whom at the last day will be addressed the words, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world." Matt. xxv. 34.

But in order to behold him in his glory, and to dwell with him in his everlasting kingdom, it is necessary that we should both know and do his will; and his will is revealed to us in his last Testament, even the Scriptures of truth. Let us do with this precious record of his love in like manner as did the people of the city with the last will and testament of the person of whom I first spoke. They, as we have seen, read it and became acquainted with its contents, and were thus enabled to act as became the objects of the testator's bounty. Let us imitate the example thus set before us; and so shall we be wise unto salvation. Let us listen to the exhortation, "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." (John v. 39.) "Let the sacred book be a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path,' (Ps. cxix. 106,) to guide us into the way of all truth. And let us say with the Psalmist, "I will keep thy statutes," (Ps. cxix. 8,) "I will run in the way of thy commandments." Ps. cxix. 32.

"Blessed is he whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and who meditateth in his law day and night. He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringing forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." (Ps. i. 2.) "Great peace have they who love thy law." (Ps. cxix. 165.) "In the keeping of it there is great reward." Ps. xix. 11.

Poetry.

"THY KINGDOM COME!"

FATHER OF MERCIES! speed the promis'd hour;
Thy kingdom come with all-restoring power;
Truth, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole,
As round the world the ocean waters roll!
—Hope waits the morning of celestial light;
Time plumes his wings for everlasting flight;
Unchanging seasons have their march begun;
Millenial years are hastening to the sun;
Seen through thick clouds by Faith's transpiercing eyes,
The New Creation shines in purer skies.
—All hail!—the age of crime and suffering ends;
The reign of righteousness from heaven descends;
Vengeance for ever sheathes the afflicting sword;
Death is destroy'd, and Paradise restor'd;
Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,
Is one with GOD, and GOD is All in All.

Anecdotes and Selections.

GOD'S GREAT LOVE TO A GUILTY WORLD.—Mr. Nott, a missionary in the South Sea Islands, having read, on one occasion, the third chapter of the Gospel by John to a number of the natives, some of them appeared deeply impressed. When he had finished the 16th verse, one of them, much affected, interrupted him, asking, "What words were those you read? Let me hear those words again." Mr. Nott again read the verse, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotton Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" when the poor pagan rose from his seat, and said, "Is that true? Can that be true? God love the world, when the world not love him! God so loved, as to give his Son to die, that man might not die! Can that be true?" Mr. Nott read the verse again, told him it was true, and it was the message God had sent to them, and that whosoever believeth in Jesus would not perish, but be happy after death. The feelings of the wondering pagan were too powerful for expression or for restraint. At length he burst into tears; and as these rolled down his dark visage, he withdrew, to meditate in private on the amazing love of God, which had that day touched his soul, and there was every reason to believe that he was afterwards permitted to share the joys of Divine peace, the fruit of the love of God, in his own heart.

THE PRICELESS BOOK.—One of our pious neighbours talked to a poor working woman, who was at her house helping her, respecting the salvation of her soul. The woman appeared much interested in the conversation, but expressed her regret that she was not able to read. Some portions of the New Testament were read to her. "Dear me!" said the woman, "what a nice book that is! How I should like to have one like it for my husband; he can read; and if you will get me one, I will pay you by a little at a time." "Very well," said my friend, "take this home with you." In the evening she returned to her husband, and showed him the book. "What is this?" said the man. "A New Testament." "Have you bought it?" "Yes." "I wish you had not; it is a waste of money. The book is not worth any thing." "Nay," replied the wife, "there are good things in it. I have heard them myself, and if you will read a little you will find them—they are there." The earnest persuasion of the wife prevailed. He opened the book, and the first passage which caught his eye was, "A certain blind man sat by the way side begging; and hearing a multitude pass by, he asked what it meant; and they told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by; and he cried, saying, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me!" This was like a nail fastened in a sure place. He continued reading for hours; and when he finished for the night, he said, "Well! there are good things in it after all; it is worth the money." Let us hope that, enlightened by the Holy Spirit to understand it, they both found there the "pearl of great price."

A WORD IN SEASON: BY A CHILD.—Some time ago, a little girl, about six years of age, entered our sabbath school. She paid much attention to, and seemed to profit by, what she heard, occasionally taking an opportunity of relating to her mother any anecdote or advice given by the superintendent. At length she had a little tract given her, in which this sentence was prominently printed, "How much better it is to get religion when we are young, than to defer it till the time of old age." This book she carried to her parent, and putting it into her hand, drew her little finger with a significant glance over the sentence just quoted. The mother made no reply, but could not forget the words pointed out to her by her little daughter. In the course of the afternoon, she made another effort by enquiring, "Mother, are you going to chapel to-night?" "Not that I know of," was the reply. But the little monitor was not discouraged. At length the hour of worship came; and running up to her mother, she exclaimed, "O mother, the people are going to chapel: do you go? Remember, the little book said how much better it is to get religion when we are young, than defer it till the time of old age." The mother, astonished and affected by her child's importunity, was prevailed upon that evening to go to the house of God. For seven *long years* before that night she had never *entered a place of worship* but twice, upon the occasions of a

funeral and a wedding. Since that night she has been a regular attendant. But this is not all; the word preached has been made the power of God to her salvation, and she has become a member of our church. How does God condescend to bless the humblest instrument, and "a word spoken in season (even by a child), how good is it."

The Fireside.

FEMALE FINERY.

The Rev. Canon Stowell, M.A., delivered at the Corn Exchange, Manchester, a short time since, a lecture entitled "Christian Thoughts on the late Arts Exhibition." In the course of his remarks he made the following observations on finery. "There seems," he said, "to be a rivalry in dress among some females, which was anything but becoming and anything but beautiful. And then they carried the fashion to such an extreme, that they outdid the fashion itself. As for bonnets, they sometimes dwindled into bows—and as to under-garments they swelled into hogsheads. It will be well if, in this time of depression, many of the fathers and husbands do not find the Christmas bill rather a melancholy sequel to the Art Treasures Exhibition. Far be it from me to throw out any indiscriminate or general censure on a sex whose advocate and champion I have felt every good man must be. There were many, very many, worthy exceptions; I would hope, indeed, that modesty and moderation were rather the rule, and that these extravagances were the exceptions. But let me throw out a hint to my fair sisters—follow the example of your own beloved Queen, and you will not go wrong in your dress. I watched her narrowly as she stood on the dais, and her dress, while rich as it ought to be, was strikingly plain, and ornament of any kind I could hardly detect; and as for her bonnet, instead of one of those little bits of things stuck on the back of the head, it reminded me of one of the good old coal-box shaped bonnets. I think the ladies of Manchester, aye, and the ladies of England, too, had a silent but eloquent reproof from their Queen, and I trust that they will lay it to heart. It will be far more noble to follow the example of their own modest matronly Queen, than the example of a foreign potentate, who is not of royal birth, and is not distinguished, like our own Queen, for the motherliness of her appearance. But I leave this delicate topic, on which I hope I have touched tenderly, and rather in playfulness than in severity, and sure I am that my christian female friends before me will forgive me, for I do not think that the lecture I have been giving about finery will belong to them."

The Penny Post Box.

A WATCHMAKER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Fifty years ago there lived in the little township of Barton-in-the-Beans, near Market Bosworth, a very remarkable man. He was once a poor ploughboy, but being very ingenious, became a watchmaker, and had an extensive business. He was also pastor of a large baptist church, whose chief place of meeting was in Barton. His name was Samuel Deacon. He was a useful preacher, and wrote many little books, chiefly in verse, which were very popular in the neighbourhood. I thought, as you have given us at page 48, "The Watchmaker's Monitor," you would insert "The Watchmaker's Advertisement;" for I think it will amuse your readers.

The hand of my life stands at Ten o'clock.

Clocks and watches made and sold,
Which we promise to uphold;
Down from fifty pounds to five,
Telling true as if alive.
Church and turret, spring and line,
Chapel, kitchen, plain or fine.
And lest you should sleep too long,
Clocks to wake you with a song.
Clocks to strike the hour, and chime
Every quarter of your time.
Clocks to play a psalm on Sunday,
And a merry tune on Monday;
And on every other day,
What you please to have them play.
Clocks to fit a lofty hall,
Or a cottage low and small.
Clocks to suit the common sort,
Who've a slender purse and short;
And a stock of watches too,
Various prices, old and new.
Clocks and watches cleaned and oiled,
Lest they should be gall'd and spoil'd,
And when hurt with rust or wear,
We the damage can repair.
Yea, when they can go no more,
We their youth can quite restore.
Instruments to let you know
When it will be rain or snow,
Hot or cold, or wet or dry,
If you doubt it only try.
Spectacles to help your sight
To discern by day and night;
People who are counted wise
Buy in time to save their eyes.
Jacks to turn about your meat,
While you make it fit to eat;
Which you may, as you desire,
Move about from fire to fire.
Knives and forks, and if you wish,
We can help you to a dish.
Cast steel razors, bright and thin,
Which will sever beard and chin.
Good umbrellas, fine and plain,
Proof against the sun and rain;
Very fit for young and old,
To preserve from taking cold.
Trays and caddies, spoons and bows,
Fit for London belles or beaux,
That the ladies may be able
Neatly to adorn the table.
Thimbles, too, of various sizes,
Good according to their prices.
Pins elastic; needles fine;
Scissors which will cut and shine.
Seals and hooks, and chains & keys,
Steel or gilded, as you please.
And another little thing—
Sterling gold—*a Wedding Ring.*
Gold and silver bought and sold,
French or sterling, new or old.
Metals of inferior kind
Here a ready market find.
Jobs in the mechanic line,
Executed rough or fine,
By the forge and furnace too,
Lathe and engine, file and screw.
If you ask, and wish to trade,
Where these articles are made,
We at once inform you then,
Deacon, Barton, and his men.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE LEVIATHAN STEAM-SHIP.—In the formation of the hull alone, ten thousand tons of iron plates have been necessary; each plate weighs about a third of a ton, and is fastened by a hundred rivets: there have, therefore, been 30,000 plates and 3,000,000 of rivets employed. In addition to this, above two thousand tons more of iron have been used, and all together she will weigh above twelve thousand tons.

THE GREATEST RIVER IN EUROPE is the Danube, which takes its rise in the Black Forest in Germany, from whence to its fall into the Black Sea, it performs a course of above 1,500 miles, at a moderate computation, without including its windings and turnings. It has also several cataracts, the most remarkable of which is the Saw Russel, or Swine's Snout, near Lintz, so called from a prominent rock which overhangs a dangerous whirlpool.

THE FIRE-FLY is an insect common in Virginia and the Southern States of America. In its flight, at short intervals, it sheds a beam of apparent fire, or lightning, brighter than the glow-worm. It is so perfectly harmless that the children amuse themselves in following and catching it. It is said that three or four of these insects tied to the top of a stick, are used by travellers as a torch.

THE DROPPING WELL, at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, is the most famous of all the petrifying waters in England. It drops from a porous rock, and the ground upon which it has fallen, for twelve yards long, is now changed into solid stone. A little rivulet, that runs from this well, falls into the Nid, where it has formed a rock that stretches some yards into the river.

LUNAR RAINBOWS. — The moon sometimes exhibits the phenomenon of a rainbow, by the refraction of her rays in drops of rain in the night-time. Lunar rainbows very seldom present themselves to our observation; they are extremely beautiful, though much less so than those that appear in the daytime, and yellow, or rather straw-colour, chiefly prevails.

Hints.

A MAN OF INTEGRITY will never listen to any reasoning, however plausible, which his own conscience cannot approve. He must keep on good terms with it, even if he offend others.

FLOWERS OF RHETORIC in sermons or serious discourses, are often only like the blue and red flowers among corn. They may look pretty, but there is no food in them.

SLANDER, with its foul tongue, usually attacks the most worthy persons, just as birds always peck at the ripest fruit.

SLOTH makes all labour difficult, but industry easily surmounts the greatest obstacles. You may see examples of the evil of the one and the good of the other every day.

THE BEST SIGN of a happy man is his constant cheerfulness. He seems to live in a region like that above the clouds and storms—always bright and serene.

HE WHO, IN PROSPERITY, gives to every one without discrimination, will, if he fall into adversity, find from such but little sympathy or gratitude.

Gems.

WILFUL UNBELIEF is a dreadful d damning sin; but godly doubts d fears are the nurses of true th. It was not until after Thomas d doubted the resurrection of his rd that he exclaimed with wonder d joy, "My Lord and my God!"

WE MUST GLORIFY GOD in the ate in which we are, or we could t expect that we should in any her state. If there be the heart serve him our circumstances will t hinder it.

GOD ALWAYS PITIES US, and when chastens us he always discrimites between our accidental imperctions and our wilful transgresons.

THE IMAGE OF CHRIST in the ost timid and humble believer, more pleasing and glorious in e eyes of God than the sun in e firmament when he shineth in is strength.

COVETOUSNESS never gets into ur hearts alone; it always brings ts evil companions with it; and hey are never content until they ave driven out all the good that as in us. So, "Take heed, and eware of covetousness."

WHEN CHRIST ATTRACTS a sinner to himself by any means, he hen imbues him with his own pirit, and sends him to attract thers. In this way the leaven of the gospel is spread from heart to heart.

ASSURANCE of our own personal salvation is the crowning blessing of the christian on earth. It springs from faith and obedience, and is revealed to us by the Spirit. All other assurance is downright delusion or proud presumption.

POKING OVER OUR SINS, and doing nothing but looking at them will keep our souls in bitter bondage. Look to Christ and believe, and then life, light, love, and liberty, will be your happy experience.

Poetic Selections.

"SOON AND FOR EVER!"

The dying words of a wife to her husband were, "Soon—and for ever."

"Soon—and for ever!"
Christ's promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes,
And dust unto dust;
Soon—and for ever
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in thee.
When the sin and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er:
Its pangs and its partings
Remember'd no more:
When life cannot fail,
And when death cannot sever;
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon—and for ever.

Soon—and for ever
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away.
Soon—and for ever
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been.
Where fightings without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more
In the warfare of sin.
Where tears and where fears,
And where death shall be never;
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon—and for ever.

Soon—and for ever
The work shall be done,
The warfare accomplish'd,
The victory won.
Soon—and for ever,
The pilgrim lay down
His staff for a harp.
And his cross for a crown.
Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow
Is bright'ning and near;
When—blessed reward
Of each faithful endeavour—
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon—and for ever!

The Children's Corner.

THE ITALIAN BOY.

MANY poor boys come all the way from Italy to England to try to get a living. Their parents there are very poor indeed, and so they let them come, for they have heard that England is a very rich country.

When they get here there are men in London who send them out to beg and bring what money they can get back to them; and all the poor lads often get is only a place to sleep in, and something to eat. They mostly send them out with some curious animal in their hands or in a cage—a tortoise, or a Guinea pig, or a little monkey, or a few white mice. The boy in the picture has got a tortoise under his arm.

When you see any of these poor lads, do not make sport of them; for they are strangers in a strange land, and cannot talk our language. If you were in Italy you would feel very awkward if you could not talk to the people at all, and so do they in England. It would be cruel to treat them unkindly, and I hope you never will. You ought rather to pity them, and if you have a halfpenny or a penny to spare give it to them. You will soon see how their eyes will sparkle, and how they will try to thank you if you do. And if you do you will feel more pleased yourself than if you had spent your money in anything else.

WILLIAM CHURCHMAN, THE POOR CRIPPLE.

Some years ago, soon after I had commenced preaching an occasional lecture in the village of Overton, I was casually informed, in conversation with a person, who himself made no great pretensions to a religious character, that he had accidentally conversed with a poor deformed cripple, living in a wretched cot in the neighbourhood of that place, whose name was William Churchman; who had much surprised him by his fluency in talking on religious subjects; and more so, because the man did not appear to have read any book but the Bible, nor to have attended any public worship, nor conversed with religious people of any denomination, so that he could not possibly conceive how he could have acquired the knowledge he appeared to possess.

My curiosity was much excited by this account, and I formed an instant determination to gratify it by visiting the subject of it on the evening of the following sabbath, when I was engaged to preach at Overton, which I could conveniently accomplish, as his residence was near the road by which I sometimes returned home.

It was a delightful summer evening: the sultry heat of the day had given place to the coolness of a gentle and refreshing breeze; the sun was just disappearing behind the hill, which was the boundary of the prospect to the west, and his mild declining beams gave a faint lustre to the woods that crowded its summit. The feathered songsters were chaunting melodious vespers, and to their thrilling airs the cawing rooks, the bleating flocks, and lowing herd formed a solemn and not unpleasing bass. The flowery meadows, clad in luxuriant herbage, and studded with variegated flowers, exhaled delicious odours. My own mind, warmed and enlivened by the subject I had been endeavouring to illustrate to my rustic auditory, was in a disposition calculated to enjoy the charming scene, while I walked towards the little group of huts, one of which I had been informed was the residence of the poor man and his widowed mother.

As I approached the cottage, its exterior gave me at once an idea of the wretched poverty of the inhabitants; the thatch of the decayed roof was pervious in many places to the rain of heaven,

"And to the pelting of the pitiless storm."

The windows, of which there were two, one in each story, retained scarcely any unbroken panes of glass, and the many apertures were imperfectly stopped with straw, hay, and many-coloured rags.

The shattered door stood open; on entering I beheld, seated on a little stool, which, with a broken chair and an old oaken table, composed the whole furniture of the miserable hovel, an object, whose *external* appearance was expressive of greater wretchedness than even that of the habitation itself; and in spite of the favourable idea I had conceived of him before, excited in my frame a shuddering of mingled pity and horror.

His countenance appeared to be that of a man about thirty years old, pale and squalid; his head, of an immoderate size, formed a shocking contrast to his withered limbs, which were not larger than those of a child ten years old, distorted and deformed by several curvatures both in the legs and spine: sad consequence of neglect suffered in his infancy, from the carelessness and brutality of an ignorant and drunken mother.

He was reading when I came in. Pursuant to a design I had formed of knowing his sentiments and character from himself, without discovering my own, I accosted him with a very careless and indifferent air,—"William, how do you do? what book is that you are reading?" He raised his head to look at me, and replied with a look and tone of seriousness and affection, which instantly removed all those unpleasant sensations his appearance had excited in my mind, "The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"Ha!" said I, "I have heard your religious people say that a great deal of good may be got from that book. Perhaps you can tell me if it be so, for I am sure I am bad enough, and if it will make me better I'll read it too." He replied very gravely, "If the same Spirit who moved holy men of old to write it open your heart to understand it, then it will do you good; but not else, for the natural man discerneth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

"But," rejoined I, still affecting ignorance of his meaning, "how then came you to understand them?—surely you cannot be a learned man?"

Eyeing me with a solemn and piercing attention, he returned:—"Sir, I don't know you, nor do I know why you

came in here; but this I know, that I am commanded by this book to be ready to give to every one that asketh, a reason of the hope that is in me; and I pray God that I may be enabled of him to do it with meekness and fear. You see, Sir, what a cripple I am, but you do not know what a sinner I am?"

"You a sinner!" exclaimed I, "how can that be? You are not able to get about to drink, game, dance, and carouse as others can; how then, in the name of wonder, is it possible that you should be a sinner?"

"True," said he, "I could not; but yet I am one of the very vilest of sinners, for I believe no son of Adam ever sinned in the way I have done; for I thought, because God Almighty had made me such a poor lame cripple, and punished me so much, I supposed for nothing, that therefore I might take the liberty to sin without fear. I thought that he would never be so hard as to punish me here and hereafter too. So because that was the sin I could most easily indulge, I delighted to curse and swear; and I am sure I made such new oaths and curses, that even if you have been used to swear yourself, they were so very dreadful, that they would make you tremble to hear them.

However, blessed be God, about three years ago, as I was walking on my crutches in a fine sun-shiny day, near the door, I was seized all at once with a violent pain in my stomach; I cried out and fell down, and I really thought I was going to die presently. At first I did not seem to have any fear of death, for the reason I told you before; but as I continued in violent pain, a thought came across my mind, What good work have I done in my life? Alas! none! then I shall not go to heaven now; and if not, why I must go to hell at last. Now I was miserable indeed; for I did not know any other way to heaven than by my own works."

"Dear me," interrupted I, "what other way can there be than doing all the good we can in order to gain the favour of God Almighty?"

He answered me, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified, for by the law is the knowledge of sin; not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour."

"But," continued he, "in this distress I tried to pray, but

of all the prayers you ever read in your life, if ever you read any, or all that you ever heard anybody pray, I believe you never heard anything like it; I don't think it was the prayer of faith, and yet I believe that God heard and answered it. I do not know why, but it was as it pleased him."

"Well," said I, "this is very strange! What is praying then?"

He replied, "Praying is telling the great God what we *feel* that we want of him."

Returning to his narrative, he proceeded thus:—"It pleased God that I soon got somewhat better, and I set about my task as I had promised; but alas! in a little time, I found that I *did not* pray, that I could not believe, that I could not love God, that I could not repent of sin; and at last I left off reading my prayers, because I was afraid of mocking God any longer. But, blessed be his name, he did not suffer me to leave off reading the Testament, though the more I read the worse I was, for I read it all through, and all seemed to condemn me. Now I can see in it exceeding great and precious promises; but I could not see any of them then. I could only attend to such awful words as these: 'Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?'

Yet I began to read it over again, and when I came the second time to the blessed first chapter of the first epistle of John, and read these precious words,—'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin,'—I felt that precious blood relieve my wounded conscience, and I seemed to myself as if I was in a new world. I could *now* repent, I could believe, I could love God, and if I had had a thousand lives I could have laid them all down for Christ."

"Do I understand you rightly?" asked I, "that it does not signify what sins you commit, or how you live, now he has become your Saviour?"

He replied with a look and accent of animated and holy indignation, "God forbid! how shall we who are dead to sin, live any longer therein? for the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead, that they which live, should not any longer live unto themselves, but to him that died for them and rose again."

Glancing his eye on my face, while he was thus speaking, he discerned a rising tear which I could no longer suppress, and instantly cried out, "I am sure, Sir, you are not what you

seem. I adjure you! tell me what you are, and why you came to see me?"

"My dear christian brother, it is true as you say, I am a poor sinner, who, like you, have been led by the Holy Spirit to trust in that Jesus, who died for the ungodly."

After a short pause, in which he seemed revolving somewhat in his mind, he said, "I have heard one of the neighbours say, that there is a strange kind of man who comes sometimes to preach at David Truman's house, and that folk call him a metridate,* or some such name; are not you the man?"

"Yes, my dear friend," said I, "I am the man. I have just been telling your poor neighbours, that 'the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

Never shall I forget his look or his action; rising hastily from his seat, and grasping one of my hands in both of his, he instantly dropped on his knees, and, lifting up his eyes, beaming with ecstasy, he cried aloud:—

"O my God, I thank thee; thou hast not only answered, but exceeded my request. I prayed that I might see and converse with one of thy people before I died, and lo, thou hast sent me one of the ministers of Jesus."

"And now, my dear sir (to me), you must tell me what you said to the people upon that sweet verse, for I never heard a gospel sermon in my life."

I complied, and for one time only enjoyed a pleasure, unequalled in the twenty-six years of my ministry, but which I should rejoice to witness in a numerous assembly; the unspeakable delight of beholding my whole audience dissolved in sacred pleasure, and feasting with more than epicurean eagerness on the divine word.

When I had closed, "You know not," said he, "how you came to be inclined to preach at Overton, but I can tell you. Ever since I have been new-born I daily prayed to my heavenly father, that if there was any minister of Christ in England, which I thought there must be somewhere, because the BIBLE was here, he would send one to teach my poor blind neighbours, and he has sent you; and, therefore, viewing you as sent in answer to prayer, I doubt not but God will make you useful to them."

* *Meaning, I suppose,* a Methodist.

After some further conversation, I commended him to God in prayer, and we parted.

During these interesting scenes, time glided unperceived by either of us; it was now late, the moon was absent, but thousands of the distant lamps of heaven studded the sable robe of night, and afforded a glimmering light better suited to the solemn and delightful feelings of my soul than the bright glare of day; the profound silence was interrupted by

"No noise but water, ever friend to thought;"

except the sadly pleasing strains of the nightingale, for the rest of the aerial choir were sunk in sleep, and even the grasshopper had forgotten his chirping.

As I pursued my solitary walk homewards, I felt my mind expand, and my views of the excellence of the Bible were heightened and extended.

Precious volume! exclaimed I, how comparatively mean and insignificant is all knowledge, except that which thy inestimable leaves display!

I humbly trust I felt, glowing in my heart, somewhat of the sentiment of my dearest Lord and Master, when he said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent; and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'

The communication which I made of these very interesting particulars to my friends on my return, induced several christians of different denominations repeatedly to visit him with me, and their surprise and pleasure were equal to my own.

A plan was laid, by a few benevolent friends, to render his outward circumstances more comfortable, though I must do him the justice to say, he was very averse to it. "I can live," said he, "on the parish allowance (which was only two shillings per week!) and perhaps some of God's children who have families, are in much greater want than I."

But God's ways are not as our ways! This jewel was to lie no longer in the dunghill; this radiant star was no longer to be enveloped in the mists and clouds of this gloomy atmosphere; it was destined to adorn a brighter region. We just caught a transient glance of the sparkling radiance of the descending luminary, which was now to set on earth, that it might rise to set no more in the world of eternal glory.

One evening, soon after, he was sitting with his mother, and

reading the Bible to her, apparently in as good health as ever he had enjoyed, when he on a sudden cried out, "Mother, I am taken very ill—help me up the ladder (the only staircase they had) to bed, and then I shall have but one more step to ascend, and I shall be in my Father's house."—She assisted him to bed, and went to the next house to procure some gin—her only supposed remedy for every disease—and to call her neighbour to her assistance, but when she returned he was speechless; and in a few minutes, without a struggle or a sigh, entered into the joy of his Lord.

I give no comments, I make no remarks. I leave this narrative to the blessing of God, and the reflection of the reader's conscience.—*Rev. T. Bingham.*

Anecdotes and Selections.

Folly of Delay.—You may delay the work of repentance, and think the future far off—*but it will come;* your last call from heaven may be far off—*but it will come;* your last unavailing effort to repent far off—*but it will come;* the death-struggle, the shroud, the funeral far off—*but they will come;* the day of judgment, the day of reckoning, far off—*but it will come;* the sentence, "depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," far off—*but it will come;* eternal banishment from the presence of the Lord, weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, far off—*but it will come.* Yes, all these may now seem far off, but they will come. The time drew nigh when Jacob *must* die. And so must *you.* You know that. But are you ready. Prepare to meet thy God. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Neglect his great salvation and you are lost—lost for ever!

A Double Salvation.—A shilling Testament, purchased in New Orleans, previous to the Mexican war, not only saved the life of the possessor, but was the means of saving his soul. It was in this way. A young Illinois girl purchased a small Testament for four dozen eggs at three cents per dozen. When her brother was about to start for Mexico as a volunteer, she put it into his vest pocket. There it remained, wrapped in the same paper and same pocket, until the battle of Buen a Vista, when the wearer received a wound through the Testament which broke the force of the bullet, which lodged in his breast, and sent him to the hospital. There he read his book; and the last time I saw him he was in an Illinois college, preparing for the ministry, or rather for a missionary field *in the Methodist church.*

WHO IS OLD?—A real man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe he will be doing something for himself, for his neighbour, or for posterity. We could tell you of many men—real men, men worth calling men—who worked on to the last of a good old age. The vigour of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their efforts. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down because we are getting old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the spring of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. Is a man old? should not be asked; but is he active, can he breathe freely, and move with agility? There are scores of grey-headed men whom we should prefer, in any important enterprise, to those simpering young gentlemen, who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale at a few difficulties. What would become of the world if its future destinies depended upon such cowards as these. We want a race of active men who will be resolved, by God's blessing, to leave the world better than they found it.

WHAT I AM, WHAT I OUGHT TO BE, WHAT I WISH TO BE.—Two or three years before the death of that eminent servant of Christ, John Newton, when his sight was become so dim that he was no longer able to read, an aged brother in the ministry called on him to breakfast. Family prayer followed, and the portion of scripture for the day was read to him. In it occurred the verse, "By the grace of God I am what I am." It was Mr. Newton's custom on these occasions to make a short familiar exposition on some passage read. After the reading he paused for some moments, and then said, "I am not what I ought to be. I am not what I wish to be. I am not what I hope to be. Soon, very soon, shall I put off mortality, and with it all sin and imperfection. Yet though I am not what I ought to be, nor what I wish to be, nor what I hope to be, I can truly say I am not what I once was—a slave to sin and satan; and I can heartily join with the Apostle, and acknowledge, 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' Let us pray."

The Fireside.

THE STINGS OF WASPS AND BEES.

TO MOTHERS.—As some of your children may very likely be stung by a wasp or a bee during the summer, by which they may suffer much pain if a proper remedy be not promptly applied; for their sakes and yours we give you some information about the stings of those creatures, and what you should do directly in such

cases:—The sting of a bee is generally more virulent than that of a wasp, and with some people is attended with very violent effects. The sting of a bee is barbed at the end, and, consequently, always left in the wound; and that of a wasp is pointed only, so that they can sting more than once, which a bee cannot do. When any person is stung by a bee, let the sting, in the first place, be instantly pulled out; for the longer it remains in the wound the deeper it will pierce, owing to its peculiar form, and more of the poison will be introduced. The sting is hollow, and the poison flows through it, which is the cause of the pain and inflammation. The pulling out of the sting should be done carefully, and with a steady hand, for if any part of it breaks in, all remedies then, in a great measure, will be ineffectual. When the sting is extracted, suck the wounded part, if possible, and very little inflammation, if any, will ensue. If hartshorn drops are immediately afterwards rubbed on the part, the cure will be more complete. All notions of the efficacy of sweet oil, bruised parsley, burnet, tobacco, &c., appear, on various trials, totally groundless.

The Penny Post Box.

A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT WATCHES.

You have given us two curious pieces of poetry, at pages 48 and 73, about watchmakers. I have just met with a few words about the Watch itself, which may please and instruct your readers. In doing so let me remind them all that TIME, of which the watch is an index, *is short*; and ETERNITY, of which an index cannot be made by man, *is long*. May each of us be a good

TIME-KEEPER.

"I have now in my hand," said a wise man, "a gold watch, which combines embellishment and utility in happy proportions, and is often considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain, and case are of chased and burnished gold. It sparkles with the ruby, topaz, sapphire, emerald. I open it, and find that the works—without which this elegantly furnished case would be a mere shell; those hands motionless, and those figures without meaning—are made of brass. I then ask, what is the spring, by which all these are put in motion, made of? I am told it is made of steel! What is steel? The reply is, that it is iron which has undergone a certain process. So, then, I find the mainspring, without which the watch would always be motionless, and its hands, figures, and embellishments but toys, is not of gold—that is not sufficiently good; nor of brass—that would not do—*but of iron. Iron, therefore*, is the most precious metal! *and this watch is an emblem* of society. Its hands and figures,

which tell the hour, resemble the master-spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed. Its useless but sparkling sapphires, rubies, topazes, and embellishments are the aristocracy. Its works of brass are the middle class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master-spirits of the age are moved; and its steel mainspring, shut up in a box, always at work, but never thought of except when it is disorderly, broken, or wants winding up, is the labouring class, which, like the mainspring, we wind up by the payment of wages. Yes: the labouring classes, though constantly at work, are absolutely necessary to the movements of society, as the iron mainspring is to the gold watch; and yet are little thought of, except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

DISCOVERY OF THE TELESCOPE.

This discovery was made towards the close of the sixteenth century. But it was some years before it attracted much public notice. At length Galileo, the famous astronomer, who was sent to prison by the priests for affirming that the world went round the sun, took up the invention and improved it; and now our telescopes are enormous and of vast power, revealing wonderful scenes on the surface of the moon and other objects in the heavens.

The telescope has justly been termed "a divine gift which God gave to man." Accident—in as far as such great discoveries can ever be ascribed to so vague an origin—led to the invention of this wonderful instrument, by means of which man has scaled the heavens, soared through the measureless abyss of space, and penetrated into the secrets of the universe, which before were but a mystery and a fable, on which he gazed with vain presumption or childish wonder. The son of one Jansen, a spectacle-maker, of Middleburg, in Holland, happening to amuse himself in his father's shop, by holding two glasses between his finger and his thumb, and varying their distances, perceived the weathercock of the neighbouring church-spire much larger than usual, and apparently much nearer, and turned upside down. Delighted with his discovery, the youth ran and informed his father of it, who was no less amazed and gratified at it than his son. He adjusted two glasses on a board, rendering them moveable at pleasure; and thus formed the first rude imitation of a perspective glass, by which distant objects are brought nearer to view.

Hints.

Leisure Hours.—Have you any? If you have, use them in doing good. They are given for that purpose, and if you waste them you will have to give account of them.

Pride will not grow in the heart of that man who is more sensible of his own imperfections than the imperfections of others.

Bad Thoughts quickly ripen into bad actions. Good thoughts are of slower growth, but they bear good fruit.

A PERSON IN DISTRESS is more sensible of grief than joy. Hence it is that those who have not suffered affliction have little sympathy for those who are in distress.

MANY A GOOD THING, especially our health, is never estimated at its full value until we have lost it.

HOPE is the great inspirer of humanity. It excites to diligence, and often ensures success. Take it away, and we should hang down our hands and sink into despair.

A PERPETUAL GRUMBLER, that is always complaining while he lives, is taking a sure way of making himself unlamented when he dies.

POVERTY WITH PEACE is, after all, better far than riches with contention. Many a rich man has wished he had less, if he could but have peace.

Gems.

THE SOUL OF MAN can never cease to be. It will live whether we wish it or not. It must live, for it is in its nature immortal.

OUR EVERLASTING ABODE should often occupy our thoughts. The heaviest curse of hell will be its endlessness of woe, and the crowning joy of heaven its perpetuity of bliss.

THE GREAT SEAL OF ETERNITY stamps the value of the soul of man. That seal is never impressed on any other creature on earth but man, made in the image of God.

HOW AWFUL FOR ANY SOUL, when leaving the body, to feel itself in a lost condition; like a member of parliament and an orator, some years ago, who, on his dying bed, kept crying out, "Lost! Lost! my soul is lost for ever."

MEN OFTEN SELL THEIR SOULS; and for what? Alas! too many, like Esau, for "a mess of pottage;" or, like Judas, for "thirty pieces of silver;" or even for things of less value. And yet that soul is worth more than the world. What a fool's bargain!

NO MAN NEED LOSE HIS SOUL. The mission of the Son of God, when he visited our world, was to save souls from death, and hide a multitude of sins. Try him; and you will find that he will both forgive and save you. There is no other Saviour.

Poetic Selections.

BE NOT ANXIOUS.

WHY be anxious for the morrow,
  Furrowing deep thy brow with care;
Why thus fill thy soul with sorrow,—
  Sorrow more than thou canst bear?

Learn a lesson from the lilies,
  From each flower the meadow yields,
Spreading beauty through the valleys,
  Shedding fragrance through the fields.

Though with care they grow not hoary,
  Passing life in peace and ease;
Solomon, in all his glory,
  Was not clothed like one of these.

If, then, God thus care for flowers,
  Fading in one summer's day,
Sending on them grateful showers,
  Though they pass so soon away:

Oh, ye christians, weak and fearful!
  Cares He not much more for you?
Need you, then, for aught be careful,
  Knowing, well, that he is true?

Horton, College. J. D.

THE EVENING.

THE gathering shades of night
  Compose our thoughts to prayer;
We feel a calm delight
  Breathe in the evening air,
And the departing light
  Calls off our thoughts to prayer.

The sun goes down the west,
  Yet glory lingers there
That points us to the blest,
  Who dwell in regions fair,
Till we long to be at rest,
  And mingle with them there.

Still let us with delight
  Breathe here the vital air;
Heaven is almost in sight
  When we can breathe a prayer:
The spirit knows no night,
  For God is everywhere.

The Children's Corner.

CHASING THE BUTTERFLY.

Boys and girls are very fond of running after butterflies. We wish we could persuade them not to do so; and we will tell you why. It is very often labour in vain. They wont let you catch them. Henry has been running after that I dont know how long, and he cannot catch it. And then if he should, it is such a very tender and delicate creature that it will almost be sure to die in his hands. He had better stop and say:—

"Poor harmless insect! fly away,
And life's short hour enjoy!
'Tis all thou hast, and why should I
That little all destroy?

Why should my tyrant will suspend
A life by wisdom given;
Or sooner bid thy being end,
Than e'er was meant by Heaven?

Lost to the joy which reason knows,
Thy wings, so fair and frail,
Love best to wander where the rose
Perfumes the summer gale.

To bask upon the sunny bed,
The damask rose to kiss:
To rove along the garden-walk,
Is all *thy* little bliss.

Then flutter on through summer's hours,
Nor care nor grief be thine,
But rest thee on our prettiest flowers,
Like them awhile to shine!"

THE PIOUS FATHER.

It could be easily shown that he who disbelieves Christianity and persuades others to disbelieve its divine revelations from God to man,—so full of mercy, goodness, and love—is an enemy not only of his fellowmen, but of society at large. For, apart from the truth or falsehood of Christianity, it is admitted by its greatest foes to be not only conducive in the highest degree to the best interests of society, but to individual happiness. Bolingbroke, Hume, and many other deists or atheists of note, have volunteered their testimony to the beneficial influence, even in this life, of the religion of Jesus. Taking the unbeliever, therefore, on his own showing—availing ourselves of his ample and candid admission, that Christianity is most intimately interwoven with the well-being of society, and the happiness of individuals,—does he not prove himself the enemy of both, when he embarks in the unholy enterprise of doing all he can to destroy the belief of his fellow-men in the divine origin of the Christian system? Genuine benevolence would dictate a directly opposite course. Even did the religion of Jesus only possess the negative merit of being harmless to society, and not detrimental to the individual himself, the infidel would not be able to offer any justification of his conduct in seeking to unhinge the Christian's faith. He would subject himself to the imputation of mischievously disturbing the peace of those who had reposed their faith in the truth of the scriptures, and who regarded those scriptures as containing a special revelation of the mind and will of heaven. How then shall we sufficiently denounce the wretched taste, and the unredeemed heartlessness of the man, who comes deliberately forward to attempt to rob the christian, amid all the disquieting and distressing circumstances of life, of that which sheds abroad in his own bosom an ineffable bliss, and contributes in so material a measure to the happiness of society at large?

If there could be a doubt or a diversity of opinion, as to whether or not the piety of the New Testament is conducive to human happiness, the point could be instantly and conclusively set at rest by an appeal to facts. All that would be needed in the supposed case, would simply be to ask the man who had been converted to christianity in advanced life, whether he felt most happy before or after his conversion to God.

Or, were *it possible that* the force of prejudice and of *hostility to the religion of Jesus*, could obtain so firm a hold

on the depraved mind of man, as to create a suspicion in any breast against the honesty of the testimony given by christians, to its beneficial effects on him who has submitted to its authority and felt its power,—were, we say, this possible, we would refer such a person to the statements made on a dying bed by those who had once been under the influence of christian principle, but had abandoned themselves again to the ways of the world. Every such person who has, in his dying moments, left any record as to the comparative happiness of a religious and irreligious life, has spoken in the most impressive unequivocal manner, in favour of religion. And surely no one will pretend to question the truth of testimony given under circumstances of such awful solemnity, as those which surround the expiring moments of a fellow-creature.

Wisdom's ways are, indeed, ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Gospel piety is, indeed, profitable unto all things; not merely to those things which relate to the world to come, but to those also which immediately relate to that which now is. We have often thought, that could the men of the world be sensible of the temporal advantages of real religion, they would seek to live a pious life, if it were only from a selfish desire to enjoy its blessings.

But perhaps of all the periods of pure, we had almost said perfect bliss, which the believer in Jesus is privileged to enjoy on this side the tomb, there is none, with the single exception of that in which, when in his own closet, he shuts out the world, and is alone with the Saviour whom he worships,—that can be compared with the period in which, in his capacity as the head of a family, he assembles around him those over whom he possesses controul, and conducts their devotions. Independently of its religious interest, there is something singularly impressive and poetical in seeing a venerable man summoning to his presence his family and domestics, and after solemnly reading a portion of the Divine word, all falling down on their knees, and in that attitude of becoming humility and reverence, offering up their united devotion to Him in whom we not only live and move and have our being, but who has so loved us as to give his own Son to die for our sins.

Perhaps there is not in the wide range of either poetry or prose, a more truthful or graphic picture of a pious father conducting the devotions of his family, than is given in Burn's "Cottar's Saturday Night." Alas! that one who could so

write, but above all, so *feel* as he must have done who penned the following lines, should have lived—we pronounce no opinion as to the state in which he died—a stranger to the power of Divine grace!

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His laggart haffets wearin' thin and bare,
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide
He wales a portion wi' judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God,' he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they wi' our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abraham was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amelek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tuned the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
'Hope springs exulting on triumphing wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmate poor enrol.

Such scenes as are here so beautifully and touchingly pourtrayed, are quite common in the land of Burns. In many districts, indeed, there is hardly a cottage to be found, in which the voice of family praise and prayer does not, morning and evening, ascend to the Most High. How beautiful!

Poetry.

THE PILGRIM AND HIS CROSS.

SHALL Simon bear his cross alone,
And all the rest go free?
No! there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross *for me!*

The cross the Christian must sustain,
Whate'er the cross may be;
If thou expect with Christ to reign,
Then there's a cross *for thee.*

My Lord and Master bore the cross,
Was nailed unto the tree;
Shall I disdain and count it loss,
Since there's a crown *for me?*

My consecrated cross I'll bear;
Till from that cross set free,
I will go on my crown to wear,
Since there's a crown *for me.*

Farewell, poor sinner, O farewell,
From sin and satan flee;
Fly unto Christ—escape from hell,
And there's a crown *for thee.*

But if thou dost refuse the grace
Which for mankind is free,
Thou wilt not see the Saviour's face,
And there's no crown for thee!

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE PREACHING TINKER.—During the Commonwealth a student of Cambridge observing a multitude flock to a village church on a working day, inquired what was the cause. On being informed that one Bunyan, a tinker, was to preach there, he gave a boy a few halfpence to hold his horse, resolved, as he said, to hear the tinker prate. The tinker prated to such effect, that, for some time, the scholar wished to hear no other preacher; and through his future life gave proofs of the advantages he had received from the humble ministry of the author of the Pilgrim's Progress. Bunyan, with great zeal, preached throughout the country, and formed the greater part of the baptist churches in Bedfordshire; until, on the Restoration, he was thrown into prison, where he remained twelve years. During his confinement, he preached to all to whom he could gain access; and when liberty was offered to him, on condition of promising to abstain from preaching, he constantly replied, "If you let me out to-day, I shall preach again to-morrow." Bunyan, on being liberated, became pastor of a church at Bedford; and when the kingdom enjoyed a portion of religious liberty, he enlarged the sphere of his usefulness, by preaching every year in London, where he excited great attention. On one day's notice, such multitudes would assemble, that the places of worship could not hold them. "At a lecture at seven o'clock, in the dark mornings of winter," says one of Bunyan's contemporaries, "I have seen about twelve hundred; and I computed about three thousand that came to hear him on a Lord's-day, so that one-half of them were obliged to return for want of room."

THE DEATH OF A WORLDLING is, of all spectacles, the most melancholy. To be awakened, during a last sickness, to the painful conviction that the world is rapidly receding, and that a final separation from it is at hand; while there is no accompanying hope that a brighter and happier existence awaits the departing spirit, is at once the fullest and most painful comment on "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul!" We have seen the unconverted sinner endeavouring to cheat death by shutting his eyes against its approach, and beguile himself by talking of his plans on his recovery; and we have heard of others whose amusement, at such a time, was to count their money; but how terrible the reality, nevertheless. A case suggests these thoughts. Madame Richel, the celebrated tragedian, who was the idol of the French theatre, intoxicated by applause, and enriched by a princely revenue, was startled by the approach of death. How eagerly did she endeavour to evade it! how imploringly did she ask for an antidote, and yet in vain! At length the conviction was brought

home to her, in all its fearfulness, that she *must* die. What did she do? Did she acknowledge the vanity of her pursuits, and as a penitent, fall at the foot of the cross, and plead for mercy? No. She called for her beloved jewelry, with which she had so often adorned her person, and gazing at it fondly, and casting upon it a long, last, lingering look, she exclaimed, "Must I then abandon all!" Such has been, and ever will be, the sad experience of the mere worldling.

Early Triumphs of the Gospel.—Never did the power of Jesus Christ appear more, than when he first subdued earthly powers, and triumphed over them by the preaching of the cross. Sinners, tax-gatherers, tent-makers, ignorant and illiterate men, without literature, without arms, without power, without intrigue, without human help, without philosophy, without eloquence; contemptible persecuted people, in one word, earthen vessels triumphed over the whole world. Idols fell; temples were demolished; oracles struck dumb; the reign of satan abolished; the strongest inclinations of nature diverted from their course; ancient habits changed; old superstitions annihilated; all the devil's charms, wherewith he had stupified mankind, were dissolved; multitudes flocked to adore Jesus Christ; the great and the small, the learned and the ignorant, kings and subjects, whole provinces, presented themselves at the foot of the cross, and every thought was captivated to the obedience of Christ: it is not enough to say, "This is the finger of God:" we must rather exclaim, "This is the outstretched arm of the Lord."

Making Sermons.—"I wonder you ministers don't make better sermons; I am tired of your dull, prosy affairs," said a fast-talking lady one day to a preacher. "But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to make good sermons," said the minister. "True," rejoined the lady, "but you are so long about it; I could make one in half the time, if I only had the text." "Oh, if a text is all you want," said the preacher, "I will furnish that. Take this, from Solomon:—'It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house.'" "Do you mean *me*, sir?" inquired the lady, quickly. "Oh, my good woman," was the sober response, "you will never make a good sermonizer; you are too quick with the *application*."

A Pious Old Man sinking gently into the arms of death, supported by filial affection, and animated by religious hope, excites a serious yet not unpleasing sensation. When the gay and busy scenes of life are past, and the years advance which have no pleasure in them, what is left for age to wish, but that its infirmities may be soothed by the watchful solicitude of tenderness, and its darkness cheered by a ray of that love "which cometh from above?" To such persons, life, even its last stage, is still agreeable, when cheered by faith in the Redeemer of the world.

MARTIN LUTHER'S LAST WILL AND PRAYER.—O Lord God, I thank thee that thou wouldest have me to be poor, and a beggar upon the earth. I have no house, land, possessions, or money to leave. Thou hast given me a wife and children: to thee I return them: nourish, teach, and save them, as hitherto thou hast me, oh Father of the fatherless, and Judge of the widow. Oh, my heavenly Father, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God of all consolations, I thank thee that thou hast revealed thy Son Jesus Christ in me, on whom I have believed, whom I have professed, whom I have loved, whom I have celebrated; whom the Bishop of Rome, and all the multitude do persecute with reproach. I pray thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, remember me for good. Amen.

HAYNES, THE NEGRO PREACHER.—Some time after the publication of his sermon on the text, "Thou shalt not surely die," two reckless young men having agreed together to try his wit, one of them said, "Father Haynes, have you heard the good news?" "No," said Mr. Haynes, "what is it?" "It is great news," said the other, "and if true, your business is done." "What is it?" again inquired Mr. Haynes. "Why," said the first, "the devil is dead." In a moment, the old preacher replied, lifting up both his hands and placing them on the heads of the young men, in a tone of solemn concern, "Oh, poor fatherless children! what will become of you?"

A WIFE'S SMILE.—A woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like—What?

PRICE OF A BIBLE.—In the reign of Edward I. the price of a fair written Bible was £37. The hire of a labourer was three halfpence a day; the purchase of a copy would, of course, have taken the earnings of above fifteen years and three months.

The Fireside.

THE LATE REV. JOHN RYLAND, OF NORTHAMPTON,

Being on a journey, was overtaken by a violent storm, and compelled to take shelter in the first inn he came to. The people of the house treated him with great kindness and hospitality, and would fain have shown him into the parlour: but being very wet and cold, he begged permission rather to take a seat by the fireside with the family. The good old man was friendly, cheerful, and well stored

with entertaining anecdotes, and the family did their utmost to make him comfortable: they all supped together, and both the residents and the guest seemed mutually pleased with each other. At length, when the house was cleared, and the hour of rest approached, the stranger appeared uneasy, and looked up every time the door opened, as if expecting the appearance of something essential to his comfort. His host informed him that his chamber was prepared whenever he chose to retire. "But," said he, "you have not had your family together." "Had my family together! for what purpose? I don't know what you mean," said the landlord. "To read the Scriptures, and to pray with them," replied the guest: "surely you do not retire to rest without." The landlord confessed that he had never thought of doing such a thing. "Then, sir," said Mr. R., "I must beg you to order my horse immediately." The landlord and family entreated him not to expose himself to the inclemency of the weather at that late hour of the night, observing that the storm was as violent as when he first came in. "May be so," replied Mr. R., "but I would rather brave the storm than venture to sleep in a house where there is no prayer. Who can tell what may befall us before morning? No, sir, I dare not stay." The landlord still remonstrated, and expressing great regret that he should offend so agreeable a gentleman; at last said, he should have no objection to "call his family together," but he should not know what to do when they came. Mr. R. then proposed to conduct family worship, to which all readily consented. The members of the family were immediately assembled, and then Mr. R. called for a bible; but no such book could be produced. However, he was enabled to supply the deficiency, as he always carried a small Testament in his pocket. He read a portion of scripture, and then prayed with much fervour and solemnity, especially acknowledging the preserving goodness of God, that none present had been struck dead by the storm, and imploring protection through the night. He earnestly prayed that the attention of all might be awakened to the things belonging to their everlasting peace, and that the family might never again meet in the morning, or separate at night, without prayer. When he rose from his knees, almost every individual present was weeping, and the inquiry was awakened in several hearts—"Sir, what must we do to be saved?" Much interesting and profitable conversation ensued. The following morning, Mr. R. again conducted family worship, and obtained from the landlord a promise, that, however feebly performed, it should not in future be omitted. This day was indeed the beginning of good days to that family; most of the members thereof, if not all, became decided and devoted followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and were the means of diffusing a knowledge of the gospel in a neighbourhood which had before been proverbially dark and destitute.

The Penny Post Box.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

The following lines were written by an American lady, a member of the Society of Friends. We are told that the poem was found in the cottage of a tippling gardener, in the United States, and that it had not only "won him from the noisy tap-room to his own domestic hearth," but that its distribution did real good, for the argument was understood, and went home to the heart of every tippling American who either heard or read it. May it do like good in England!

You took me, William, when a girl, unto your home and heart,
To bear, in all your after days, a fond and faithful part;
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or found that there was joy for me when you were sunk in woe?
No; I would rather share *your* tears than any other's glee;
For though you're nothing to the world, YOU'RE ALL THE WORLD TO ME.
You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a throne,
There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in your tone.
I look upon you in your sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim,
I cry, "Oh Parent of the poor, look down from heaven on him;
Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul;
O look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make him whole!"
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smil'd,
How oft are they forbid to close in slumber by our child.
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.
There's one return I crave, I may not need it long,
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong.
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind:
I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind:
I ask not for attire more gay—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee; for more I murmur not.
But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs bestow;
Of knowledge which you prize so much might I not something know?
Subtract from meetings amongst men each eve an hour for me,
Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.
If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think when you're away,
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of your stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be, for e'en your studious hours,
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers;
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind,
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ABOUT SURNAMES.

First, let us explain that the Surname is the family name—that is, the last name we bear. Not the given name, or as some call it—the christian name.

After the last census, the surnames were all counted, and found to number—how many think you? Why, about 35,000.

The name of Smith stands at the head of the poll. Jones, chiefly from Wales, follows close on the heels of Smith; Williams, partly Welsh, comes next.

After these three come Taylor, Davies, Brown, Thomas, Evans, Roberts, and Johnson, as the most common. As to the rest of the surnames, some are very curious indeed. We can only mention that sacred Scripture, as might be supposed, has suggested several names, although the selection is peculiar enough. Angel and Demon stand in contrast. Eve makes her entry, and, under her protection, her scapegrace first-born, Cain. Noah—the hale old man, "orphan of the old world, and father of the new"—is here; but whence comes Balaam, and stranger still, Dives and Pharisee? As much out of place in another direction are Calvary and Pentecost. Heaven and Heavens, Saint and Sanctuary, Priest and Prophet, with Christian itself, have clearly a Biblical origin; but to a later source we must refer Pagan, with Lent and Christmas. Church, with its compound Churchward, and less agreeable companion Churchyard, belong to a similar period; as do Abbot (not mentioned in this list) and Prior. There can be no doubt where Surplice, Spires, and Steeple come from.

Hints.

Every Person has some gift from God peculiar to himself, and however small it may be, would be a blessing to himself and to others if rightly made us of.

Real Gratitude strikes its roots deep. It has more to do with the heart than the head. Hence it has been called—"The *memory* of the *heart*."

Every Man is great as a man; for he who possesses the divine powers of a soul is a great being, let his position in society be what it may. So let every man respect himself.

The Faculty of Seeing is one of the most delightful of our senses, filling the mind with the largest variety of ideas, and continuing the longest in action without being wearied. But the objects we see here are not always pleasant: they will be in heaven.

Books.—We should do with books as bees do with flowers; gather sweets from them, and hive them up for future use.

A Good Conscience is to the soul what health is to the body. It preserves it in serenity and peace, and sustains it in its struggles with adversity or affliction. Keep it at any cost.

The Art of Good Conversation consists in hearing as well as talking—in drawing out the thoughts of others as well as uttering your own. The man who will do all the talking is only doing it to display himself, like a fop in his finery.

The Covetous Person lives as if the world were made for him, and not he for the world. He would fain take in all he can get anyhow, and give back nothing. The world would be worse than it is if all were like him.

Gems.

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.—If one could but look through the chinks of heaven's door and see its glories, and lay down one's ears and listen to its songs of praise, all the sights and sounds of earth would be nothing in comparison.

A RELIGIOUS HYPOCRITE is an arrant thief, who steals the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in.

GRIEF FOR SIN often lies too deep for eye-tears. It is a wound in the heart, which would bleed to death, if the hand of the great Physician did not apply his own blood to staunch the wound.

ETERNITY.—None can comprehend eternity but God. He inhabiteth eternity and filleth it. To us, it will always be an ocean without a bottom or a shore. The great question for us is—Where shall we spend it?

FALSEHOOD is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth. This is one of the devil's tricks—the foul fiend can quote Scripture.

THE BIBLE will be to you what you are to it. Skim over its surface and you will get no good. Dig deep and you will find it full of precious ore, which will make you rich for ever!

THE DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN is the breaking in of the light of eternity upon the darkness of time.

FORGIVENESS.—He that forgiveth not his brother his trespasses breaks down the bridge over which he will have to pass himself. The measure of forgiveness to us will be that we measure out to others. So Christ has taught us.

THE GREAT QUESTION is "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" If not, why not? Give an honest answer. Where canst thou find a Saviour like him? Look around and see. But be quick. Thy soul is in danger, and death may be at thy door. Now, now, now, even now, this moment, put thy trust in him alone, and be saved.

Poetic Selections.

HAPPY DAY! HAPPY DAY!

Sweet is the sabbath day of rest;
Happy day!
Day so welcome and so blest;
Happy day;
Sweet songs of Zion rise to-day,
And christians meet to praise and pray,
And press along the good old way.
Happy day! happy day!

Now from worldly toil set free,
Happy day!
Spared each others face to see,
Happy day!
Now to Christ our Saviour King
Loud thanksgivings we will sing,
For the good our sabbaths bring;
Happy day! happy day!

Hail, blessed day, thy hours we love;
Happy day!
Type on earth of rest above;
Happy day!
With joy thy sacred hours we greet,
When we together gladly meet,
And hold with Christ communion sweet,
Happy day! happy day!

Then sing we will with heart and voice;
Happy day!
Sing on, and in God's love rejoice;
Happy day!
Precious boon that Heaven bestows;
Balm to soothe our many woes,
We will love thee till life's close;
Happy day! happy day!

May we prize thy golden hours;
Happy day!
Improving them with all our powers.
Happy day!
Then, when earthly sabbaths o'er,
We have gained the heavenly shore,
We will sing for ever more!
Happy day! happy day!

Birmingham. R. C.

The Children's Corner.

THE TIDY GIRL.

Who is it each day in the week may be seen,
With her hair neat and smooth, and her hands and face clean;
In a stout cotton gown, of dark and light blue,
Though old, so well mended, you'd take it for new;
Her handkerchief tidily pinn'd o'er her neck,
With a neat little cap, and an apron of check;
No great flouncing border, no ragged old lace,
But an hem neatly plaited, sits close round her face;
Her top coat of stuff, and an under of serge,
Without one hole or rip, either little or large;
Her shoes and her stockings all sound and all clean,
She's never fine outside, and dirty within.
Go, visit her cottage, though humble and poor,
'Tis so neat and so clean, you might eat off the floor;
No rubbish, no cobwebs, no dirt could be found,
Though you hunt every corner, and search all around.
Who sweeps it so nicely, who makes all the bread,
Who tends her sick mother, and works by her bed?
'Tis the neat tidy girl, who deserves the good name,
For out or at home, she is always the same.

THE FOUNDRYMAN.

"I WISH the temperance people would get my man, Thomas Drew, to take the pledge," said a Gentleman who owned an iron foundry.

"And so do I," said the Foreman of the works in reply. "It would be something in his pocket, and save me a good deal of trouble—to say nothing of the great comfort it would prove to his wife and family."

Now, this Thomas Drew was a mechanic, and a first-rate hand in the department in which he worked. However, like too many other clever hands, he was given to tippling. If he liked, he could easily earn his two or three pounds a-week, but as it was, he generally took no more than twenty or twenty-five shillings on Saturday night. Does the reader ask, How was this? It was because he seldom got to work before Wednesday morning. Saturday night, as much of Sunday as the law would allow, and parts of Monday and Tuesday, he was in a public-house, spending his evenings, and thus keeping his wife and family destitute of the necessaries and comforts of life. After such a carousal, even when he did begin to work, he could not do much until the following day. Even on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, he could not put forth efficiently all his mental and physical energies, because he lacked a proper supply of necessary food. If he had done so, thirty shillings or more would have been forthcoming on pay-night.

On account of Thomas Drew's unsteady ways, the master and foreman of the foundry had frequently taked about discharging him. Matters which wanted attention on Monday morning could not be attended to until Wednesday, and of course this was very annoying to the employer. The master's threats would have been put into execution, if Thomas had not been a superior workman. But as he excelled in a certain department, and as his equal in skill could not be met with, he was retained time after time. Ofttimes did the master give him good counsel respecting his evil ways: and ofttimes did the master request him to attend temperance meetings.

It was on seeing a Temperance Meeting announced, that the conversation with which we commenced this paper took place. Whether the temperance people made any special effort

to get hold of Thomas we cannot say. However, this we can say, that the foreman determined to be unremitting in his endeavours to reclaim the inebriate. And, moreover, we rejoice to say he was successful, as we shall presently see.

The foreman was a truly christian man. Whilst he approved of and seconded the moral counsels of the master, he went further, and testified repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Whilst he rejoiced in the efforts of temperance societies, and in the good they were doing, he knew that nothing short of that holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord, could effect a radical cure in any man's heart. Hence he pressed upon Thomas the claims of christianity. He spoke to him of the love of God in the gift of his only begotten Son. He pointed him to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. He spoke to him of the Holy Spirit which had been given to reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come. He begged him to mark, learn, and inwardly digest the contents of that Volume which is profitable for reproof, consolation, admonition, and instruction in righteousness.

But the foreman's labours did not end in talking. He practised as well as exhorted. He did good as well as talked to Thomas. One Saturday, when he was paying the men their wages, Thomas's turn came as usual. On reckoning with him, he found that it was an unusually bad week for him. "Well, how is this, Thomas," said the foreman, "that you have only fourteen shillings coming to you this week?"

"I did'nt get to work till Thursday, and all the time I have been at it I have felt quite unfit for it," replied Thomas.

"Through your drinking at the beginning of the week," said the foreman.

"Suppose that is it," Thomas added. "All day on Wednesday I was in bed, tormented in body and soul. I should'nt have come to work at all this week, but could'nt bear to be in bed with myself, and I had no comfort at home."

"Ah, Thomas," said the foreman, "you have long found out that the way of transgressors is hard. How is it you do not cease to do evil, and learn to do well? You just go and sit down by the fire, and when I have settled with them all I shall want to have a little talk with you."

In the course of a few minutes the men were all paid. The foreman then spent a few minutes more in making proper en-

tries in the books; then he closed them for the week, and locked them up. Thomas was now told to come into the counting-house. When he and the foreman were alone, the latter expressed himself in the following manner:—

"Now, Thomas," he said, "I have a proposition or two to make to you. You are poorly, and want nursing. On account of your evil ways you have but little at home that will prove to your comfort. Your poor wife would, no doubt, do what she could, but she has not the means, for you have destroyed or pawned nearly every comfortable piece of furniture. Now, what I have to propose is, that you let me take or send these fourteen shillings to your wife, and you come along to my house, and be there until Monday morning. My wife and the servant will do their best to nurse you up, and by Monday morning I think they will be able to get you round again. Are you agreeable?"

Thomas was overwhelmed with this kind offer of the foreman. He felt himself too poorly, and he knew that his own home would afford him but few of the comforts that were required to repair his wasted and deranged energies, so he at once complied with the kind offer. Soon after, he and his friend were seen walking towards the residence of the latter.

When the foreman had conducted him to his own home, he went to Thomas's wife and delivered the fourteen shillings, and told her all about it. Although it was a small sum in comparison to what her husband could earn, yet it was very much more than what she had received of his wages for many a month. She was glad enough to receive the money, for she sadly wanted it for her own necessities and the necessities of her children; but she was more pleased still to hear of the foreman's kindness to her husband, and thanked him with tears in her eyes.

Mr. Bonning, for that was the foreman's name, returned home and took tea. Thomas also took tea, and ate a little, and afterwards felt refreshed. Early in the evening a warm bath was prepared for him, and after using it he went to bed. And what a bed it was—so clean, so comfortable, and forming quite a contrast to his own miserable bed-clothes and bed-room. Then there was clean and comfortable wearing linen also found him—linen which Mr. Bonning himself was accustomed to wear. Indeed, everything was very superior to anything that Thomas had been used to. Yet, for all this, the foreman's salary was not so very much more than Thomas's would have been had

he been diligent in the performance of his duties. Oh, no; but the difference in the two consisted in this—one had a regard for godliness, which has the promise of the life which now is, as well as of the life which is to come, and the other had not. Herein we discern the difference between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not. How we see that religion is the best for both worlds!

Next morning Mr. Bonning and his family attended public worship, and in the evening he induced Thomas to accompany him there, when Mr. Bonning put him in his own pew. The sermon was founded upon these words,—"Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." The nature and effects of true repentance, and the influences and consequences of impenitence, were the topics mainly touched on by the minister. The truth came with power to the soul of the poor inebriate. It drew tears from his eyes, and he felt like one condemned. He knew that what the minister said was right, and therefore he knew that he was wrong. He sorrowed after a godly sort. That night angels in heaven rejoiced over the repentant sinner!

The next morning Thomas Drew went to the foundry at the usual time. For the first time he had made his appearance there on Monday for a long, very long period: it was noticed by all as something very unusual. The master complimented the foreman upon the success which had attended his benevolent efforts, and hoped it would prove the beginning of better days. Although his confidence in the matter was not very strong, for he knew not the power of God which had been exerted on his servant's mind.

Thomas returned to his own home in the evening. His anticipations respecting it were not very sanguine. He knew it would afford a strong contrast to the home which he had enjoyed since Saturday afternoon. However, he was in a measure pleasingly disappointed. It is true that, so far as the furniture was concerned, it was just as he had expected. But it is likewise true that there was quite a comfortable supply of plain but substantial food; there was enough and to spare. His wife had laid out part of the fourteen shillings to the best advantage in food, but she had done her best in the preparation of it. Thomas was really surprised how far a little money would go if properly expended in making one comfortable. He had no idea of the matter before. Almost weekly he had squandered a pound in strong drink, a pound which, if it had

been properly expended, would have amazingly contributed to his comfort, but which, as he had spent it, made him miserable and lazy, his home comfortless, and his wife and children haggard and wretched.

After he had partaken of the evening meal, he asked his wife whether she had a Bible in the house. "No," she replied, "but I can borrow one." "If I had the money I would buy one," he said, "for they are to be had for tenpence a-piece." "Oh," his wife replied, "I have four or five shillings of the money Mr. Bonning gave me on Saturday night;" and she put the money into his hand. Without hesitation Thomas went to the bible depot, and bought one. He returned, and when his wife was ready, she and some of the elder children sat down, and he read three or four chapters aloud out of one of the gospels. Afterwards they all knelt down, and the father and husband prayed. Though the sentences of that prayer were broken, and many of them inarticulate, yet it was such that it was acceptable to God.

Again, the next morning, Thomas was at his work. Again, the next Sunday, he was found in the sanctuary. Again, the next Monday morning he was in his place. And so it continued. Old things passed away, behold all things became new! The fondest hopes of Mr. Bonning were realised. The master was glad of the change, although he knew not whence it came. The other mechanics were compelled to admit that Thomas had become a very different man. After a while he found peace through the blood of the Lamb. He progressed in wisdom's ways. He experienced the advantages of true piety, and before long he witnessed the good confession before many witnesses.

Where is Thomas Drew now? He is still at the foundry. He still retains the pre-eminence as a mechanic in his own department, and generally takes his three pounds a-week. He now has a residence worthy of the name of a home, and equal in comfort to what Mr. Bonning's was, when that gentleman took him to his own home and nursed him. The best of it too is, he can now call it his own, because with his savings he purchased it. On Sundays he goes up to the house of God with his wife and family. He is a teacher in the Sunday school, and during the time not so employed, he is diligent at home in training his own children in wisdom's ways. His own works praise him, and he is respected by all who know him.

Reader, the religion of Jesus, which was the salvation of Thomas Drew may also save you. It has a regard not only for the souls of men, but for their bodies. Its mission is to man,—to man as he is, body, soul, and spirit. Like its great Author, it is perpetually going about doing good. In its march it scatters on every hand the seeds of domestic comfort, and true political elevation, and real and permanent civilization and refinement. Examine its claims, become acquainted with its facts, precepts, doctrines, promises, and results. Submit yourselves to its liberal, genial, and loving influences, and it will produce those pleasing fruits in you, and for you, that it did in this mechanic, and, like him, you will be in possession of the pearl of great price, which you will find of priceless value, both now, henceforth, and for ever!

Poetry.

QUESTIONS FOR THE INTEMPERATE.

CAN you, my friend, once bear to think
That you were only made to drink,
Just like the beast whose spirit dies,
And has no hope beyond the skies?

Can drowsy drink for you procure
Joys that shall evermore endure?
Wast thou not born above the swine,
And wilt thou make their pleasures thine?

Are you not made for nobler things?
Made to ascend on angel's wings?
Why will you then indulge in waste,
And grieve your God to please your taste.

The grace of God which brings salvation
To men of every age and nation,
Calls you by temperance, truth, and love,
To seek far better things above.

Break off your sins by righteousness
And seek the Saviour's wondrous grace.
He died that you through Him might rise
To dwell with God above the skies.

His precious blood for you was spilt,
To save your soul from sin and guilt.
His blood can cleanse out every stain,
And fit your soul with Him to reign.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE PARTING HOUR.—The hour is coming, and it is a fearful l solemn hour, even to the wisest and the best, the hour is ning, when we must bid adieu to the scenes which please us, to ; families we love, to the friends we esteem. Whether we think whether we think not, that body which is now warm and active th life, shall be cold and motionless in death, the countenance ist be pale, the eye must be closed, the voice must be silenced, ; senses must be destroyed, the whole appearance must be anged by the remorseless hand of our last enemy. We may nish the remembrance of the weakness of our human nature, we ıy tremble at the prospect of dissolution; but our reluctance to lect upon it, and our attempts to drive it from our recollection, ; in vain. We know that we are sentenced to die, and though ; sometimes succeed in casting off for a season the conviction of is unwelcome truth, we never can entirely remove it. The rection haunts us still, it haunts us in solitude, it follows us into ciety, it lies down with us at night, it awakens with us at morng. The irrevocable doom has passed upon us, and too well do ; know it, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." eing these things are so, *and no man can deny them*, ought not ery man to be in readiness for the great change which will pass on him when life's last hour shall come? But how? There is ly one way. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt saved."

LOOKING FROM SELF TO CHRIST.—Legh Richmond was greatly essed in having a pious mother, from whom he seems to have herited much of that sweetness of temper, which, enriched by avenly grace, made his character so eminently beautiful. But all at he owed to her he richly repaid. When, in after life, she was bject now and then to doubts and fears, he wrote to her:—"The liever is never more happy nor secure than when at the same oment he feels his own vileness, he feels also his Saviour's excelnce.

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me,"

the burden of his song. You look at yourself too much, and at e infinite price paid for you too little. For conviction of sin it true, you may look at your own heart; but for comfort in your aviour alone. Thus the wounded Israelites were to look only at e brazen serpent for recovery. The graces of the Spirit, such as ve, patience, goodness, and faith, are good things for *others* to dge us by. But it is Christ believed in, rested upon, loved and llowed, that will speak peace to ourselves. By looking unto Him

we shall grow holy; and the more holy we grow, the more we shall mourn over sin, and be sensible how very short we come of what we yet desire to be. None are so holy as those who mourn they are not so. Rely simply as a worthless sinner on the Saviour, and the blessings of pardon, acceptance, and adoption are yours."

THE BIBLE, A STUDY FOR LIFE.—Unbelievers, generally speaking, know nothing of the bible. Mere professors of religion know but little more of it. Even christians know but in part, and might know much more than they do. It demands all our attention. It is the study of a life. The simple Christian, indeed, may trace out much of its vast theme. His heart assists his understanding. The truth of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ, guides his footsteps. But in the full development of the divine system, there is employment for the noblest powers, and the longest and most diligent research. It is remarkable that even the prophets themselves understood not fully their own utterances. "The prophecy came not by the will of man. They spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." "They inquired and searched diligently what, or what manner of time, the Spirit of Christ that was in them did signify." Let this teach us humility, and stimulate us to diligence in the heavenly science of studying the Divine Word.

THE TRUTH OF THE BIBLE. There are four grand arguments for the truth of the Bible. The first is, the miracles it records. 2. The prophecies it contains. 3. The goodness of the doctrine. 4. The moral character of the writers.

The miracles flow from Divine power, the prophecies from Divine understanding, the excellence of the doctrine from Divine goodness, and the moral character of the writers from Divine purity. Thus Christianity is built upon these four immoveable pillars, the power, the understanding, the goodness, and the purity of God.

The Bible must be the invention either of good men or angels, bad men or devils, or of God.

It could not be the invention of good men or angels, for they neither would nor could make a book, and tell lies all the time they were writing it, saying, "Thus saith the Lord," when it was their own invention.

It could not be the invention of bad men or devils, for they would not make a book, which commands all duty, forbids all sin, and condemns their souls to all eternity. I therefore draw this conclusion: The Bible must be given by inspiration of God. Just as the Book itself says:—"All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

The Fireside.

OUR OWN HOME.

Home enjoyments, home affections, home courtesies, cannot be too carefully or steadily cultivated. They form the sunshine of the heart. They bless and sanctify our private circle. They become a source of calm delight to the man of business after a day of toil; they teach the merchant, the trader, the working man, that there is something purer, more precious, even than the gains of industry. They twine themselves round the heart, call forth its best and purest emotions and resources, enable us to be more virtuous, more upright, more christian, in all the relations of life. We see in the little beings around us elements of gentleness, of truth, and the beauty of fidelity and religion. A day of toil is eased of many of its cares, by the thought that in the evening we may return home, and mingle with the family household. There, at least, our experience teaches us we may find confiding and loving bosoms, those who look up to and lean upon us, and those also to whom we may look for counsel and encouragement. We say to our friends one and all, cultivate the home virtues, the household beauties of existence. Endeavour to make the little circle of domestic life a cheerful, an intelligent, a kindly, and a happy one. Whatever may go wrong in the world of trade, however arduous may be the struggle for existence, let nothing mar the purity of household love, or throw into its harmonious existence the apple of discord. The evenings especially afford many hours for reading, for conversation, the communion of heart and of spirit, and such hours should be devoted as much as possible, not only to mental and moral improvement, but to the cultivation of what may emphatically be termed the *home virtues!*

The Penny Post Box.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Here are some good lines on an important matter. Hope you will find room for them in your Penny Post Box. Selector.

Command thyself—no sudden answer give—
With zeal do good, for that alone you live;
To know the worth of time, remember death,
Thy life is short, and passing is thy breath.
Be sober-minded—wear a look serene,
Act before God, although by men unseen;
Speak not in vain, nor foolishly depart
From gentle words and purity of heart;
To truth and charity, and peace inclined,
With caution censure or applaud mankind;

Seek knowledge fair, but shun insipid mirth,
There is no time for folly while on earth.
Feed no ill-will—no sudden friendship make—
Betray no trust—no obligations break;
And O be sure that you to this attend,
Pity the poor, and be the stranger's friend.
Promise with heed—weigh every action right;
To all you do as in Jehovah's sight.
Instructed by past failings to be wise,
Let every wish from purest motives rise;
In truth secure—pursue one steady plan,
For actions shew the noblest part of man.
Act with relation to a future state.
Retort no slander—render love for hate;
That, well deserving of the christian name,
The church on earth may own you without shame.
And by your light, may minds, now dark, perceive
The way of peace, and on the Lord believe.
For, through his strength you can do all things right.
Then take his "sword," and fight the faithful fight.
That when the battle on this earth is o'er,
You then may also reach that heavenly shore,
To dwell for ever with the just and good,
Your song—Redemption through the Saviour's blood.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH TO AMERICA.

THIS is accomplished at last, and it is one of the greatest events of the age.

The distance between Ireland and Nova Scotia is about 1,700 miles. England and America joined to accomplish the task. Their vessels met about midway on the Atlantic ocean.

The first attempt proved a failure; but the weather was very unfavourable, and the vessels returned to Ireland.

They went again, and having joined the cable, each vessel started, and in seven days the great work was done.

The cable was joined on July 29, 1858, and on August the 5th the English vessel reached Ireland—816 miles. The American vessel took about the same time.

This is one of the greatest triumphs of science the world has seen, and it is a peaceful one.

At the very time that the Emperor Napoleon was shewing Queen Victoria what science and labour had done at Cherbourg for destructive purposes, a steam vessel arrived in that port with the news that the Atlantic Telegraph was laid for peaceful purposes.

So let it be all over the world! And so, we hope, it will be at last, that peace shall win greater victories than war.

It is now expected that soon these telegraphs will be carried to our colonies all over the earth. 25,000 miles of cable will do it.

Hints.

THE REALLY RICH MAN is he ho makes the best use of what he ets, keeps out of debt, and is con- ent to move on slowly but surely.

NO MAN IS REALLY RICH who is lways wanting more, for the desire f more is want, and want is poverty.

A SELFISH MAN should live, like obinson Crusoe, on an island alone. le might then indulge himself to is heart's content.

SELF DELUSION never likes to be losely inspected; it is too con- eited. And yet it is only by close nspection that the folly can be ex- osed.

SELF-CONQUEST.—He who rules himself, keeping down his own evil passions and tempers, is one of the greatest of all conquerors.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.—Mourn not for the Past, it is gone—use well the Present, it is thine—hope for the Future, it may be better han all, and will be if you fear God and love your Saviour.

MEMORY is the council chamber of thought, where a register is kept for conscience to consult.

MEDITATION.—By reading and conversation we may gather food for the soul, but it is only by medita- tion we digest it.

Gems.

AFFLICTIONS ARE SANCTIFIED when they humble us, lead us to think of past mercies with grati- tude, and teach us resignation to the will of God.

NEVER DESPOND while it is pos- sible for Christ to help you.

THE GREATER OUR DANGER the more welcome will be our deliver- ance. Christ loves to help us when we most feel our need of him.

WHY IS THE WORLD such an enemy to one who loves God? It is permitted to be so that he may be weaned from the love of it.

TRUE PEACE can never reign in any soul until it has been taught to give up all its cares and desires into the hands of God, leaving all to him.

TAKING UP OUR CROSS at first is no easy task, but it will become more and more easy if you look at Christ and see how he bore his.

ONE HOUR IN HEAVEN in the presence of our Lord and Saviour will more than recompense for all the trials we have endured for his sake on earth.

Poetic Selections.

"THE SON OF MAN HATH NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD."

Birds have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed,
All creatures have their rest—
But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

Winds have their hour of calm,
And waves, to slumber on the voiceless deep;
Eve hath its breath of balm,
To hush all senses, and all sounds to sleep.

The wild deer hath its lair,
The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed;
All have their rest from care—
But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

And yet he came to give
The weary and the heavy laden rest;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on his breast.

What then am I, my God,
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread—
Peace, purchased by the blood
Of Him who had not where to lay his head;

I, who once made him grieve,
I, who once bid his gentle spirit mourn!
Whose hand essayed to weave
For his meek brow the cruel crown of thorn?

But for his pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face,
That once was pale and agonised for me!

Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose thine oft-rejected head!

Come, give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth thou lov'st—within
A heart, that for thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin!

The Children's Corner.

THE HARVEST.

Those of our young readers who live in villages are glad when harvest time comes. It is always to them a joyful season.

But perhaps some of them do not think enough about who it is that causeth the corn to grow. They should never forget that the good God is the giver of this great blessing, for which we all ought to be very thankful to Him.

And, another thing; there is a Great Harvest day coming in which we shall all appear as wheat for the heavenly garner, or as tares for the burning. If you take your Testament and read over the 13th chapter of the Gospel by Matthew, you will know all about it. Here are some verses about it. We advise you to get them off, that you may think about it, and ask yourself whether you will be as a wheat or a tare in that last great harvest day of the world.

"This is the field,—the world below,
In which the sowers came to sow,
Jesus the wheat, satan the tares;
For so the Word of Truth declares:
And soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

Most awful truth!—and is it so;
Must all the world the harvest know?
Is every child a wheat or tare?
Then for the harvest, O, prepare!
For soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home."

THE OLD BOMBARDIER.

'E think it was Dr. Samuel Johnson who once said that the ın had not yet lived whose history, if written, would not con- n some interesting facts. At all events, however little some ght think of the narrative, the man himself would feel a deep terest in the events recorded. This is only natural; and we ppose that some feeling of this kind, joined to a desire that s children and their's might know something of his past life, l the "old gunner," or "bombardier" as he loved to call him- lf, to dictate his own autobiography, the manuscript copy of hich, filling more than thirty pages of foolscap folio, written a plain bold hand, we have just read over, and find that it ntains some curious and remarkable facts, although they are lated in a somewhat rough and irregular manner.

We called upon the old man at his own request, early one orning during the summer of 1858, and found him and his ;ed wife occupying the same cottage that his ancestors had :cupied for generations on lease from the Master of Wigston's ospital at Leicester, but which, with the garden and orchard ljoining, has, within the past few years, by some questionable eans, become private property.

But to return to his manuscript, to which he has given this tle:—"The Life and Adventures of S—— J——, a soldier, ho was born in the parish of S——, in the county of Leices- r, and entered into the army at the time when the Irish re- elled against our Government, and called in the aid of the rench to destroy the Union."

The brief extracts we shall give will be such as will show the ials of a soldier's life in those days, and the sufferings and iseries which war always inflicts on the people among whom rages.

When a boy S. J. was employed at the old lime-kilns near racedieu Abbey, at the western foot of Charnwood Forest. Ie afterwards entered farmer's service at Bagworth and Kirby Iuxloe, but quarrelling with one of the labourers at the feast, e ran away to Leicester and enlisted into the Light Dragoons. 'his was in 1798, when he was only fifteen. The recruiting arty went to Market Harborough, and on their return were ll so drunk with gin, given by one of the officers, that on oming back through Glen, the waters being out after much

rain, he had nearly been drowned in the brook, and would have been had not a woman named Twigg pulled him out. They were then ordered to Ireland. Arriving at Liverpool, they had to wait for a deserter, and three vessels which started without them were lost. Next day they went, and in Dublin were quartered on an alderman, who gave them money to quarter themselves. But he says, "O, what horrid lodgings they were!" filthy, and swarming with vermin. They were ordered onward. At one place he went to a "wake." He thought it was to be like an English country feast, but found a mad drunken revel at the funeral of a dead woman! There they were barelegged, dancing, drinking, and smoking—the tobacco being laid on the body of the corpse!

He relates how they passed from one place to another—the trouble they had to get food for themselves and their horses—and the tricks played by the officers in cheating them out of their allowances. At one place bills were posted up by the rebels offering £50 for the head of an English soldier. He tells a tale of a rebel who had killed a young woman for supplying them with butter and eggs. When the soldiers heard of this they went to his house and found his wife and six children lying on straw on the floor. They made them get up, and found a trap door, beneath which they found the man, and after a severe struggle dragged him out and hanged him. S. J. says, "It was a most horrid spectacle!" He tells many other horrid tales both of the rebels and the soldiers, and adds, "The people here are awfully deluded by the priests, who are at the bottom of all the mischief." He describes humorously how the native Irish leaped over the bogs, "like fleas on a blanket." How like the late doings in India were these—"We took eighteen of the rebels and hanged them on a tree." A gentleman, who had been a magistrate, "was hanged before his own door, and in presence of his six daughters, for giving protection to the rebels." "A great many heads were hung in front of the townhall." One day a woman came thirty-eight miles on horseback to tell them that about seven hundred rebels were attacking a gentleman's house, who, with his two young sons, was keeping them at bay. They galloped off, and found the rebels attempting to burn down the house. "They opened fire on them, and they all scampered away. At another time a woman came and told them where a rebel captain, for whose apprehension £1,000 had been offered, with some of his companions,

was concealed. They went and found them asleep; but although the captain "fought like a lion," they took them all, tried, condemned, and executed them, the captains head being fixed on the top of the gaol. The prisons were full of rebels, and "they made them flog one another, to force them to tell where they had hidden their arms." Again, when scarce of provisions, they took a popish bible, and made the people swear they would sell all they had at market price.

S. J. gives a description, just like what has often been given, of doing penance at a holy well, and tells how, like a mischievous young fellow, he once ran off with some of the clothes of a woman who had laid them aside to perform the ceremony, and how he was pursued and punished for the trick he had played in the loss of his accoutrements. He also mentions the doings which took place at what the papists call a "pattern," and says, "Though this was called a religious ceremony, the scenes I witnessed were horrible beyond all description; all manner of vice was committed; and the priest was at the head of it."

Our soldier mentions another curious fact with regard to the vain and silly custom of powdering the hair. He says, "men were often out all night without anything to eat, and had hardly strength to dismount. And yet it took one pound of powder for the hair, until that good friend to the soldier, the Duke of York, ordered none to be used." He also tells of a rigid old Major, who, to enforce discipline, told the men that they "should have no sabbath for six months," and he worked the officers, and flogged the men with eight hundred lashes at a time, until, as he said, "he made them love him!" Not one of them was ever forgiven a fault. One night when out guarding the mail he was shot at from behind a fence, and the ball broke the backbone of his horse, but he escaped. He says he was on the guard of three hundred to escort the coach of Lord Castlereagh down to the quay, when he was hooted out of Ireland by the people at the time of the Union.

He mentions the distress which prevailed in Dublin in 1801-2, and says that three hundred young women, prostitutes, all beneath twenty-one, were transported to Botany Bay.

At the peace of 1802 he received his discharge, and reached his father's cottage on the night of August 5th, at ten o'clock, after seven years service in Ireland.

He now agreed with an old framework-knitter to learn his

trade, and says, "I might have done very well at it." He might in those days, but he would not now.

But war breaking out again, he enlisted into the artillery, and, after a course of training, was stationed on the south coast, which at that time was much infested with smugglers. One night, with about twenty others, he was ordered out to visit a retired spot on the shore, where it was expected a cargo of contraband spirits would be run on shore. On the way, as they approached the rocky and rugged descent, he was left a little behind his companions, and the night being dark, and the road unknown, he and his horse were precipated down a precipice, where he was afterwards found lying partly under his horse, sadly bruised and almost senseless. Here he was married, but the troop was ordered out for service in Portugal. His description of the voyage and landing only reveals the bad and inefficient state of the transport service in those days. Many of the men suffered greatly from sea sickness, and they had to wade through the surf of the sea, and drive their horses before them to reach the shore. As soon as possible they were marched off to join the British forces already there, which greatly needed reinforcements, for the French were pressing them hard. We have not space to mention the marches and countermarches he describes, or the names of the places they passed through, or the sufferings from want of food, bad roads, and inclement weather they endured. Their chief vexation appears to have arisen from the unkind treatment they met with from the people they went to protect. But this might arise from the French having promised them freedom from the tyranny of their priests and rulers, who had long plundered and oppressed them.

But we give a few sentences. "No rations for forty-eight hours. Roads bad. Lost my mule. Many in distress. Great irregularities committed by the soldiers. A sharp frost, but had to cross a river up to the arm-pits. Much snow. Men much fatigued. Men women and children lying on the road, enough to grieve a heart of stone to see them. We left many sick and helpless. Shot our horses that wanted shoeing. We were very hungry; I could have eaten a dead horse. Burned the heavy baggage, officers trunks, and medicine chests. Burned a bridge, and it shed a fine light over the mountains. Snow very deep; lighted a fire in a cowhouse for the night. Could not get victuals. Passed many women dead on the road

-others were dying in the mud and snow without shoes or ockings--one was a poor girl. I wept when I saw her, and ıve her some bread; but she could not eat, and I saw her e. Dead men and horses strewed the road. A woman lay ɔzen to death: her child was on a carpet not far off, which id, 'Mother was gone to fetch some bread.' If we found a ıast we killed and ate it all in an hour." The above extracts e chiefly descriptive of the retreat to Corunna.

Here they made a stand. Blew up two great magazines of ınpowder in a rock, "which shook the earth all around." he French attacked our right, but were driven back—a village as taken and retaken three times that day, and they retreated ɪ miles, but our brave and ever to be lamented General, Sir ɔhn Moore, was killed!" They had a dreadful scuffle to get ı board the ships. The French fired on them, but their shots ere too high; one, however, took the fur off my lieutenant's ɛlmet, as I stood close by him, and another upset a boat full men who were drowned. He says, "Sir John Moore was ıried on the 16th January, 1808, about eleven o'clock at night."

They arrived in England in a dreadful plight—men and ɔrses. "I wept to see my horse die as they lifted him on ıore." They landed at Ramsgate, "happy that we were ɡain in a land where the Bible is read." Many of the men terwards died, but he adds, "the Lord raised me up, and I ınt for my wife and child."

Among other incidents during the retreat of the army, he ıentions that one night they reached a town where every ɔuse was crowded; asking of the guard at a large house if ıere was room, Lord William Bentinck, who was behind the ɔor, heard his voice, and knowing him, ordered him to be ımitted. At another three young men who had been plundering rushed roughly past Lord Paget, afterwards Marquis of .nglesea. They were condemned to be shot. On the ground ıey were to cast lots, for only one was to die. The lot fell ı a young hussar, "twenty-one years of age," and, our old ɔldier adds, "five feet seven inches high." He died crying, Lord have mercy." "O!" says he, "it was a hard trial for ıritons."

When he returned he was on duty during the disturbances hen Sir F. Burdett was sent to the tower—got into a scrape bout smoking in the barrack stable, but was forgiven on account of good past conduct—and was charged at a court

martial with being privy to the stealing of some corn from the stables at Woolwich, but was honourably acquitted.

He also tells an affecting tale of a comrade at Woolwich, who, after committing a robbery murdered a child. The man could not rest, and gave himself up to our old friend. He confessed his guilt at the trial, and was executed. Our friend, knowing him to be an infidel, gave him a Bible, and he had reasons for hoping that before he died he became a sincere penitent.

In 1814 he received his discharge, with sixpence per day pension. He afterwards worked in his native place as a day labourer, and brought up a family of six children, and closes his narrative with these words—"I have been united to a christian church some years, and have a humble hope, through grace, of obtaining everlasting life."

Poetry.

A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They hear the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine!

Anecdotes and Selections.

Voice of a Glorified Spirit.—Would you know where I am? I am at home in my Father's house, in the mansion prepared for me. I am where I would be, where I long and often wished to be; no longer on a stormy sea, but in a safe and quiet harbour. My working time is done, and I am resting. My sowing time is done, and I am reaping. My joy is as the joy of harvest. Would you know how it is with me? I am made perfect in holiness, grace is swallowed up in glory. Would you know what I am doing? Mine eyes behold the King in his beauty. I see him as he is, not as through a glass darkly, but face to face; and the sight is transforming; it makes me like Him. I am in the sweet enjoyment of my blessed Redeemer, whom my soul loveth; and for whose sake I was willing to part with all. I am here, at the spring-head of heavenly pleasures and joys unutterable. I am here, keeping a perpetual sabbath, and what that is, judge by your short sabbaths. Would you know what company I keep? Blessed company; better than the best on earth. Here are holy angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect; and here I meet with many of my old acquaintances, who came hither before me. And lastly, would you know how long this is to last? It is a garland that never withers, a crown of glory that fadeth not away. After millions and millions of ages, it will be as fresh as it is now; and, *therefore*, weep not for me. I am safe and happy for ever!

What Sin has done.—What was it that cast the angels from heaven? It was sin. What was it that banished our first parents from the favour of God? It was sin. What was it that brought death into the world, and all our woe? It was sin. What has made death the "king of terrors?" It is sin. What was it that brought the Lord of Glory from the blissful realms above, to take up his abode among the habitations of human misery? It was sin. What was it that made him through life pre-eminently "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and finally nailed him to the cross? It was sin. Sin it was that lighted the flames of hell, and sin will be the fuel that shall feed those flames eternally. "Let not therefore sin reign in your mortal bodies, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof." "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Measuring Ministers.—"I measure ministers," says Mr. Newton, "as I do a table; I have no idea of the size of a table if you only tell me how long it is; but if you also say how *wide*, I can tell its dimensions. So when you tell me what a man is in the pulpit, you must also tell me what he is out of it, or I shall not know his full measure."

One Bible.—Adams, one of the mutineers of the Bounty, who afterwards settled at Pitcairn's Island, was turned from darkness to light, and from the power of satan unto God, through a copy of the scriptures presented, among many others, to the Bounty, and which was providentially saved from the wreck. It proved to Adams the savour of life unto life: and like a patriarch of old, in primitive simplicity, he trained up more than one generation to call the Redeemer blessed.

The Fireside.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Who can tell the influence of a Mother on the minds of her children? Her smiles or frowns, nay, her very looks, and all she says and does, will have a mighty influence on every one of them, for good or evil, all the days of their life. And just as she teaches them to hate sinful actions, to fear the great God, and love the holy Saviour, will religious impressions be made on their tender minds. But, on the other hand, if she should say nothing about these things they will think little of them, and just because mother did not mention them. And so they are likely to be saved or lost, when at last they come to die, according to the lessons of piety their mother taught them in childhood, or neglected to teach them. Yes, there is no one who fills a more responsible position than a mother. She sits at the threshold of her immortal child's existence, and directs its first tottering footsteps to the celestial city, or leaves it to take its own wayward wandering course down to the shades of despair and eternal death!

Mothers, think of these things. Surely you would wish that child of yours to be saved! You cannot wish it to be lost. Should God take away your child while it yet knows not its right hand from its left, he would doubtless take it to himself to behold his face in heaven. But should that child live it will grow up to be responsible for its actions, and then, at the last day, it will receive the reward of the deeds done in the body, whether they have been good or whether they have been bad. Think of this, and reflect seriously on the influence which your conduct towards that child, while it is yet young, will have on its eternal destiny. For on you, more than any other living being it depends, whether your child, in one hundred years' time, be found among the saved in heaven or the lost in hell. May each mother who reads this be above all things anxious to bring her children to Jesus now, and then in that day she may say with joy, "Here am I, Lord, and the children thou didst give unto me. We are all thine for ever!"

The Penny Post Box.

SELF-MADE MEN.

To encourage the young, a few I will name
Of our hard-working men, who have risen to fame;
All by their own efforts, and courage, and skill,
To show that more may if they have but the will.

Ben Jonson, a bricklayer once, rose to fame,
And at length the King's Poet in honour became.

William Shakespear, so high on the pillar of fame,
Whose father, 'tis said, could not write his own name.

John Bunyan, a tinker, in prison despis'd,
Wrote a book which by millions is now highly priz'd.

Doctor Prideaux, for learning so highly renown'd,
As a kitchen boy once in a college was found;

And Milner, who so much theology taught,
When he was a youth, at silk-weaving wrought.

John Opie, tis said, once work'd in a mill;
But, self-taught, in painting displayed highest skill.

Fam'd "Robinson Crusoe" was written, we know,
By a brick and tile maker, named Daniel Defoe.

Then Captain James Cook, the voyager bold,
Was the son of a poor man, as often is told.

Richard Arkwright, who once was a barber by trade,
For his useful inventions a baronet made.

James Brindley, a millwright, gave proofs of his skill
In conducting canals over valley and hill.

William Herschel, when young, in a German band play'd,
But was afterwards Royal Astronomer made.

Richard Chantrey, the sculptor, who most did surpass,
When a boy took out milk every day on an ass.

William Cobbett, M.P., was a poor country lad,
But he rose 'till in writing no equal he had.

And Gifford, who manag'd a famous "Review,"
Was a sailor boy first, and a shoemaker too.

Making shoes in a garret was Bloomfield's employ
When he wrote his sweet poem call'd "The Farmer's Boy."

And numbers of others I cannot now name,
Who, by teaching themselves, have risen to fame.
From these I have given 'tis plain to be seen
That to England an honour her workmen have been;
Then do not despair, but do what you can,
For he who does that is a true English Man.

Newport, I. W. J. D.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

FOR THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

1. Pure air is the most essential.
2. Active exercise of the body.
3. A moderate use of plain good food.
4. Clear and pure cold water for drink.
5. Good light in our dwellings.
6. Moderate warmth in our clothing
7. Keeping the head cool and the feet warm.
8. Washing often all the skin of the body.
9. Avoiding late hours in the open air.
10. Rising early to inhale fresh air.
11. Regularity in taking our meals.
12. Not reading too long at a time.
13. Adapting our clothing to the season.
14. Avoiding sudden changes from heat to cold.
15. Preserving an even temper of mind.
16. Avoiding too much care and anxiety.
17. Cultivating a cheerful disposition.
18. Content with such things as we have.
19. Never indulging envy of others.
20. Making the word of God our guide. Living in the fear of God always, and looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto Eternal Life.

Only let these things be observed punctually, and they will be very conducive to good health, which is undoubtedly the greatest temporal blessing we can enjoy in this life, of far more value than riches or house or lands, for without it these cannot be enjoyed.

Hints.

One Hour's Industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, and suppress evil humours, and retrieve our ill fortunes, than a month's moaninge.

Conscience.—He that hath a dumb conscience that says nothing; a blind conscience that sees nothing; or a dead conscience that feels nothing, is in a miserable condition depend upon it.

Hearing Slander.—We ought not to hear it, for if there were no hearers there would soon be no tellers; for the receiver is as bad as the thief.

Habit of Doing.—We usually do what we are in the habit of doing—good or bad. Some say they cannot help their bad habits. That is nonsense. Good habits are as soon learned as bad ones, if they would but try and persevere.

Love of Home is one of the greatest safe-guards of a husband from evil company, and so every wife should try to make her husband love it by making home the happiest place he knows.

Did you ever see a lazy man do any work worth the doing? Did you ever see an earnest man do any not worth the doing?

Struggle hard against difficulties and you will overcome them at last, if you have only health and strength. Never give up in despair. Why should you?

Save Littles.—They will make a good big lump by the end of the year. One farthing a day would now buy a whole Bible.

Be Honest, and then you may look any man in the face. You need not hold down your head as you pass him, or go out of the way to avoid him.

Gems.

HEAVEN IS SABBATH; and it is lled so, that those who love sabths may long for heaven, and ose who long for heaven may love bbaths.

OUR BODILY WEAKNESSES are en like breaks in a wall to let the ht of heaven upon the imprined soul, and make it long for rfect light and liberty.

DOING THE WILL OF GOD.—ther said, I would rather do or fer the will of God than be able work miracles.

PREACHING THE GOSPEL.—Henry artyn said, I do not wish for ore of heaven on earth than the ivilege of preaching the gospel to mortal souls.

TRULY HAPPY.—Mr. Venn, in his ing hours, in reply to a question ow he felt, said, As happy as I can on earth, and as sure of heaven if I were in it.

REPENTANCE UNTO SALVATION is a rainbow, which if God sees ining in our hearts, through our ars, he will not drown us in perition.

THERE IS BUT ONE WAY of eing saved, and that is by faith in e Saviour; and there is but one ime for being saved, and that is ow. Try Him now.

A CHRISTIAN is a new creature n a new world; he has a new eart, is under a new government, erves a new master, observes new aws, is actuated by new fears, influenced by new love, animated by ew delights, and is a partaker of ew joys.

PRAYER is the peace of our spirit, he stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of neditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest. It is the daughter of Charity, and the sister of Meekness.

Poetic Selections.

CONFIDENCE IN THE POWER OF GOD.

LORD, when my thoughtful soul surveys
Fire, air, and earth, and stars, and seas,
  I call them all thy slaves:
Commissioned by my Father's will,
Poisons may cure, and balms may kill;
Vernal suns, or zephyr's breath,
May burn or blast the plants to death,
  That sharp December saves:
What can winds or planets boast
  But a precarious power?
The sun is all in darkness lost,
Frost shall be fire, and fire be frost,
  When he appoints the hour!

THE SABBATH.

FROM heaven the Great Eternal speaks,
Ye listening nations lend an ear;
"I am JEHOVAH, Lord of all,
My grace adore, my anger fear.

Six days I grant for worldly cares,
In these your several works pursue;
The seventh for myself I claim,
This shall be sanctified by you.

Remember this, and pay your vows,
Meet in my temple, praise and pray;
Your labour and your pleasures leave,
For 'tis a holy, sacred day."

SUPREME ATTACHMENT TO CHRIST.

IF all the monarchs, whose command
  supreme,
  Divide the wide dominion of this ball,
Should offer each his boasted diadem,
  I would not quit thy favour for them all.
These trifles with contempt I would resign;
The world's a toy while I can call thee
  mine.

INSCRIPTIONS ON DIVINE LOVE.

I'LL carve thy passion on the bark,
  And every wounded tree
Shall droop and bear some mystic mark
  That Jesus died for me!

The swains shall wonder while they read
  Inscrib'd on all the grove,
How Heaven itself came down and bled,
  To win a mortal's love.

FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

THE LORD, who made heaven, earth, and
  sea,
  And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
  Nor make his promise vain.

The Children's Corner.

SOWING SEEDS.

Did you ever think what a wonderful thing a seed is? The plant wrapped up in a little grain. The shoot, or more properly, the germ of the plant, is so delicate, that to touch it is to break it; but it is covered up and protected so nicely, that you may take up a number of seeds, rub them and throw them about, shovel them into heaps, toss them into sacks, and they are not at all injured. This is one of the proofs that God, who made this great world, cares also for a little seed. If you take up one when it has just shot in the ground, you will see the little root going downwards into the earth, and young leaves springing upwards seeking the light and air. You may look at thousands, and not one making a mistake. And then seeds multiply so fast that one will soon make thousands.

"A grain of corn, an infant's hand
May sow upon an inch of land;
Whence twenty stalks may rise and yield
Enough to crop a little field.

The harvest of that field may then
Be multiplied by ten times ten;
Which, sown thrice more, would furnish bread
Wherewith a village might be fed."

All this shows the goodness of the great God in taking care that we shall have abundance of food. He giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater. He maketh grass to grow for the cattle, and corn for the service of man; even bread that strengtheneth man's heart; filling our mouths with food and gladness.

Learn, then, to know, and admire, and adore the goodness of the Great Father of heaven and earth; and then sing with reverence and joy—

"Lord! how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!"

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

· the foremost rank of the extraordinary women who graced e latter half of the last century, stands Selina, Countess of untingdon. Specially gifted by God for the discharge of a gh and important mission to her fellow-man, placed in singu- · circumstances for the display of the highest virtues, and e-eminently blessed in doing a great work for Christ, she ands out as an object deserving our best attention, and in any aspects our respect and imitation.

By birth she was a member of one of the most dignified and noured of our noble English families, the family of Shirley, hich traces its pedigree to the times of Edward the Confessor; d claims, through diverse alliances and intermarriages, con- ection with the Royal families of England, both Saxon and orman, as well as with France, Scotland, Denmark, and most all the princely houses of Europe, as well as many of ir most exalted and ancient nobility. She was born Aug. 24th, '07, and was the second of the three daughters and co- eiresses of Washington, Earl of Ferrers. With all the advan- ges of wealth and station, she might have grown up the oice companion of the gay and worldly, spending life only frivolity and show; but by the grace given to her she was abled to take a bold stand for Christ, to renounce the world d all its vanities, and gladly to suffer affliction with the ople of God.

One day, when about nine years old, she saw a child's neral pass along to the churchyard. She was told it was a ild of about her own age, and the thought so affected and terested her, that she followed the procession, went into the urchyard, and stood by the grave during the solemn service at was performed. It was to her young heart a deeply fecting sight, and full of instruction. She saw how young well as old may die, and felt how needful it was to know w to die, and be prepared for it. From that day she became thoughtful, serious child, and never lost the deep and solemn pression made upon her mind. She read her Bible much, d often knelt in prayer, seeking in her way to be made ready r early death, should God call her to it. From this time she came a praying girl, and those about her saw that she never d any little sorrows but she bore them in prayer to God, and

so acquired an early habit of devotion, which she retained all through life.

At this period, however, she knew not the pure gospel of Jesus; she thought that it was by prayer, meditation, self-denial, and spiritual mortification, she was to become acceptable to God, and made meet for heaven. She understood not then, what afterwards she learned, that it was by simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ that she was to be saved, and not by any works of righteousness of her own; but so far as she then knew, she was leading what she deemed a very proper and religious life. As she grew up, and was from her station brought out into the world, she recoiled from all she felt might detract from what she thought a life well pleasing to God; and in the prospect of marriage often prayed that she might only be united to one that loved and honoured him. God, in some sort, heard her prayer, and she received, as her suitor, Theophilus, the ninth Earl of Huntingdon, to whom she became united in June, 1728. Personally, her husband was a man of most exemplary conduct, whilst his sisters, the Ladies Betty and Margaret Hastings, were women of reputed piety. The young Countess entered upon her new sphere of duties in the same spirit of pleasing God in all things that had so far distinguished her. From her position in society, she felt it her duty to attend court, and mingle in the scenes and circles to which by birth she was entitled, but she never gave herself up to the gaieties and frivolities that are too often associated with these things. She felt too strongly her responsibility to God, and the importance of living for a higher and future life, to allow herself to be borne away by the show, and glitter, and pleasures of the world. Her great enjoyment was not there, but in the quieter scenes of Donington Park, in Leicestershire, where she lived, and where, by private meditation, and deeds of charity amongst the poor, she sought to perfect herself, as she supposed, in virtue. Her outward life was then most exemplary, and her charities unwearying. People who merely looked at her would have deemed her a most religious woman, and sung her praises in the gates. Within, however, there was felt a dissatisfaction, and she was learning by these her very efforts, that our own righteousness—our good works and excellent intentions could never satisfy a guilty conscience, or meet the wants of our spiritual nature. She was seeking rest—rest for her weary, guilty soul, but she could not find it. She was sensible she

as guilty, and striving to find in herself a means of justifica-
on before her God. But she was spending her strength for
ought, and soon felt how utterly inadequate all her efforts were.
Reader, are you thus seeking for acceptance too? Oh,
en, believe us, you will never find it in this way. You want
righteousness in which to stand accepted, and that you never
n have from and of yourself. So found the Countess of
untingdon, and so thousands have found beside her.

It was just at this juncture in her religious history, that God
ised up that band of holy men and earnest preachers, of
hom you have often read. The names of Whitefield and the
'esleys' are familiar. The simple views of divine truth which
ese men gave; the clear and direct manner in which they
eached the gospel, and testified of God's great love to sinners,
d the rich provision for their salvation in the work of Christ;
d their untiring zeal in seeking to arouse and convert men
God, attracted the attention of all ranks, and created a wide-
read interest in their work. Amongst those who were in-
ced to attend their ministry were the Ladies Betty and
argaret Hastings, the Countess's sisters-in-law. At first they
ly heard from curiosity, but the earnest and scriptural repre-
ntations of the gospel which they heard from Mr. Ingram,
e one whose ministry they most attended, soon produced a
eep and saving impression on their minds. Lady Margaret
as the first to see how utterly sandy and vain was the founda-
on on which she was building her hopes, and to lay hold of
e righteousness which Christ had wrought for sinners, as the
ly ground of her acceptance and hope. To this righteous-
ess she clung; and believing just what God had said, that in
she should stand accepted and be saved, she found delightful
eace, and perfect rest and joy.

It was soon after this, that, in a conversation with the
ountess, she made the remark, that "*since she had believed in
e Lord Jesus she had been as happy as an angel.*" The sen-
ence struck powerfully the mind of Lady Huntingdon. She
onged to be as happy as an angel herself, but she bitterly felt
he was not. She had done all she could to appease her con-
cience, but still she felt a gnawing dissatisfaction within she
ould not overcome. This sentence of Lady Margaret's struck
ome with singular power; she turned it over and over: "*Since
he had believed in Jesus Christ, she had been as happy as an
ngel.*" It was quite a new sentiment to her. She believed

her sister, but she could not as yet quite comprehend her meaning. Its immediate effect, however, was to lead her only to greater humiliation, and more severe self-denial. She strove yet harder to overcome the evil within her, and make herself good. "But, alas! the more she strove, the more she felt that all her thoughts, words, and works, however specious before men, were utterly sinful before Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity."

In this state of mind she was shortly after overtaken by a dangerous illness. The thought of death now fell terribly upon her, and her conscience became greatly distressed. It was to no purpose she reminded herself of her past good deeds. They all seemed to her now only as gilded sins, and she was reduced to the last extremity of despair. At this moment the words of Lady Margaret came again into mind, "*Since I believed in Jesus Christ, I have been as happy as an angel;*" and with it some recollections of the conversation she had about it. Jesus was but, however, dimly known to her, and his great work imperfectly apprehended. What was it to believe in him? She sought for and found clear views about him, and what he had done for her; and then and there renounced all her own righteousnesses as filthy rags, and gladly accepted the righteousness of Jesus as her ground of acceptance before God. She saw Jesus to be the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, that God had already accepted his work for her; believed it all; rested in the divine assurance of immediate pardon and acceptance, and at once her soul was filled with peace and joy, and her labour and dissatisfaction brought to an end.

From that moment her disease took a favourable turn, and she soon after left her sick room, restored to health, and, what was better, restored to God, a pardoned and joyous soul. Here was the turning point in the Countess's whole life and destiny. Henceforth she lived a higher life, and devoted all her influence and wealth to the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and the diffusion of that precious truth which had saved and set her free.

One word, my reader, ere we end this first chapter of this honourable woman's life.

Art thou trying, like her, to weave out a righteousness for thyself, and dost thou already feel how vain it is? Still restless, still unhappy, still dissatisfied, notwithstanding all thou dost? Oh, let me persuade thee to cease thy work, and as a

child lay hold of and rest upon the perfect and accepted work of Christ. Eighteen hundred years ago he finished all that was needed for thy acceptance with thy God, and wrought out a righteousness for thee far better than any thou canst work. God hath accepted that righteousness for sinners, and now tells thee, that if thou wilt only disown all thy own merit, and cling only and entirely to this, he will there and then, without hesitation and without delay, accept and pardon thee. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God, to declare at this time his righteousness, that he might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."

Poetry.

TRUSTING IN CHRIST ALONE.

No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son,

Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

Yes, and I must and will esteem,
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!

The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Anecdotes and Selections.

Genuine Irish Wit is sometimes used to good purpose, and we have rarely known it better employed than in the following instance, related by Dr. Dowling, where a poor milkman was urged by a Catholic priest to give up the reading of the Bible. On reaching the milkman's humble cabin in the county of Kerry, the priest thus addressed him: "Why, my good fellow, I am informed that you are in the habit of reading the Bible. Is my information correct?" "Sure, and it is true, plase your riverence; and a fine book it is, too." "But you know," said the priest, "that it is very wrong for an ignorant man like you to read the Scriptures." "Ah," replied Pat, "but you must be afther provin' that same before I'll consent to lave off." "That I will do from the book itself. Now turn to 1 Peter ii. 2: 'As new born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.' Now you are only a babe, and are therefore wrong to read the Scripture yourself. You are here told to 'desire the sincere milk of the word,' and one who understands what the 'sincere milk' is, must give it you and tend you." Pat listened attentively to the priest's authoritative address, but, no way at a loss, replied: "But be aisy, your riverence, while I tell you. A little time ago, when I was took ill, I got a man to milk my cows, and what do you think he did? Why astead of givin' me the rale milk, he chated me by putting wather into it; and if you get my Bible, perhaps you may be afther serving me that same. No, no, I'll kape my cow, and milk it myself, and then I shall get sincere milk, and not, as I might from you, mixed with wather." The priest thus finding himself defeated, and desirous that the mischief should spread no farther, said in a conciliatory tone: "Well, Pat, I see you are a little wiser than I thought you; and as you are not quite a babe, you may keep your Bible, but don't lend it or read it to your neighbours." Pat, eyeing his admonitor very cunningly and seriously, replied: "Sure enough, your riverence, while I have a cow, and can give a little milk to my poor neighbours who have none, it is my duty to do so, as a christian; and, saving your riverence, I will." The priest concluding that the honest milkman was rather a tough customer, gave up the argument, and walked off.

The Farmer's Faith.—A peasant, of singular piety, being upon a particular occasion admitted to the presence of the King of Sweden, was asked by him, "What he considered to be the nature of true faith?" The peasant entered fully into the subject, describing it as simple trust in Christ, much to the King's comfort and satisfaction. When the King was upon his death-bed, he had a return of his fears as to the safety of his soul, and still the same question was perpetually put to those who were about him,

What is real faith?" The Archbishop of Upsal, who had been ent for, arrived, and entering the King's bed-chamber, commenced a a learned, logical manner, a scholastic definition of faith, which asted an hour. When he had finished, the King said with much nergy—"All this is ingenious; but not comfortable; it is not what want. Nothing but the farmer's faith will do for me." It is to e regretted that many persons in their endeavours to explain a ubject, render it more difficult to be understood, in consequence of heir mode of treating it.

FAITH IN CHRIST.—To believe in Christ is to believe this testimony of him: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Out of a deep sense of sin and misery, and a view of Christ's infinite excellency, all-sufficiency, and willingness to save sinners; and upon his call to us in the gospel, to come unto him, weary and heavy laden with our sins, heartily willing to accept of the LORD Jesus upon his own terms, to take him for our only Lord, to give up our whole selves, souls and bodies, to his blessed government by his word and Spirit in all things; and unfeignedly and unreservedly, to become his, and his alone, and his for ever; and to rely upon him for life, for grace, and salvation: this is to believe in Christ.—*John Bunyan.*

READINESS FOR DEPARTURE.—Paul told Timothy, "*The time of my departure is at hand.*"—Paul did not know the time of his death; but from what he could see of the conduct and temper of his enemies, he concluded that his time to depart was near. The Greek word which is rendered "departure," signifies to return home; to weigh or loose anchor; to change our place. It is a metaphor taken from mariners, who arrange for sailing from one port to another. Death is, as it were, breaking open the prison door by which the soul was before detained in a kind of thraldom. Paul expected to live in a future state, and knew that death was not an eternal sleep; but that a crown of life awaited him beyond the grave. We ought to live, like Paul, in a constant expectation of death, and of the glory that will then be revealed.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION.—The servants of a nobleman having been greatly impressed and evidently changed, under the preaching of the gospel, his lordship was one day bantered by some of his friends upon the subject. He replied, "As to the change of their religion, or what their religious sentiments are, I cannot tell; but one thing I know, that since they have changed their religion, they have been much better servants, and shall meet no opposition from me." What an honourable testimony was this, a testimony that should always be merited by professors of religion; by the consistency of their conduct, by the sincerity of their discourse, by the mildness and urbanity of their temper and disposition. It is disgraceful when christians act differently.

HUMILITY.—You lie nearest the river of life when you *bend* to it; you cannot drink, but as you *stoop*. The grain of the field, as it ripens, bows its head; so the christian, as he ripens for heaven, bends in this lowly grace. Christ speaks of his people as "lilies"—they are "lilies of *the valley*," they grow best in the shade. "With this man will I dwell, even with him that is humble."

The Fireside.

OUR OWN HOUSES should be happy places, and we can make them so if we try. But there are some people who do not seem to think so, for they are fond of gadding about among their neighbours, and seem more at home there than by their own fireside. Depend upon it there is something wrong when this is the case, especially if she who is called Wife and Mother does so; for if she should do so, it is not unlikely that he who is called Husband and Father will do so too, and then the children will suffer for it in many ways, more than I can now tell you.

But there may be another sad thing happen; for if the Wife does not try to make her own fireside a happy place, where the Husband will be more happy than anywhere else, he may be tempted to go to the alehouse or beershop to spend his evenings by its blazing fire, with a lot of lewd fellows of the baser sort for his companions, who will, with their jokes, and tales, and songs, induce him to come more and more, and the landlord will take care to help them for the sake of his money; and then in a few weeks he will bring home less and less of his wages for his wife, and put more and more into the landlord's pocket for his muddling drink. And this may not be all. He may get worse and worse, until mother and children have no home to call their own.

For it has been stated by Lord Shaftesbury, that nineteen out of twenty of the evils which afflict the families of working men are brought on by giving way to these bad habits of drinking; and worse than this, that an average of seventeen out of twenty lunatics lost their senses in the same way. How shocking!

Take care, then, all ye Wives and Mothers, that you do your best to make your own firesides a happy place, and then you will not be to blame if the Husband should be so foolish and wicked as to forsake it for any other place. You can do it if you try; and you had better give yourselves a little trouble about it now, than be hereafter made wretched, and your children miserable, by his going elsewhere into bad company. I know many a working man's house which is as neat and clean as the houses of richer people, nay, in some cases, more tidy and comfortable than they are. So TRY—do your best, and God will help you.

The Penny Post Box.

"TAKE CARE."

TO YOUNG WOMEN.

As I have often seen thoughtless young women, through want of taking care with whom they associate, and to whom they give their heart, for better and worse, all their life, make for themselves a bed of sorrow, which they have wet with their tears every night ever after, I have thought a few words of caution might not be amiss. I know how careless most young women are, and how little they regard what is said to them when once they are under the delusion of that strange thing called *love*, but which, in most cases, is nothing but *passion*, blind and wild, and without reason to guide it. Real love is always wakeful and thoughtful, admiring what is beautiful and good, and worth loving. I am not without hope, however, that my rhymes may do some good, and so I send them.

Take care, take care, ye young and fair,
  Before you start in life;
For if you do not now take care
  There may come want and strife.
So, ere you give yourself away,
  Another's lot to share,
'Twill save you sorrow many a day,
  If now you will take care.

Think, my young friend, before you give
  To any man your heart;
If he in love with you will live,
  Or cause you many a smart.
This warning I again repeat,
  Young women now beware,
And ere you give yourselves away
  I pray you all take care.

Think, ere you leave your parents' roof,
  What home you then will find,
See that you have the best of proof
  He will be true and kind;
Think, will he come at even time
  Your joys and cares to share,
Or will he let you lonely pine?
  Again, I say, take care.

Oh, think, will he who now declares
  He will for you provide,
Be always what he seems to be,
  Or leave his own fireside?
How sad has often been the fate
  Of many young and fair!
Oh, think upon their hapless state,
  Through want of taking care!

Birmingham. R. C.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

BIRTHS.—Parents, or some person authorized by them, must give personal notice to the registrar within six weeks after an infant's birth. No fee is payable.

DEATHS.—Notice must be given as of births, but directly, as the minister must have a certificate for the burial. The cause of death must also be stated.

VACCINATION must take place within three months after birth, and the child be taken to the surgeon eight days after for inspection. If the child is unfit for the operation, the surgeon can give a certificate of delay for two months.

THE BEST CUP OF TEA is made by filling the pot nearly full of boiling water, then put in the tea, and let it stand five minutes. This mode produces more flavour, and less will do.

SHOES ARE MADE WATERPROOF by mixing a little bees wax and mutton suet together until liquid, and then rub some over the stitches above the soles.

FACTORY CHILDREN, under thirteen, can only be employed eight hours a day—and above thirteen, and under eighteen, twelve hours.

GOOD HEALTH.—Sir Astley Cooper, the great surgeon, said, that he preserved his own health by temperance, early rising, and washing the body with cold water as soon as he got out of bed; and he scarcely ever took cold when going from a hot lecture room into the open air.

A CHIMNEY ON FIRE may be most easily and readily put out with a mop and bucket. Clear away the fender and fire-things, dip the mop in the bucket, and hang it dripping over the fire. The steam arising from it will ascend and put out the sparks in the chimney.

Hints.

AS THE LARGEST NUGGETS of pure gold are to be found under ground, so the best things we have are those which we have worked the hardest to get.

LIVING AND DYING.—All die who have once lived. And though it may seem a contradiction, yet all have not lived who die. Their life was not worth calling living.

THE SLUGGARD has no easy time of it after all. He goes about sleepily seeking for rest and cannot find it. That man only who works finds real rest.

THE ERRORS OF OTHERS might be made useful by us, and they would be if we noted them, not so much to reproach those who fall into them as to avoid them ourselves.

GOOD AND BAD COMPANY.—When good men meet together they are likely to grow wiser and better than they are; when bad men meet they grow more foolish and wicked. So mind and look at the character of your company before you join them. (Read the first Psalm.)

MANY IDOLATERS may be found in England as well as in India. "Covetousness, which is idolatry," is the monster idol of British idolaters. It is also called "Mammon," and the love of it is the root of all evil.

TELLING SECRETS.—If you would teach another to keep a secret, dont tell him that with which you have been entrusted. For how can you expect him to keep what you have not kept yourself?

GOOD MANNERS is a pleasing art and easily acquired. It consists in assuming no airs of importance, but in making those we address feel easy and happy in our company.

Gems.

SUFFERING is one of the schools hich God keeps for his children, ıd the lessons taught there are ery profitable. Even the Son of od himself, "Though he were a on, yet learned he obedience by ıe things which he suffered."

SYMPATHY WITH CHRIST.—We ught not only to be ready to suffer or Christ, but to sympathise *with* im in his sufferings for the salva- on of the world; and try to carry ut the great object of his suffer- ngs, by bringing all we can to Iim for pardon and life. We can- ıot please him better.

THE GRACE OF GOD to the chris- ian always disposes him to do all ıe can to bring others to the Sa- iour; and there can be no real roof that he himself is happy in the ove of God if he does not thus show hat he wishes others to be so too.

PRAYER WORKS WONDERS.—When Jacob wrestled in prayer all night ınd prevailed, the heart of his in- ensed brother was changed, and he met him as a friend.

TRIBULATIONS purify the godly. David never wrote so well, or sung so cheerfully as when he came out of his great troubles. "Fiery trials make golden christians."

HAVE FAITH YET IN CHRIST.—If Jesus received thee when thou wast only a poor sinful, guilty, help- less sinner, he will not forsake thee now. Only be faithful to Him, and he is sure to be faithful to thee.

WE MUST HATE SIN; but we may pity the sinner, and be kind to him, as Christ was to all sinners. Divine grace does not teach us to be harsh and severe, but like Him who is full of pity, and of great mercy.

AS WE HAVE RECEIVED MERCY from God we should show mercy to others; for they cannot behave themselves worse towards us than we did towards God.

Poetic Selections.

WHO DID THIS DEED?

"'TWERE you, my sins, my cruel sins,
That nail'd Him to the tree!"

I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mien;
Their shouts of "crucify" appal,
With blasphemy between.

And of that shouting multitude,
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude,
I recognise my own.

I see the scourgers tear his back,
I see the piercing crown,
And of that crowd who smite and mock
I feel that I am one.

Around yon cross, the throng I see,
Mocking the sufferer's groan,
Yet still my voice it seems to be—
As if I mock'd alone.

'Twas I that shed the sacred blood,
I nailed him to the tree,
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.

Yet not the less that blood avails
To cleanse away my sin,
And not the less that cross prevails
To give me peace within.

COME TO JESUS.

COME to Jesus now you may,
Come by night or come by day,
Come when weary and distrest,
Come and He will give you rest.

Come when earthly comforts fail,
Come when dreary doubts assail,
Come and tell him all you fear,
Be assured that He will hear.

WHAT IS ETERNITY?

THE vaulted space of purple sky,
That every where extends;
That stretches from the dazzled eye,
Far off and never ends;

A morning whose unrisen sun
No setting e'er shall see;
A day that comes without a noon,
Such is Eternity.

The Children's Corner.

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

Boys and Girls who live in villages, know all about the cottages and farm-houses. If they have been born and brought up in a little cottage, they look up at the large farm-house as a great place, and know of nothing greater, except the squire's hall, which is very grand, or the parson's house, which is very pretty. But to the farm-house they look as the place to which they hope one day to go and live as servants. They often wonder what the farmer and his wife want so large a house for, but they will know all about it when they go to live there.

And when they do go, we hope they will find a good master and mistress; who will not only teach them how to do well the work that they will have to do, but will take care that when they have done their work a Bible is within reach, and that they shall have some other good books to read to improve their minds, and that they always go to a place of worship on the Lord's-day, and then we may hope that they will be good servants, and happy in doing what they have got to do; with good will doing service, and not in a sulky or lazy manner. For the Good Book, which is always right, tells masters to do what is right to their servants; and servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and please them well in all things. So if we always do as the Good Book tells us, we shall all be more happy one with another. For it does not much matter, after all, what station in life we fill in this world; if we only fear God, and love the Saviour, and do right, we shall soon be in a better world.

THE OLD TRAVELLER.—An Enigma.

QUESTION.

Thy form is bow'd with age, Traveller,
  Thy locks with silver shine,
Thine eye is dull and dead, Traveller?

ANSWER.

—It has been bright as thine.

Once auburn was my hair,
  My step was firm and light,
My form erect, and many a cheek
  Has dimpled at the sight.

QUESTION.

Whence comest thou, hoary Traveller?

ANSWER.

From the land of my brethren's birth,
Who sojourn'd here like me,
  And have vanish'd from the earth.

QUESTION.

Where hast thou journey'd, Traveller?

ANSWER.

Where the sun on his course has gone;
Where the scythe of Time, and the darts of Death,
  Have smote and rested none.

QUESTION.

Where hast thou slumber'd, Traveller?

ANSWER.

Where the sun has travelled not,
Where the scythe of Time, and the darts of Death,
  Their labour have forgot.

QUESTION.

What hast thou brought, oh Traveller?

ANSWER.

Life to the lifeless clay,
Flowers to the barren earth,
  Leaves to the leafless spray.

I have brought grandeur to the low,
  Guilt to the guiltless breast,
Joy to the joyless heart,
  Unto the weary rest.

QUESTION.

What hast thou taken, Traveller?

ANSWER.

  I have taken life away,
Flowers from the flowery field,
  Leaves from the leafy spray;—
Grandeur from the great,
  Joy from the joyful breast,
And the fallacious hope
  That promised the weary rest.

QUESTION.

What has thy work been, Traveller?

ANSWER.

  I have govern'd the hosts of light,
I have led the moon on her way,
  I have ruled the day and the night.
From the land where frosts are born,
  I brought them by my hand,
And the treasures of snow and hail
  Were subject to my command.
The south wind at my sign
  Came laden with kindly rain;
The north wind knew my time,
  And thunder'd o'er the main.
Riches and honours were in my train,
  Want, and disease, and woe,—
I gave and I took away,
  Exalted and brought low.
I have turned the dark locks grey,
  The lips of ruby pale,
Unnerved the strenuous arm,
  And made the mighty fail.
I have taught the fearless fear,
  Smote the destroyer's head,
The ruler I have ruled,
  The conqueror conquered.

I have been to the poor man's hut,
  To comfort those that mourn;
In the dwelling-place of kings
  To destroy and overturn.
In hope or trembling fear,
  Often from eve to morn,
A mother and a sire
  Deplored their eldest born;—
I bade the storm delay,
  I hush'd the waves to sleep,
While to their constant arms,
  I brought him o'er the deep.
Clasp'd in each other's arms,
  Two babes twin cherubs were,
Over their heads I pass'd,
  And now one grave they share.

QUESTION.

Who shall arrest thee, Traveller?

ANSWER.

  He whom my brethren heard.
Departing one by one
  At His omnific word;—

QUESTION.

Whither goest thou, Traveller?

ANSWER.

  There where my brethren sleep;
No more to wake while Time
  Shall on his circuit keep;
Till as a band of witnesses,
  To bless and to betray,
We dead shall rise, and before the Throne
  Stand at the judgment day.

I turn'd where the Traveller stood;
  No more his accents fell;
But instead of his words I heard,
  The toll of his funeral knell. M. R.

Who was He? Whence came He? Where has he gone?
An answer in our next.

Anecdotes and Selections.

Perilous Position.—A young soldier in India wrote home to his father:—"I had a narrow escape a few nights since. I was in the jungle on an out picquet at night, with instructions on no account to fire my musket, unless under the most urgent necessity, for fear of alarming the enemy, who were in the immediate neighbourhood. A very large tiger came suddenly upon me. I had but just time to receive him on my bayonet, and I gave him a severe wound. He reared up, and was preparing to make a spring at me, when I fired my rifle, and shot him through the heart. In a few minutes a picquet was down, and I was taken prisoner for disobeying orders, and next morning brought before my officers. I related my tale, and a party was sent out in search, and a short distance from where I was placed, the tiger (a very large one) was found in the jungle dead. Some of our men had been lost from the same spot when out on night picquet."

Words Coming to Mind.—Some years ago, on a calm evening, as a sailor was pacing the deck of his vessel, and enjoying the balmy air of the tropics, on a sudden the words, "Pray without ceasing," darted into his mind. "'Pray without ceasing!' What words can these be? I think I have heard them before; where could it be?" After a pause, he added, "Oh, it was in London, seven years ago, when the minister read them from the Bible. What! and do the Scriptures say, 'Pray without ceasing?' What a wretch I must be to have lived so long without praying at all!" He went in search of his neglected Bible, and read it with care and anxiety. His heart became more and more affected, new light dawned upon his mind, he found the way, and became a disciple of Jesus. Yes: God can bring his word to our mind, and it is often well for us that he can.

How it Spreads!—Dr. Doddridge was first taught religion from pictures on the Dutch tiles about the fireside of his mother's chimney. His "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul" was the means of converting Wilberforce, who afterwards wrote his "Practical View of Christianity;" and that was the means of turning Legh Richmond into the right way, and he wrote "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been the means of leading thousands to a happy knowledge of the love of God in Christ. How the leaven spreads!

A Pious Working Man, who was sadly persecuted by his fellow workmen, on being asked if their daily provocations were not enough to make him give up religion altogether, replied, "No: for I know well enough that if I should be so simple as to let them laugh me into hell, they would not, with all their laughing, laugh me out again."

Captain Sir John Franklin thus spoke at a Bible Society meeting of the value of the word of God. "Amidst the various trying scenes of professional life in which it has been my lot to be cast, neither I, nor those associated with me, could have borne up against them, but for the support of religion. This conviction constrains me to implore the blessing of God upon this Society; for considering the peculiar line of life in which our soldiers and sailors move; their early entrance into the service; their want of experience; their perils by sea and land; the temptations to which they are exposed; all these render it essential that their minds should be strengthened by that which alone can efficiently do it—the Word of God."

The Learned John Selden said, at the close of life—"I have taken much pains to know everything that was esteemed worth knowing amongst men; but, with all my readings, nothing now remains with me to comfort me at the close of my life but this passage of Paul: 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' To this I cleave, and herein I find rest."

The Fireside.

TO A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

"A wholesome tongue is a tree of life: but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit."

When, my friends, you saw it right,
With each other to unite,
Did you ask from God above
For the gifts of peace and love,
To preserve you from all wrong,
And to rule your heart and tongue?

You must cherish in your breast
Feelings which can make you blest.
Would you lead a happy life,
There must be no room for strife;
Even if you suffer wrong,
You must try to guard your tongue.

If you wish to live in peace,
You must from contention cease;
If you would be happy here,
You must learn how to forbear;
Matters will not go far wrong,
If you watch and guard the tongue.

Barton-under-Needwood. S. S.

The Penny Post Box.

INCREASED CIRCULATION OF THE PIONEER FOR 1859.

We think the time has now come when what we have long hoped for may be accomplished; and we believe it will, if all our Agents and Readers are of the same mind as some from whom we have received letters stating their determination to do their best. We thank those friends for the encouragement they have given us, and regret that we have not space to give copies of their letters.

Should any ask how they can help us, we request they will read the *Prefatory Address* which they will find in this number, and the *Notice* on the second page of this Cover. They will then see that the *best* way, and indeed the *only* way, in which they can give us the help we ask, is to show a copy of the *Pioneer* to their neighbours and get them to take it in for 1859. Scores or hundreds more, according to the population, might be thus circulated in every neighbourhood if this were done during the month of December ready for January. We cannot do this ourselves. All we can do we have offered to do to aid our friends in their efforts; and we hope that they will willingly and promptly set about the work and send us word how they have succeeded.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ABOUT THE COLONY OF VICTORIA—AUSTRALIA.

The Increase of Population has been more rapid than ever was known in any other place, ancient or modern, not excepting some places in the United States.

In Seven Years it has increased from 77,345 persons (1851) to more than six times that number.

Two Corporate Towns only, Melbourne and Geelong, existed in the whole country up to 1854; now there are twenty-six.

The Greatest Number of Immigrants arrived in the colony in 1852, when 94,000 were thus added to the population. In 1857 not more than 64,000 arrived.

The Number who Returned in four years ending December, 1857, was 102,974. But many of them would again return.

Five Railroads have been laid down in this colony, one of which pays 14 per cent. to the shareholders. Another of 94 miles towards the gold-fields, is about to be laid down.

Electric Telegraphs have been fixed over 700 miles of country, at a cost of £100 per mile.

English Manners and Customs, both good and bad, prevail. Any one, though as far from England as he well could be, might fancy himself in the old country.

Hints.

One from a great Man about Debt.—As we have not space now for a dozen hints, as is our custom, we will give one which may be of use to our poorer friends, though it comes from a rich man. Gleig, in his "Life of the Duke of Wellington," says:—"The writer of these sentences enjoyed, on several occasions, the great privilege of spending days together with the illustrious Duke in the retirement of Walmer Castle. At such times the Duke did not hesitate to converse freely about himself, and the subject of subscriptions and of charities happening to arise, he once produced his well-kept account-book for the year. It appeared from that document that he had given away, between January and December, considerably more than £4000. "I make a point now," he used to say, "of paying my own bills, and I advise every one to do the same; formerly I used to trust a confidential servant to pay them, but I was cured of that folly by receiving one morning, to my great surprise, duns of a year or two's standing. The fellow had speculated with my money and left my bills unpaid." Talking of debt, his remark was, "It makes a slave of a man. I have often known what it was to be in want of money, but I never got into debt."

Gems.

Carrying our Burden of Troubles.—We may compare the troubles which we have to carry in the course of this life to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once; he mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to day, and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we chose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's burden over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

The Christian Sabbath! Like its Lord, it rises to bless the world. And never, since the tomb of Jesus was burst open by him who revived and rose, has this day awakened but as the light of seven days, and with healing in its wings. Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation. It has been the coronation day of martyrs, the feast day of saints. It has been from the first until now the sublime custom of the Church of God. Still the outgoings of its morning and evening rejoice. It is the day of heaven upon earth. Life's sweetest calm, poverty's birthright, labour's only rest. It is as a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reacheth to heaven, with the angels of God ascending and descending upon it.

Poetic Selections.

A DAY'S MARCH NEARER HOME.

I know this life's a pilgrimage,
A journey to the skies,
A passage to that better land,
Where pleasure never dies.
Oh! then, to find so sweet a place
Above yon starry dome
I go, for every day but brings
A day's march nearer Home.

The path, I know, is sometimes smooth,
And then again uneven;
I murmur not, for 'tis the way
That pilgrims go to heaven.
I know there is a stream called death,
Whose waters dash and foam;
'Tis just before, but still I go
A day's march nearer Home.

O! what relief it is to know
The time cannot be long,
Before my soul shall be regaled
Within that land of song.
This cheering hope I cannot find
Within the sceptic's dome;
My Bible bids me onward go
A day's march nearer Home.

The Children's Corner.

THE COW-BOY IN THE GREEN LANE.

A MINISTER says:—"Passing through a shady lane, I saw a boy, whose employment was keeping cows, sitting under a hedge, attentively perusing a tract. Pleased to see him so employed, I went up to him. He told me he liked to read those little books very much, 'for,' said he, 'they teach me the way to God.' I asked him if he always liked them? He said, 'Oh, no; I should once much rather have read a song book, or idled away my time in doing nothing at all. I was very wicked, very bad indeed. I did not care what became of me, till one day when I was keeping my cows in this very lane, I thought I saw something in the hedge; I went up and took it out; it was a tract called *The Good Old Way*. I wondered what it could be about, but I thought I would read it. So I did, and was very much surprised to find that Jesus Christ was the way to heaven. But I could not quite understand it, so I took it home to my father, and he read it. He, too, said he could not make it out, but he saw very plainly that he was not in the right way.' 'And what,' said I, 'did you do then?' 'Oh,' said the boy, 'father and I talked about it a great many times, and read it over and over again, and we liked it better every time; and I began to feel myself a sinner, and so did father; but mother said it was all nonsense, and did not concern us. Then we began to read the Testament, and there I soon found that the tract was true, and I put my trust in Jesus; and though I am a poor boy, I hope I have found my Saviour, for you know Jesus said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' So I often try to go to Jesus, and sometimes I am so happy I would not exchange my place with a king.' 'Then you are not always happy,' said I. 'No; sometimes thoughts of my sins make me feel sad. But I must tell you about my father. He was a long time before he could believe that Jesus would indeed save him, he was so unworthy. At last he went to hear preaching, and the text was—'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' Ever since that time father has been happy, and mother goes with him to hear preaching too, and the minister comes to see us and talks to us all so kindly. I thank the people who are so kind as to give away tracts.' After some further conversation with this boy, I proceeded homeward, warmed and animated with what I had heard, and resolved, through the strength and assistance of the Saviour, to be more diligent in spreading abroad the Saviour's name."

WINKS AND SON, PRINTERS, LEICESTER.

THE

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A

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ISSUED IN NUMBERS, ONE HALFPENNY EACH.

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PREFATORY ADDRESS.

To all the Friends of the Christian Pioneer.

WELL: as the boys say, "We are now in our teens;" for this number completes the *Thirteenth Volume* of this humble publication; and this, in these days, when so many weekly and monthly periodicals are appearing and disappearing, cannot be regarded as anything else than hopeful. For though, when born, it was but a feeble bantling, and we had to nurse it well during its infancy, it is now becoming a strong and hearty youth, promising to reach "manhood," and we hope a "good old age." Nay, we could almost say of it in words of ancient use, "O PIONEER, live for ever!"

For such publications as this will yet for many years be required to "prepare the way of the Lord," and administer comfort to his people. And the EDITOR again engages, under Divine favour, to do the best he can to make its pages useful for these purposes. This is all he *can* do.

But the friends of the *Pioneer* can do something else, and except they do it, all he does will not avail. He can find food for it at home, but they must take it out for an airing. Everybody now-a-days will tell you that there is nothing like *fresh air*. We want some fresh air for our *Pioneer*, and if he does not get it he will yet be a sickly stripling, and may sink under a consumption and die!

You see what we mean. Plainly, we want every one of you to lend us a helping hand by shewing a copy of the *Pioneer* to your neighbours, and getting them to take it in next year. That will cost you nothing, and only take a few minutes of your time. Kindly oblige us by doing so, and you shall have our best thanks.

CONTENTS.

TUMMUS AND HIS WIFE BETTY.

A SPECIMEN OF NATURAL ELOQUENCE.

I AM not a Methodist, neither am I fond of popular excitement; but when I am from home, I prefer visiting any place of worship which I find open to spending the evening at my inn. Owing to this habit, I have often heard a sermon from a *local* preacher, and occasionally have found myself at a *love-feast*—as a spectator of course. During my journies in the North of England, I have thus heard some bursts of real and natural eloquence, which deserve to be known and preserved. I am quite sure that I shall do justice to the *facts* of these instances, but I am afraid not to the *language;* for my knowledge of the provincial dialects is only superficial.

The last love-feast that I witnessed was distinguished by the presence of some eminent ministers, whose names would be a sure pledge that all was decorum and solemnity in the vast assembly. In the midst of two thousand people, a MINER, "grimed and gruff," arose, evidently of his own accord, and addressed the Superintendent to this effect:—

"I wur, Sur, till laately, the biggest rogue o' a' P——. Woife and I lived loike cat and dog; wors na' them: 'twur a word and a blow—a blow and a word, all th' day long—all th' year long. I did nowt but brake th' Almeeghty's commandments. I was th' terror o' th' toon, and th' curs of whoame. One neet I wur passing th' *Methode* chappel, and pept in. They wur a-praying for ould John, 'at he moight be saved. He wur freeghtened for his sowl to be lost. I thowght—ye hair more need to pray for moine; moine's blackest. I thowght I mun pray for myse'll. I thowght, and thowght—and cudna help 'a-thinking.

I went whoame to woife. 'Betty,' says I, 'I mun pray for my poor sowl, lass.'—

'Eh, Tummus, 'u pray! 'u kenst nowght o' praying mon! Let t' Parson pray; its his traide. 'Twould set thee better to moiude thy work, and drink less.'

'Betty,' says I, 'I mun pray or perish. My poor sowl mun be lost—lost for ever, an' I dunna pray for mercy.'

'Tummus, Tummus; 'u is turning Methode, I fear me; or 'u is tipsey or crazy, mon.'

'Betty,' says I, 'Ize nowght o' the kind, lass. I have been *wors*—loike a devil. And what mun become o' my poor sowl?'

I tried to pray that neeght, but could mak nowght on't at all. I went next Sunday to th' Methode chappel—a-thinking and thinking. T' parson meeght o' known me. T' sarmant wur all to I. I got summat as stuck i' my heart. I saw I wur lost i' my sins—an' I *wur* th' biggest reprobat out o' hell.

I cumd whoame at neeght in a sweat o' fear. 'Betty,' says I, 'I mun pray, and 'u mun pray, lass. U's poor sowl is lost too! We mun perish, woife, an' we dunna pray now.'

'Tummus, Tummus, what has cumd o'er thee, mon? Thou'rt turning mad Methode. U' freeghtens me. I canna' pray. U' canna' pray. We mun hear t' parson read prayers, *an' it mun be so.* Go to bed—there, do.'

'Betty, Betty, I canna' sleep; I *mun* pray, lass; an' 'u mun try wi' me this blessed neeght.'

But Betty w'uld not pray at all. I went to chappel again, and heard summat as ga' me *hope.* God's word said as how the blood of Jesus cleanseth from *all* sin. This wur what I wanted. It mak me think an' think, I don't know how. It wur just the thing for my poor sowl. I wur *convarted* by that blood on the cross. I wur all ouer happy in Jesus; as happy as a *cricket* all t'day long.

Then I thowght, an' the Lord would *convart* Betty too, we should be as happy as crickets ever after! An' so, I prayed and prayed that the Lord would convart Betty as weel. And so she begin'd to think it wur summat good, to mak me so better as it did. An' so she went to chappel, an' got summat as *stuck* in ur' heart too. The Lord convarted Betty! And now, blessed be Jesus, we are happy as crickets all t'day long. 'Twur a word and a blow, and a blow and a word all *afore;* but now we lives and loves loike man and woife should do. So I thowght I mun tell ye here what God has done for ar poor sowls."

The effect of this narrative was electrical on the immense auditory: it was irresistible. The terms were uncouth, but the tones of the miner's voice—his perfect simplicity of manner—his self-evident integrity and cordiality, carried all hearts along with him. I myself—

"Albeit unused to the melting mood,"

wept like a child. Even the philosophical *Samuel Drew* was overpowered. When he regained his composure, he whispered

to me, "Such natural eloquence was never surpassed, in manner or effect.' "Only by the old *Cobler* on B—— Moo ," I whispered, in answer; "when his sermon on the Prodigal Son made all his audience start to their feet at once, in tears."

Yes: there is much fuss made about eloquence, but what is real eloquence after all? It is not putting a lot of grand long words together; no, no, that is not eloquence. It is bombast.

Real eloquence is the utterance of the heart expressed in suitable words. It is telling what you have to say in your own plain every day language, and letting your own heart go along with what you are then saying. That is true eloquence which makes other people feel what you are telling them, until their hearts are drawn out to go along with yours. Nothing else is worth calling eloquence; for this is the eloquence of the heart, which is the best of all eloquence. The eloquence of the lip dies away, but the eloquence of the heart remains. Not one of all that large assembly of people would ever forget poor Tummus's tale about himself and Betty.

I have heard, during the past fifty years, nearly all the most eloquent men in England, whether in the senate, or the pulpit, or at the bar, but I never heard one, not even Henry Brougham or Robert Hall, who displayed more eloquence than a woman. If you ask me who she was I cannot tell you. But it was that young mother who was talking to her first-born baby as it lay smiling up at her on her lap. They were in the house alone, and the mother thought she might now say all that was in her heart, and she did. Out came the words—mother's words every one of them. "Oh, you sweet! you joy! you darling! you beauty! you lovely creature!" And on she went with a whole torrent of rapturous exclamations, while her little cherub cooed and smiled and spluttered responsive approbation of all she said.

That was a young mother's natural eloquence arising from her intense affection for her darling child. But Tummus's eloquence sprang up from a deeper source than even that. He felt that his soul had been saved from sinking into endless ruin. The thought of this filled his whole being. He must tell all that two thousand people what God had done for his soul; and how the blood of Jesus Christ his son had cleansed

him from all sin; and he must tell all this in his own way, a that was the right way and the best way.

READER! Have you ever felt as Tummus did? If y have not you are not safe. Seek for salvation, as Tumm did, and you will find it. Then go, as he did, and fearing t face of no man,

"Tell to sinners round
What a kind Saviour you have found;
Then point to his redeeming blood,
And cry, Behold the way to God!"

Poetry.

"MIGHTY TO SAVE."

BURDENED with a load of guilt,
Say, poor sinner, wouldst thou know
Where deliverance may be felt?
Where for safety thou mayest go?
Come to Jesus, on His breast
Heavy-laden souls find rest.

All thy griefs with Jesus leave,
All thy sorrows on him lay,
He the burden will receive,
He will bear it all away;
Though thy sins, like wave on wave,
'Whelm thee, He is strong to save.

O fear not He'll pass thee by,
Canst thou doubt Immanuel's love?
Came not He from heaven to die?
What could grace more strongly prove?
See His hands, His feet, His side,
What wouldst thou have more beside?

Ne'er rejected He the prayer
Of the poorest one who tried,
Ne'er o'erlooked, or bade despair,
One who once to Him applied;
Man-like, He for suffering feels,
God-like, He that suffering heals.

Anecdotes and Selections.

Burning of an Australian Steamer.—The "Eastern City" left Liverpool for Melbourne in July, 1858, with a heavy cargo, 180 passengers, and 47 officers and men. Her run was successful as far as the equator, when, on August 23, it was found that a fire had broken out in the hold. Captain Johnstone at once ordered the passengers and crew on deck, and all obeyed except one. The fore-hatch was nearly closed, holes being left for the passage of water, and immense quantities were poured down. For some time a hope prevailed that water was overcoming fire, but this was delusive. Next an attempt was made to smother the flames by covering the hatch with blankets, plaids, shawls, and sails. Not a ship was in sight; the sea rolled heavily; night came on; the land was six hundred miles distant. Everything seems to have been done to save the ship. Water was again vigorously applied, the captain cheerily superintending every operation. In the meantime the boats had been prepared and provisioned for lowering, and the women and children were removed to the poop. Morning broke, and found passengers and crew hard at work. Hopes of safety grew fainter every moment. The men were excessively fatigued: the decks grew too hot to stand upon. All seemed over, when a cry arose of "a sail!" It proved an ark of safety. One of the saved recounts the scene:—"How I looked to windward, and how faint and ill I felt when I at first failed to perceive anything but the ocean and a few black clouds just at the edge of the horizon; how we all at last saw the sail, just like a distant gull—she was coming down upon us—close by the edge of the sun's rays on the sea; how we all cheered, and wept and prayed, and laughed and clasped each other's hands and cheered again; how great rough fellows hugged each other and wept like children; how men who had probably never prayed before muttered sincere thanksgivings; and how those who had preserved the greatest indifference when death seemed so near were now completely overcome, I cannot describe. I shook hands with at least a hundred—many of them rough, illiterate men, but who had worked with a high courage in the hour of danger, and who were new as sincere in their feelings of thankfulness as the best of us. In less than half an hour from the time we first sighted her, the vessel, which proved to be the "Merchantman," from London, with troops for Calcutta, passed close under our stern. How we cheered her, and she returned our cheer as only British soldiers and sailors can cheer! Our captain hailed through his trumpet, "We are on fire, will you stand by us?" to which Captain Brown returned a hearty "Aye, aye; and send my boats to fetch you." First went the women and children, then the men, the captain, steadfast man, being the last to leave. When we

consider the heavy sea running and the way in which both ships rolled about, particularly the "Eastern City," from the absence of sufficient sail to steady her, we cannot but admire the arrangements of Captains Johnstone and Brown; and to have rescued 227 persons from a disabled ship in such a sea, without a single accident, speaks for itself. On board the "Merchantman" Captain Brown had provided everything that he could devise for relieving our wants and conducing to our comfort; and well was he seconded by Captain Dawson, commanding the troops. They had prepared hot tea and biscuits for 400. The women and children were accommodated in the cuddy and officers' rooms, and the crew and passengers mustered and told off to mess with the soldiers and sailors, without the slightest confusion. The "Merchantman" stood by the burning ship during the night, and at about two a.m. the flames burst forth over the top-gallant forecastle; soon after the foremast went over the side, and in half an hour the main and mizen masts went, and soon after she was in a mass of flames. We could see her still burning until about five a.m., when, the "Merchantman" having stood for Table Bay, the distance became too great for us to distinguish other than a dark cloud resting above the dim horizon, which was the last we saw of our ship. We in the first cabin saved a portion of our luggage, but the whole of the other passengers and the majority of the crew lost everything. But we were all truly thankful for our preservation from a terrible and inevitable death, and we all feel that the finger of Providence was in it, for had the "Merchantman" not been obliged to put into Rio de Janeiro, in consequence of the illness of her medical officer then in charge of the troops, she could not have been so far out of her course, and in a position to rescue us." The rescued people met with the kindest treatment, both on board the "Merchantman" and at Cape Town; from which place they were forwarded to Melbourne in a bark chartered for the purpose.

THE HAPPY MAN'S PEDIGREE.—The happy man was born in the City of Regeneration, in the Parish of Repentance unto Life. He was educated at the School of Obedience, and lives in Perseverance. He works at the trade of Diligence. Notwithstanding he has a Large Estate in the County of Christian Contentment, and many times does jobs of Self Denial. He wears the plain Garment of Humility, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to court, called "The Robe of Christ's Righteousness." He often walks in the valley of Self Abasement, and sometimes climbs the mountain of Spiritual Mindedness. He breakfasts every morning on Spiritual Prayer, and sups every evening upon the same. He has meat to eat that the world knows not of, and his drink is the sincere Milk of the World. Thus Happy he lives, and Happy he dies. Happy is he who has Gospel Consolation in his Conscience, Sanctifying Grace in his soul, real Divinity in his breast, true Humanity in

is heart, the Redeemer's yoke on his neck, a Vain World under is feet, and a Crown of Glory over his head. Happy is the life f such an one. In order to attain it, pray frequently, believe rmly, wait patiently, work abundantly, live holy, die daily, watch our heart, guard your senses, redeem your time, love Christ, and ong for glory.

Immortality.—The prospect of a future state is the secret comort and refreshment of my soul; it is that which makes nature ook gay about me; it doubles all my pleasures, and supports me nder all my afflictions. I can look at disappointment and misfornes, pain and sickness, and death itself, and, what is worse than leath, the loss of those who are dearest to me, with indifference, so ong as I keep in view the pleasures of eternity, and the state of eing in which there will be no fears or apprehensions, pains or sorows, sickness or separation. Why will any man be so impertinent s to tell me all this is only fancy and delusion? Is there any nerit in being the messenger of ill news? If it is a dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both the happier and the better man. But it is true. Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel. Jesus, my Saviour, is the resurrection and the life.

Always Ready.—A lady once asked Mr. Wesley, "Supposing that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, Madam?" he replied, "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning; after that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

A Poor Pious Woman called upon two elegant young ladies, who, regardless of her poverty, received her with christian affection, and sat down in the drawing-room, to converse with her upon religious subjects. While thus employed, their brother, a dashing youth, entered, and appeared astonished to see his sisters thus engaged. One of them, perceiving this, exclaimed, "Brother, don't be surprised; this is a King's daughter, though she has not got on her best clothes yet."

A Profane Coachman, pointing to one of his horses, said to a traveller, "That horse, sir, knows when I swear at him." "Yes," replied the traveller, "and so does *One above*." The coachman felt the reproof, and became silent. The traveller did not hear him swear again during his drive. He took the lesson, and we hope he kept it.

The Fireside.

TWO PICTURES.

The Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne thus describes a cottage which he saw in Devonshire, the garden of England—

"In one compartment of the building were dwelling a man, his wife, and five children; five of them had the fever: the man died of it. With some difficulty we ascended to the bedroom of this cottage. No one by pen can describe it. You get into it by a sort of ladder. When in it, you find it impossible to stand upright anywhere but in the direct centre, for the roof slopes down to the floor at an acute angle. The beds are so placed as to make the bases of so many triangles, of which the sides of the roof are the lateral lines. You must cross the first to get at the second; the second, to reach the third. The floor is as rotten as possible, full of holes, through one of which the husband's leg had gone on one occasion. I ventured to ask how they got a corpse out of such a place. I found "*they had him downstairs to die;*" there the poor husband was seven weeks, and then they took him dead to the church-yard."

What a picture of misery!

As a favourable contrast to Mr. Osborne's gloomy picture, may be mentioned the cottages which have lately been erected in Dorset, by Mr. Sturt of Critchell:

"We are told that 'he rebuilt the village of Lincleston, placing two cottages, with three bedrooms in each, on an acre of land, dividing it equally between the two tenants, neither of whom trespasses on the land of his neighbour. The cottages have a south aspect, and are protected from the north wind by a row of apple-trees in the rear. Mr. Sturt's property is scattered over the country, but his cottages are easily recognised by their comfortable and uniform appearance. The results are, that in the villages thus favoured there is not now a single poacher, and that the labourers residing in these improved dwellings take a pride in the cultivation of the land, and carry off the best prizes for vegetables from the Labourers' Friend Society. . . . It is admitted that the labourer cannot afford to pay fair interest on this outlay, but Mr. Sturt affirms that the property generally is increased in value by increasing the comforts of the cultivators."

We are very glad indeed to find that many more of our rich landed proprietors, beside Mr. Sturt, are doing similar things, and not before it was time. There are hundreds and thousands of old wretched mud-walled thatch-roofed huts in our land which would be a foul disgrace to any civilized country, much more to one like ours. Indeed they are not fit for the habitations of human beings. Many rich men's dogs and horses are better provided for. They ought all to be cleared off the face of the land by the authority and at the expense of the nation. We wish we could hear of Petitions to Parliament for this object. It would be a *Reform Bill* worth going for.

"SILLY COTTAGES."

'HE homes of our agricultural population are deficient in external ccommodation. No dwelling should be without some portion of round attached to it. By the 7th of 31st Elizabeth, it was enacted iat no cottage should be built without *four acres* being laid to it, 'hich should be for the sole use of the occupants of such cottage. ll dwellings failing in this respect were called "*silly cottages.*"

And the garden is a useful school of industry. There the laourers' children receive their first lessons in that which is to be the usiness of their lives. The farmer also profits by it, since it enbles the lad to serve an apprenticeship in many agricultural operaions before he is taken on at the farm.

The allotment-ground should be merely a temporary expedient to upply the lack of gardens where dwellings have been erected withut them. It is of great importance, in so changeable a climate as ours, that the scene of work should be close at home.

The Penny Post Box.

ONE OF OUR OWN.

As we have not just at this time any particular letter from any of our friends that requires immediate insertion, we shall furnish "one of our own;" for so we wish our readers to regard what we now write.

We opened this Penny Post Box to receive letters from any of our friends. For sometimes we found them, when writing to us, wishing to tell us what they thought about things going on around them; so we concluded that we would give them a page for that purpose. We wish now to remind them of this, and to tell them again that we shall be glad to receive letters from any of them. We do so, because as this periodical is circulated among the working classes generally, we wish to give them an opportunity of telling anything which they think would be for the good of their fellow working-men and their families. Persons in their situation in life know one another's wants and desires better than other people can do, and we have sometimes heard complaints that working-men—the farm-labourer especially—cannot say what he wishes. Now we offer any of them and all of them an opportunity. And we further tell them, that they need not hold back from writing because they cannot write a good hand or spell every word right. If they will only put down what their thoughts are, that is all we want. We will make all the rest right and fit to appear in print. We have written this very plain that all may understand it; and we hope we shall soon have some letters from working-men or their wives, on any subject that they may think well to write about.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

OF THE RELIGIOUS STATE OF EUROPE.

RUSSIA.—*Greek or Eastern Church*, with 215,000 priests for 67 millions of people. The doctrines more evangelical than the papists, and the Bible is read openly. But much error and superstition prevails.

PRUSSIA.—*Protestant*, but many papists in some parts. Distinguished for learned biblical scholars, but some of them are infidels, usually called neologists.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.—*Protestants*. Intolerant to all others. But a better spirit is rising, and there are extensive revivals of evangelical religion in many parts.

DENMARK.—*Protestant*, but a cold and uniform formality prevails, with little of the vital power of religion.

HOLLAND.—*Protestant*. In former days the most strenuous opponent of popery, but now sinking under its influence into the deeper shades of infidelity. One hundred years ago in its 1300 parish pulpits Christ was preached, now not in one in 100.

AUSTRIA.—*Popish* entirely and absolutely. The new Concordat between the young Emperor and the Pope having put out nearly every spark of religious liberty.

FRANCE—*Popish*, or rather infidel really, for thousands believe in nothing but dancing and music. Protestants are kept down as much as possible.

BELGIUM.—*Popish*, but religious toleration prevails, and Protestantism is rising.

SARDINIA.—*Popish*, but freedom to worship God is enjoyed by Waldenses—the ancient protestants.

ITALY AND NAPLES, SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.—*Popish* all, of course. Darkness covers them, with only here and there a glimmering of light.

Hints.

A TRULY GENEROUS MAN is he, who out of his poverty tries to help his neighbour in distress. The widow's mite was a more splendid gift than the rich Pharisee's golden offering.

A MAN AND A WATCH are about alike. You may tell the worth of either by observing if they "go well."

NARROW-MINDED PEOPLE are like narrow-necked bottles. The less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

INDULGE A BAD TEMPER, and depend upon it that it will punish you more than any one else. It is always like making a rod to whip your own back.

JEALOUSY keeps up a kind of civil war in the soul, leading its victim to strike down both friends and relatives.

A JESTING BUFFOON, who never opens his mouth but to make others laugh, is one of the most contemptible creatures in the shape of a man.

A DEATH-BED REPENTANCE is a slender and unsafe plank to tread on as a bridge from Time to Eternity. Dont you trust to it.

PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF, may be said to the covetous man who reproves prodigality—to the atheist who despises idolatry—to the tyrant who denounces rebellion—to the liar who condemns forgery—or to the hypocrite who preaches against wickedness.

Gems.

FAINTING CHRISTIAN.—The time short, and if thy cross is a heavy ıe, thou hast not far to carry it. ternity will give thee time enough rest in.

THE INDULGENCE OF PRIDE ırned angels out of heaven, ruined ır world, and now keeps God out f the heart, and the soul out of eaven.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE extends to any oint of space, at every moment of ıme. Take comfort from this. He areth for sparrows, and numbereth very hair of your head.

GRACE GROWS in the heart of the eal christian. He knoweth not ıow exactly, but it does, and he feels t growing when his desires increase ıfter perfect holiness.

WHO IS THE RICHEST MAN?—He who has the most means of doıng good to his fellow creatures, ınd makes the best use of them. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive."

CARES AND PRAYERS. — When our cares are turned into prayers we shall have reason for thanking God for them.

A GREAT MISTAKE.—He who expects salvation without seeking for it expects what God has never said he will give. God has promised to work *in* us, *for* us, *with* us, and *by* us, but never *without* us.

THE WRITINGS OF GOOD MEN are like pools of water; there is often some muddy places in them; they are not like the fountains of living water, clear as crystal, which sparkle in the Word of God.

GOSPEL LIBERTY is not exempt from law. The christian is "under law to Christ." But it is the law of ıove, the strongest and most binding law in the universe.

Poetic Selections.

CURIOUS RHYMES.

WHAT is earth, sexton?
A place to dig graves;
What is earth, tyrant?
A place to work slaves;
What is earth, gray-beard?
A place to grow old;
What is earth, miser?
A place to get gold;
What is earth, school-boy?
A good place for play;
What is earth, maiden?
A place to be gay;
What is earth, seamstress?
A place where I weep;
What is earth, sluggard;
A good place to sleep;
What is earth, soldier?
A place for a battle;
What is earth, herdsman?
A place to raise cattle;
What is earth, widow?
A place of sad sorrow;
What is earth, tradesman?
I'll tell you to-morrow;
What is earth, sick man?
'Tis nothing to me;
What is earth, sailor?
My home is the sea;
What is earth, statesman?
A place to win fame;
What is earth, author?
To write there my name;
What is earth, monarch?
For me it was given;
What is earth, Christian?
The gateway of Heaven.

LOOKING AT THE PAST YEAR.

Now another year is flown,
It is now no more our own,
Whether for our ill or good,
Than the years before the flood.

So our Time steals fast away,
Hour by hour, and day by day,
Small to us each day appears,
But they make up all our years.

The past year, let none forget,
Found and left us much in debt.
Favours that we oft received,
Sins that oft the Spirit grieved—

Mark'd by His unerring hand
In His book recorded stand:
Who can tell the vast amount
Placed there to our account!

We have nothing, Lord, to pay;
Blot out all our debt we pray,
With the blood of Him who died,
And for our sins was crucified!

In His name on Thee we call,
For His sake forgive us all!
Henceforth may we live to Thee,
Now and in ETERNITY!

The Children's Corner.

WE WILL HOLD FAST THE BIBLE!

We will hold fast the Bible, the precious Word of God,
Which tells how our redemption was bought by Jesus' blood.
Three hundred years or more it is since first we got the Book;
Oh, how our fathers wondered when they in it did look!
They had been kept in darkness long with scarce a ray of light;
How cheering was that morning sun which broke upon their night!

We will hold fast the Bible, for when at first it came,
The Bishops of the Pope of Rome consumed it in the flame;
And when they found that Tyndale had translated it abroad,
And printed it in English words, and sent us a good load,
They went and found where he did live—and then by force they take
This noble-minded Englishman, and burn him at the stake!

We will hold fast the Bible, for it was England's star,
When after this there came the days of peril and of war.
But having got the Book of God our father's held it fast,
Though persecution raged around with fierce and bitter blast.
They would not part with such a prize for riches all untold,
For it more precious was to them than silver or than gold.

We will hold fast the Bible. Yes, we will hold it fast,
As our most precious treasure as long as life shall last.
In England now each boy and girl can have the blessed book,
And none can hinder them if they would in its pages look.
Oh, let us love it more ourselves, and send it far abroad,
That other people too may read the woudrous works of God!

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

JAMES MURRAY was not born in America; he was born in Ireland, near Belfast, of respectable parents, who gave him a good education. He was apprenticed to an apothecary, and then sent to the Glasgow College; but, like some other young men, being of a wild turn, he started off without the knowledge of his parents for Canada.

In Quebec he opened a shop for the sale of drugs, but not succeeding he crossed the boundary, and, almost heart-broken, enlisted into the Fifth Regiment of the United States Infantry in the year 1830.

Removed to a wild frontier station, 1000 miles west, he gave way to drunkenness and other vicious courses; but being a man of superior education he was made a corporal.

I first met with him at Fort Brady in October, 1832. There were some praying men in the company, and at that distant out-post, near where the magnificent Lake Superior empties its crystal waters through the broad clear river of St. Mary, withdrawn from the more busy scenes of public life, and removed from many of the temptations to drunkenness with which they had long been surrounded, they found it comparatively easy to take the pledge of total abstinence, and to keep it. Corporal Murray was among the first in company "A" that joined the Temperance Society.

Being a Roman Catholic, he at first ridiculed the religious meetings; and, instead of attending them, used to go to the quarters of an Irish family next door, and pass the time which we devoted to the worship of God in card-playing. While we begged the Lord to forgive them, we could hear their fearful oaths and senseless laughter. In profaneness, I am told, he had then hardly his equal in the camp. One night he was determined to break up our praying by his oaths and noise. In this he did not succeed. Afterwards, when he looked back on that scene with shame and grief, he said, "I did not know what I was doing."

I was first led to inquire the name of this man by seeing his noble form and generous features regularly at church on the sabbath. And with great pleasure I learned that he had so far cast off the trammels of his Romish education as to listen with a degree of interest to the Word of God.

Besides attending the public worship on sabbath, he was at length brought into the Bible class. The pleasing, solemn scenes of that post school-house, where we studied together "the glorious gospel of the blessed God," many will never forget. The truths there heard, I doubt not, will prove to many a "savour of life unto life," and thus be remembered in eternity.

It was there the Lord convinced Murray of sin, and showed him that all the ceremonies of the Romish Church were in vain to his salvation. For a time he thought if he became moral, broke off drinking, swearing, and sabbath-breaking, and did what the world regards as honourable, he should secure heaven; but then he had not seen the depravity of his heart, his entire natural pollution, and the necessity of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin. He long concealed his feelings, too proud to acknowledge that he was seeking peace from religion. Then he was loud in arguments, and full of cavilling against the truth. But conscience would not sleep. It was as a fire shut up in his bones. He saw the operation of the Spirit on the minds of others. Some of his companions were rejoicing in the hope that God had forgiven their sins, and others were asking what they must do to be saved.

In the spring of 1833 his feelings were such that he could conceal them no longer. He had been so strongly opposed to religion, that his associates could hardly believe him sincere when he told them he was resolved to seek the Lord. Yet his deep solemnity and perseverance soon convinced them that he was not trying to deceive.

With great emotion I learned that he wished to be instructed in the way of life. With deep feeling he told me how conscious he was of his lost condition, and begged to know if there was mercy for such a sinner. He thought, he said, that he was willing to submit to God, but that God would not receive him. But the true reason why he was not accepted is contained in these words of Christ, "Ye will not come to me that ye may have life."

I knelt and prayed with him, begging the Lord to break the chains of sin, and deliver him from that device of satan which has destroyed so many souls; but he arose, with others in the same state of mind, yet unsubdued. For days they remained in this darkness, inclined to cast the blame of their impenitence on God. The difficulty was, that they yet depended on them

Poetry.

SINNER'S COMPLAINT AND THE ANSWER.

[illegible] minister of the gospel says, "I am now ninety-six, and [illegible] the aid of glasses. Until I was nearly ninety God [illegible] preach the blessed gospel." This venerable servant [illegible] sent us some verses, part of which are written by his [illegible] hand. We have done our best to copy them, and we [illegible] above reasons, our readers will be pleased with them. [illegible] be very poetic, but they display an experimental know- [illegible] and salvation.

THE COMPLAINT.

I AM wounded in every part;
No soundness remaineth in me;
Alas! my poor treacherous heart,
No goodness in it can I see.
Polluted and filthy within,
Corrupted and wholly depraved,
I am carnal and sold under sin—
Lord! what shall I do to be saved?

Possess'd of a nature unclean,
Which filleth me daily with grief,
I have anguish and trouble within—
Oh! where shall I flee for relief?
I strive, and I struggle and pray,
Yet still doth my burden remain;
All hope seems to be far away,
Which maketh me sorely complain.

I strive from my load to get free,
Yet cannot deliverance find;
No help is afforded to me;
I am dreadfully toss'd in my mind!
The Law doth both curse and condemn,
And conscience declares it is just;
And satan reproaches me too—
Lord, save me! or perish I must.

THE ANSWER.

WHEN thy strength is exhausted and gone,
Thy Saviour will surely appear;
For when goodness we find we have none,
Then will the Physician draw near.
The wounded, the sickly and weak,
Are those he delights to attend,

ever-varying forms, and on that account tenfold more dangerous, yet, by the grace of God, he was able to resist, and come off more than conqueror.

Though, before conversion, he was notoriously and awfully profane, since then not an oath has been heard from his lips. Though before often intoxicated, and at times apparently past hope, he has since entirely abstained, not only from ardent spirits, but from wine, and all intoxicating drinks. He saw that these enemies had cast down many wounded; that, with those who had been addicted to intemperance, the first glass generally broke the charm, and was followed by inevitable ruin; and his resolution never to touch or taste remained unshaken to the hour of death.

Although, previous to his conviction of sin, a strong supporter of the Romish Church, he has since looked upon it as the deceiver of the nations: as "that Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." He deplored the influence of this faith over his native country, and feared that his parents were still enslaved in its iron fetters.

Even the enemies of the faith in which he died are constrained to confess, that, from the time of his making a religious profession, he maintained an untarnished name. Sweet is the memory of the just!

In September, 1834, I was told that he was dangerously ill of cholera; and I hastened to see him. The pain of his cramped limbs was severe, and his features ghastly. I said, "Your confidence at this hour is in Christ, I trust." "In Christ only—only through him do I hope for acceptance." He could not say much, for his agonies were very great. It was in reference to them he said—and they were his last words—"There's rest hereafter; I'll go bail for it!"

And so we see how the grace of God, in the gospel of his Son, turned the heart of this wild young Irish papist, and brought him to the cross of Christ for salvation.

Reader! what is the state of thy heart? Dont you like to answer the question? Perhaps not. Well: God knoweth: and you had better know, and know the worst of it too. For it is only when we feel that we are full of the disease of sin that we shall fly to Christ for cure. But make haste, for *now* is the day of salvation. Tomorrow may be *too late!*

Poetry.

THE POOR SINNER'S COMPLAINT AND THE ANSWER.

A VERY aged minister of the gospel says, "I am now ninety-six, and am writing without the aid of glasses. Until I was nearly ninety God permitted me to preach the blessed gospel." This venerable servant of Christ has sent us some verses, part of which are written by his own trembling hand. We have done our best to copy them, and we hope, for the above reasons, our readers will be pleased with them. They may not be very poetic, but they display an experimental knowledge of sin and salvation.

THE COMPLAINT.

I AM wounded in every part;
  No soundness remaineth in me;
Alas! my poor treacherous heart,
  No goodness in it can I see.
Polluted and filthy within,
  Corrupted and wholly depraved,
I am carnal and sold under sin—
  Lord! what shall I do to be saved?

Possess'd of a nature unclean,
  Which filleth me daily with grief,
I have anguish and trouble within—
  Oh! where shall I flee for relief?
I strive, and I struggle and pray,
  Yet still doth my burden remain;
All hope seems to be far away,
  Which maketh me sorely complain.

I strive from my load to get free,
  Yet cannot deliverance find;
No help is afforded to me;
  I am dreadfully toss'd in my mind!
The Law doth both curse and condemn,
  And conscience declares it is just;
And satan reproaches me too—
  Lord, save me! or perish I must.

THE ANSWER.

WHEN thy strength is exhausted and gone,
  Thy Saviour will surely appear;
For when goodness we find we have none,
  Then will the Physician draw near.
The wounded, the sickly and weak,
  Are those he delights to attend,

And comfort to such he will speak—
  O, what a compassionate Friend!

Thy soul having nothing to pay,
  Is frankly forgiven the whole;
Great debtors are pardon'd this way,
  And liberty brought to their soul.
The Law doth no longer condemn;
  Even Justice is now on their side;
For the Saviour satisfied them,
  When the blood issued forth from his side!

The strong man is now dispossess'd,
  And forced to quit his strong hold;
The sinner is sensibly bless'd,
  Which makes him both thankful and bold.
His mind is now filled with peace;
  He lives by the faith of his Lord;
His strength day by day doth increase,
  Being fed with the milk of the word.

He now is made clean through the word,
  And justified wholly by grace;
His confidence is in the Lord,
  Enjoying the smiles of his face.
The earnest of heaven he hath,
  As a pledge of the glory to come;
He stedfastly walketh by faith,
  And soon will arrive at his home!

Anecdotes and Selections.

EPITAPH ON A GRAVESTONE IN THE PARISH CHURCHYARD OF BOLTON, LANCASHIRE.—John Okey, the servant of God, was born in London, 1608. Come into this town, 1629. Married Mary the daughter of James Compton, of Brightmet, 1635, with whom he had lived comfortably twenty years, and had four sons and six daughters. Since then he lived sole till the day of his death. In his time there were many great changes and terrible alterations. Eighteen years civil wars in England, besides many dreadful sea-fights. The crown or command of England changed eight times. Episcopacy laid aside fourteen years. London burnt and more stately built again. Germany wasted three hundred miles. Two hundred and sixty thousand Protestants murdered in Ireland by the Papists. This town thrice stormed, once taken and plundered. He went through many troubles and divers conditions. Found rest, joy, and happiness, only in holiness, the faith, fear, and love of God in Jesus Christ. He died the 29th April, lieth here buried, 1684.

Come, Lord Jesus, O, come quickly!
Holiness is man's happiness!

A Swearer Subdued.—This is not an old tale, but a new one, for it took place at the latter end of 1858. A minister of the gospel in Wiltshire, who had to go a little distance from his own home to his place of worship, told his congregation, when preaching from Jer. viii. 21, 22, that for some time past a wicked man would take care to meet him on the road, and as soon as he got near to him would begin to pull his horse about, and then swear at it dreadfully, on purpose, apparently, to annoy the minister, who he knew hated swearing. He was often reproved for his wickedness, but to no purpose. But, we say it with reverence, God seemed to take him in hand, by sending severe illness to visit him. When on the bed of sickness he "came to himself," and was filled with remorse for his vexatious wickedness. But being, as such men usually are, as ignorant as he had been wicked, he sent for the minister, saying that if he would come and pray with him, *he would pay him for his trouble!* The minister went, and faithfully told him of his great sins, and of the great Saviour. He recovered, and the minister has now reasons for hoping that he is soundly converted to God. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" G. P.

Readiness for Death.—When you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to awake till the heavens be no more. And when you awake in the morning, consider that new day as your last, and live accordingly. Surely that night cometh, of which you will never see the morning, or that morning of which you will never see the night; but which of your mornings or nights will be such, you know not. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyments hang loose about you, that it may be easily dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the corn is ripe, it is ready for the sickle. So when a christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and it will be the more easy for him. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one, and then we are ready for heaven, when our heart is there before us. Trust in Christ and all will be well.

Feeling and Faith.—Too many christians act by impulse or feeling, rather than by childlike faith in the promises of God. Those who live by feeling remind one of ships that move by the outward impulse of winds on the sails. They are often at a dead calm, often out of their course, and sometimes driven back; and it is only when the winds are fair and strong that they move on with rapidity. But those whose steady faith controls the life, remind one of the magnificent steamers which cross the Atlantic, which are moved by an interior and fixed principle, and which advance steadily and swiftly to their destination through calm and storm, through cloud and sunshine.

The Fireside.

"GOOD TIMES."

A SMALL book with this title has been lately published in London,* which states that "about one million one hundred thousand pounds sterling are *weekly* squandered in intoxicating drink and tobacco by the working classes of the United Kingdom. Imagine that for a single week no intoxicating liquors were drunk, but that all this money were sent to Manchester for cottons, calicoes, &c. What excitement there would be on the exchange, giving and receiving orders! How merrily would go the mills and manufactories! How the warehouses would be filled with goods until nearly a thousand wagons took them to the railway stations to be sent to every town in the kingdom! Keep away from the public-house another week, and send the next £1,100,000 to Bradford for children's dresses. What amazement as the letters containing the orders were read! Bright and beautiful the styles, and almost boundless the quantities, that such an arrival of money would produce! The third week the £1,100,000 to Leeds to buy woollens. Its coloured cloth-hall would be cleared, and its village clothiers have in distant years to tell their children's children of a market day, to which "they ne'er may see the like again." Send the fourth £1,100,000 to Paisley for shawls for mothers and daughters. No minstrel's song tells of such an amount of treasure being conveyed over the borders. Swiftly would the shuttle fly, and long would there be good times in Paisley! The fifth £1,100,000 might be sent to Nottingham for hosiery. Its artizans would require months and months to complete so magnificent an order! The sixth weeks' might be sent to Northampton for shoes. Leather would be scarce, and every maker would have to stick well to his last for a long time to come! The seventh to Sheffield for cutlery. Ancient as is the Cutler's Company, its annals mention no period so prosperous as Sheffield would be! The eighth to Staffordshire for china and crockery. The potteries would be employed both night and day, before one half the sets were ready! The ninth might be sent for linens. Barnsley and Belfast might divide the money, and months would go by before one-half was paid in wages! The tenth to Dewsbury for blankets. New mills would have to be erected, and the population all busily engaged before the bales were ready! The eleventh might be sent to London for books. But they could not be obtained until the paper had been made, and such a quantity would more than employ all hands at present in the mills; and the twelfth, to hallow all the rest, might be expended in the purchase of copies of the Word of God. The money spent in intoxicating drink in

* Groombridge and Sons.

one week, would supply a Bible, not only to every home, but to *every man* and *woman* in the empire!

All this long line of glorious deeds could be accomplished in twelve weeks—*eighty-four days*, were the working classes of the United Kingdom, for that time, to refrain from intoxicating drink. What other proceeding could be so fraught with comfort to innumerable homes, so overflowing with benefits to all?

The Penny Post Box.

MORE PIONEERS WANTED!

I DONT mean that there is a scarcity of the *Pioneer* itself, for no doubt you could give us thousands more if we wanted them: but what I mean is, we want more Pioneers to spread the *Pioneer*.

From the first day of my seeing it, six years ago, it has been a welcome visitor to my fireside. And I am not only pleased with it myself, but as it is not sectarian I can recommend it to any of my friends and neighbours.

Indeed I think it my duty, as a christian man, to do what I can to introduce such interesting and cheap publications as the *Pioneer* to as many as I can, in order to get them to take them in preference to the many trashy and mischievous papers which are now pushed upon the notice of the working classes. For the Press is a great power for good or evil, and we ought to be very zealous in using it for good. There never was a time when we ought to be more diligent; for most people can read now, and they will read something.

I only want to persuade others to do what I am doing myself. This is my design in sending you this letter. I find that during last year, 1858, I have circulated *one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight* good weekly and monthly publications, *six hundred and fifty* of which were *Christian Pioneers*. These, with few exceptions, I have delivered to the subscribers at their own houses or at their workshops.

And dont think that I am a gentleman, with plenty of time and money at my command. I am only a working man, and I have to labour for my wife and children every day.

And dont think I am likely to give it up, for I feel so satisfied that I am doing good, and serving a Master who pays my wages promptly, that I love the work more and more.

If others, Mr. Editor, would only try their hands at this work for an hour or two among their neighbours, they would find plenty ready and willing to take in the *Pioneer*, and verily they would have their reward.

So readers all, both far and near,
Just try and spread the PIONEER.

R. C.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—The latest and apparently the fairest estimate of the world's population makes it 1,150,000,000, divided, religiously, as follows:—

Pagans	676,000,000
Christians	320,000,000
Mohammedans ..	140,000,000
Jews	14,000,000

The three hundred and twenty millions of Christians are divided as follows:—

Church of Rome ..	170,000,000
Greek and Eastern Churches	60 000,000
Protestants	90,000,000

From the above it will be seen that 816,000,000, including Pagans and Mohammedans, have no correct knowledge whatever of the true God; that 244,000,000, embracing Jews, Catholics, Greek and Eastern churches, are but corruptions of true christianity, while only 90,000,000 are Protestants—*ninety* of the eleven hundred and fifty of earth's teeming millions, a mere fraction over *one in twelve*.

LENGTH OF TELEGRAPH.—The number of miles of telegraph lines which have been constructed since the discovery of Professor Morse, amounts to about 84,000, of which one half is in the United States, and most of the other half in Europe. In laying of the great cable across the Atlantic, about 2,500 miles were laid down. In India there are between 5,000 and 6,000 miles.

COST OF WAR.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a statement made to Parliament, estimates the cost of the two years' war with Russia at £43,564,000. Add to this sum, equal amounts for France, Russia, and Turkey, and we have a total of £174,000,000.

Hints.

IDLENESS AND LABOUR.—Idleness is a slavish sin—Labour a willing service. Idleness is the devil's house of bondage. Labour builds its own house of liberty.

CHANGING SCENES.—Some men are so fond of these, that they will spend much money in seeking for them. But there is one change in the scene of their own life they do not seek to see or love to think of—it is their own great change at death.

NEVER GIVE UP HOPE.—It is the spring of action. It sets the head and hand to work, cheers in labour, supports under disappointment, and holds out the prize to perseverance.

SMOOTH TONGUED PEOPLE are often like razors dipped in oil, smooth but sharp. Mind, or they will cut you; for they assume the simple dove to hide the cunning serpent.

GETTING AND KEEPING.—I have seen a selfish man climb up the hill of wealth, and then come tumbling neck-and-heels down spilling all he had got as he fell. How was it? His wealth was too heavy for him. He should have let some of it go to do good.

AN INQUISITIVE PERSON who wishes to know all your affairs under the promise of secresy is not to be trusted, and always has some other motive for fishing in your waters.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.—Knowledge is a rich treasure house of the mind; but in order that you may preserve it, and use it when you wish, take care that wisdom keeps the key.

BREATHING MACHINES.—Man is one! When his breath goes the machine stands still.

Gems.

GOD TAKETH CARE of sparrows, ıd he will take care of thee. So is own Son said, and he knew all ɔout it.

THE MOUNT OR THE DEEP—hich is best for us? Moses went p the mount meekly, but came own in a huff, and broke the tables. onah went down into the deep a ebel, but he came up again cured f his disobedience.

COME TO CHRIST though with a im eye, and a feeble hand, and a embling step—come just like a ittle child, and he will reach forth is hand to thee and say, "Take old of my strength."

TELL GOD ALL YOUR TROUBLES; ınd just as a child tells its little orrows, so tell all your cares, and roubles, and sorrows to God. He, ike that mother, will hear and soothe you.

FAITH IN CHRIST sustains us in he discharge of duties, comforts us in trouble, increases our enjoyment of earthly blessings, sustains us under bereavements, and triumphs in death.

OUR BEST OBEDIENCE to the holy law of God falls as infinitely below what it requires of us, as the obedience of the Son of God rises above it. What a mercy that his obedience will be reckoned as ours if we trust in Him.

THE GOSPEL OF GOD is like a golden chain let down from heaven and lowered to the very depths of human depravity, that men may lay hold of it and so be lifted up to holiness and heaven.

SOME PEOPLE'S RELIGION is only like a dry stake driven into the ground. It wont grow; it shoots out no buds, or blossoms, or fruit. It remains just *there*, and just *so*. It is only fit for burning.

Poetic Selections.

A CATECHISM OF LIFE.

What is the state of man?
A sudden gleam,
Too faint, too brief to span—
An empty dream!

What animates this clay?
A little breath,
That swales itself away—
Then sinks in death!

What is our mission here?
'Tis an ordeal,
To fit us to appear
At God's appeal.

How are we taught to live?
In charity;
To *love* and to *forgive*—
Not vanity!

What thirst we for on earth?
For happiness!
Yet from our very birth
We find pain and distress.

What feeds the fetter'd soul?
Sweet *Hope* and *Love!*
Which only find their goal
In Heaven above.

What power gave us life?
The God of Light;
Then, sure, to dwell in strife
Cannot be right!

"Peace and goodwill to man!"
Was Heaven's cry;
To feel it whilst we can,
Oh, let us try!

What joy we might impart
Were Christ our guide!
What joy would fill each heart,
Loving the crucified!

Contentions then would cease,
And earth would rise,
A blissful realm of peace—
A Paradise!

'Twill be one when all know
Who paid our score;
Who for our sins his head in death
did bow,
But not before!

The Children's Corner.

CAN YOU READ, MY LAD?

THIS is a question I often ask a lad, but the answers I get are not always alike. Mostly it is "Yes;" next, "A little bit;" and sometimes, "No."

I always find, if I can get one of these lads who cannot read to talk about it, that it is their own fault or the fault of their parents; for there are now plenty of cheap schools on the week-day, or they may be taught to read for nothing at the sabbath school. But lads who cannot read dont like to talk about it at all, for they always seem ashamed of themselves; and well they may.

Only let me have a lad that can read, and then I may hope to make something of him; for that lad has got a key in his hand that will unlock the door of knowledge, and he may go in and make all her treasures his own. That is, if he be not idle; for, if he be idle, then he will make himself like that lad who cannot read at all. Such a lad has the key, but he wont use it, and it will soon get rusty.

But when a lad is wide awake, and wants to know all he can, if such a lad can only read, then nothing can hinder him. For in these days, whether he lives in a town or a village, he may, somehow or other, get plenty of good books to read; far more than I could fifty years ago, when I was a boy.

And if a lad once begins to love reading, he will love it more and more, and there is no knowing where he will stop. One thing, however, he should mind and do; he should read good books and true books—not lies and nonsense. For it is only by reading what wise and good men have written in their books that young people will grow wise and good.

Above all, as every lad will live for ever, and after this life go to heaven or hell, he should, every day, read some part of the Word of God—those holy writings which are able to make him wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus. For he had better never have been born than not find the way to heaven.

And let every lad who reads this be thankful that he was born in Old England, where more true freedom is enjoyed than in any other nation upon the face of the whole earth—freedom to make his way, worship his Maker, and love his Saviour, no man forbidding him.

THE PREACHING PRELATE.

YES: and he was one; and such an one as perhaps England had never seen before, has never seen since, and may never see again.

We say so, because there was about his preaching something very peculiar and singular; such ready wit, and yet such sincere piety—such earnest boldness, joined with child-like simplicity—such fear of God and such fearlessness of man, that England may never look upon his like again.

HUGH LATIMER was the son of a small farmer, or yeoman, as a farmer was then called, who lived at Thurcaston, a small village situate south-east of Charnwood Forest, in Leicestershire. There Hugh was born in 1470. The house is yet standing, and is now in the occupation of an old friend of ours, who loves that simple gospel which Latimer preached. The place is near to Bradgate Park, where then stood the ancient Hall of the Greys of Groby, now in ruins, from which happy retreat the pious but unfortunate LADY JANE was led by her ambitious relatives to a throne—and then in a few weeks by her enemies to the scaffold!

Hugh went to school until he was fourteen, and then was sent to Cambridge. At this time Latimer was a papist, but becoming acquainted with Bilney, he was led to see the errors and abominations of popery. This sorely vexed the papists, who persecuted him for many years. Henry VIII. was then King, doing what he pleased in spite of pope, or prelate, or priest, or noble. He seems to have liked Latimer for his honest bluntness, and made him a bishop, and was not offended when Latimer presented a New Testament to him, with the leaf turned down at that passage, "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge."

But, when made a bishop, Latimer did not give up preaching; nay, he preached all the more. For he said there had been too many unpreaching prelates already. In one of his sermons he is said to have declared, that there were more unpreaching prelates in hell then than would fill up a gap as wide as from Calais to Dover! and that the busiest bishop in England was the devil!

We shall give you three specimens of this blunt bishop's style of preaching. He had to do battle against the wickedness of his times; and let it be remembered, that the English

were only just emerging from the darkness of popery, and catching a first glance at the dawn of Bible truth.

What will our English ladies, with their crinolines standing out as wide as a hogshead, or looking as if they had got an umbrella stuck under their dresses, say to this? It seems there were such things in those days. But who of all our popular preachers dare tell their lady hearers such plain truths now?

THE DEVIL'S ROUNDABOUTS.

"I warrant you, there was many a jolly damsel at that time in Bethlehem, yet amongst them all there was no one found that would humble herself so much as once to go and see poor Mary in the stable, and to comfort her. No, no; they were too fine to take such pains. I warrant you they had their bracelets, and vardingals, and were trimmed with all manner of fine and costly raiment; like as there be many now-a-days amongst us, which study nothing else but how they may devise fine raiment; and in the mean season, they suffer poor Mary to lie in the stable: that is to say, the poor people of God they suffer to perish for lack of necessaries.

But what was her swaddling clothes wherein she laid the King of heaven and earth?—no doubt it was poor gear, peradventure it was her kercher which she took from her head, or such like gear, for I think Mary had not much fine linen, she was not trimmed up as our women be now-a-days. I think, indeed, *Mary had never a vardingal,* for she used no such superfluities as our fine damsels do now-a-days: for in the old time women were content with honest and single garments. *Now they have found out these roundabouts,*—they were not invented then, *the devil* was not so cunning to make such gear, he *found it out afterwards.* Therefore Mary had it not. I will say this, and yet not judge other folks' hearts, but only speak after daily experience and appearance, no doubt *it is nothing but a token of pride to wear such vardingals,* and therefore I think that *every godly woman should set them aside.* It was not for naught that Paul advertised all women to give a good example of soberness, and godliness, in setting aside all such wantonness and pride. And he speaketh of such manner of pride as was used in his time: *Non tortis crinibus,* not with laying out the hair artificially: *Non plicatura capillorum,* not with laying out the tussocks. I doubt not but

if vardingals had been used in that time, Paul would have spoken against them too, like as he spake against other things which women used at that time to show their foolishness and wantonness. Therefore, as I said before, seeing that God abhorreth all pride, and vardingals are nothing else but an instrument of pride, I would wish that every woman would follow the counsel of Paul, and set aside such gorgeous apparel, and rather study to please God than to set their mind upon pride; or else, when they will not follow the counsel of Paul, let them scrape out those words wherewith he forbiddeth them their proudness, otherwise the words of Paul will condemn them at the last day. I say no more, wise folks will do wisely, the words of Paul are not written for nothing; if they will do after his mind, they must set aside their foolish vardingals; but if they will go forward in their foolishness and pride, the reward which they shall have at the end shall not be taken from them."

The next we shall call, in Latimer's own words—

LEARNING OF THE DEVIL HOW TO FIGHT THE DEVIL.

"If we will take such weapons as the devil shall appoint us, we shall soon have an overthrow, as we have done in times past. For what a trust and confidence have we had in holy water, and holy bread? Also in ringing of holy bells, and such fooleries? But it was good sport for the devil, he could laugh and be merry at our foolishness; yea, and order the matter so, to keep us in the same error. For we read in stories, that at some time the devil went away from some men, because of the holy water, as though that holy water had such strength and power that he could not abide it. O crafty devil! he went away, not for fear of holy water, but because he would maintain men in error and foolishness. . . . Ye know, too, when there was a storm or a fearful weather, then we rang the holy bells, they were they that must make all things well, they must drive away the devil. But I tell you, if the holy bells would serve against the devil, or that he might be put away through their sound, no doubt we should soon banish him out of all England. For I think that if all the bells in England could be rung together at a certain hour, I think there would be almost no place but some bells might be heard there. And so the devil should have no abiding place in England, if ringing of bells would serve. But it is not that that will serve

against the devil; yet we have believed such fooleries in times past, but it was but mocking, it was the teaching of the devil. And no doubt we were in a miserable case when we learned of the devil to fight against the devil. And how much we are bound to God, that he hath delivered us from these gross ignorances, and hath taught us how we should fight and prevail against his enemy. Yet it is a pitiful thing to see, that there be some amongst us which would fain have the old fooleries again; they are aweary of the word of God, they cannot away with it; they would rather have their crossings, and setting up of candles and such fooleries, than the word of God."

The next is one of his quaint tales, which we shall call—

SELLING SOULS FOR GOLDEN APPLES.

"This cometh from the devil's consistory. . . . I do much marvel the ground gapes not and devours us. . . . Oh, good Lord, in what a case are we! If the great men in Turkey should use in their religion of Mahomet to sell, as our patrons sell benefices here (the office of preaching, the office of salvation), it should be taken as an intolerable thing; the Turk would not suffer it in his commonwealth. Patrons be charged to see the office done, and not to seek a lucre and a gain by their patronship. There was a patron in England, when it was, that he had a benefice fallen into his hand; and a good brother of mine came unto him, and brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave them his man to carry them to his master. It is like he gave one to his man for his labour, to make up the game, and so there was thirty-one. This man cometh to his master and presented him with the dish of apples; saying, Sir, such a man hath sent you a dish of fruit, and desireth you to be good unto him for such a benefice. Tush, tush, quoth he, this is no apple matter; I will have none of his apples, I have as good as these, or as he hath any, in mine own orchard. The man came to the priest again, and told him what his master said. Then, quoth the priest, desire him to get to prove one of them for my sake, he shall find them much better than they look for. He cut one of them, and found ten pieces of gold in it. Marry, quoth he, this is a good apple. The priest standing not far off, hearing what the gentleman said, cried out and answered, They are all one apple, I warrant you, Sir; they grew all on one tree, and have all one taste. Well, he is a good fellow, let him have it,' quoth the patron; get you a graft of

this tree, and I warrant you it will stand you in better stead than all Paul's learning.—Well, let patrons take heed, for they shall answer for all the souls that perish through their default."

When King Henry died, and his amiable son Edward came to the throne, Latimer was in his element, for he preached without ceasing; but when that poor wretched woman Mary became Queen, he was soon sent to prison and condemned to the stake. He went, dressed in a shroud, but was as lively and cheerful as ever. Turning to Ridley, a fellow sufferer, he said, "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day, by God's grace, light such a candle in England, as, I trust, shall never be put out?" And it never will,

"If England to herself shall be but true,"

never giving up the Bible, the Sabbath, and the Gospel, the three great bulwarks of our liberty, and never allowing popish priests in the disguise of Puseyites to draw her back into darkness by the display of the mountebank fooleries they are now exhibiting in some of our parish churches! For though it is 300 years since Latimer uttered these words, they may be used by us *now*—mark them! "*Yet* it is a pitiful thing to see, that there be some amongst us which would fain have the old fooleries again."

It is no wonder that, as soon as they could, the papists got rid of this fearless plain-speaking preacher. This they did by roasting him alive at Oxford, October 16, 1555, just as they had roasted WILLIAM TYNDALE for giving us the first printed New Testament, and thousands more in other places.

But English people will never forget this brave old bishop. They did not in Leicestershire on the three hundredth anniversary of his burning, October 16, 1855. Many of us went from Leicester and other places to the village, saw the old house where he was born, heard a sermon at the parish church by a pious Leicester clergyman, from, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," and attended a public meeting on the lawn of the vicarage in the evening, all feeling, I trust, as we came home again, thankful to God that he had raised up such a man from such a secluded little spot as Thurcaston to speak his truth before kings, and seal it with his blood!

No: England will never forget her

PREACHING PRELATE!

Poetry.

THE RICH POOR MAN.

I MET an aged man: his eye was dim;
  Poor and despised, the world esteem'd him not;
Its noise and turmoil had no charms for him,
  Sickness and sorrow seem'd to be his lot:
    Yet when I ask'd him how he sped,
    He quickly raised his drooping head,
A gleam of joy across his features stole,
Which spoke how tranquil was his inward soul.

"Sir, I have suffer'd in this vale of tears;
  Sorely affliction's hand hath on me prest;
And I have felt for many, many years,
  The grave alone must be my place of rest;
    But I remember that the Lord
    Hath promised in his holy word
To be my tower, my refuge from the blast
Of this world's tempest, and my home at last.

In worldly substance, true it is, I'm poor,
  My daily toil scarce serves to gain the bread
That perisheth; and yet I have a store
  For all my needs, in that the Lord hath said,
    'In time of trouble call on me,
    I surely will deliver thee.'
I trust his word, his promises are sure:
How can it then be said that I am poor?

Nay, I am rich! for Christ and his are mine,
  An heir of glory, and a child of God;
And, to secure the inheritance divine,
  I count my sufferings joy, and kiss the rod.
    I soon shall hear the Master say,
    'Enough, my servant; come away!'
Death has no sting for me; I hail the tomb
As the dark portal to my bright long home."

Anecdotes and Selections.

A PRIMITIVE SAINT.—There is a tale told of one of the early christians, a poor man, which it may be well to repeat. A friend meeting him, the following conversation is said to have taken place:—

"Good morning to thee, brother!"

"I never had an evil morning since I knew Christ."

"Well: peace and prosperity be with thee!"

"I have had both since I knew Him."

"Brother, explain thyself."

"I will: I bow to the will of God. If it rain, hail, or snow, I praise him. If I suffer I praise him, for it is his will.

"But if he were to send thee to hell."

"Send *me* to hell! Ah, that he will never do; for then he would break his own word, which he cannot do; for I would so cling to my Saviour by my two arms of faith and hope, that he too would throw his everlasting arms around me, saying, 'Thou shalt never perish, neither shall any—man or devil—pluck thee out of my hands!'"

My Mother! My Mother!—The following touching instance of filial affection and tender solicitude for souls, manifested by a converted African female, is given by Mr. Moffatt, the celebrated missionary. Speaking of a young female captive who had been taken in war by one of the chiefs, and who had been converted during her captivity, he says: "She was a Matabele captive, and had accompanied me from the interior, had remained some time in the service of Mrs. M., and early displayed a readiness to learn to read, with much quickness of understanding. From the time of her being united with the church till the day of her death she was a living epistle of the power of the gospel. Once I found her sitting, weeping, with a portion of the word of God in her hand. Addressing her, I said, 'What is the cause of your sorrow? Is the baby still unwell?' 'No,' she replied, 'my baby is well.' Then she again gave vent to her grief, and holding out the gospel of Luke, in a hand wet with tears, she said, 'My mother will never see this word; she will never hear this good news!' She wept again and again, and said, 'Oh, my mother and my friends! they live in heathen darkness; and shall they die without seeing the light which has shone on me, and without tasting that love which I have tasted?' Raising up her eyes to heaven, she sighed a prayer, and I heard the words again, 'My mother, my mother!' This was the expression of the affection of one of Afric's sable daughters, whose heart had been taught to mourn over the ignorance of a far-distant mother. Shortly after this evidence of divine love in her soul, I was called upon to watch her dying pillow, and descended with her to Jordan's bank. She feared no rolling billow. She looked on the babe to which she had lately given birth, and commended it to the care of her God and Saviour. The last words I heard from her faltering lips were 'My mother!'"

Methodism One Hundred Years Ago.—While Mr. Wesley and John Nelson were travelling and preaching in Cornwall, they endured great hardships. Nelson relates the following:—All this time Mr. Wesley and I lay on the floor, he had my great coat for his pillow, and I had Burkitt's Notes on the New Testament for mine. After being here for nearly three weeks, one morning, about

three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying, "Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer; I have one whole side yet, for the skin is off but one side." We usually preached on the commons, going from one common to another, and it was but seldom any one asked us to eat or drink. One day we had been at St. Hilary Downs, where Mr. Wesley preached from Ezekiel's vision of dry bones, and there was a shaking among the people while he preached. As we returned Mr. Wesley stopped his horse to pick the blackberries, saying, "Brother Nelson, we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries, for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst I ever saw for getting food. Do the people think we can live by preaching?" I said, "I know not what they may think; but one asked me to eat something as I came from St. Just, when I ate heartily of barley bread and honey." He said, "You are well off: I had a thought of begging a crust of bread of the women where I met the people at Morvah, but forgot it till I had got some distance from the house."

Treasures in Heaven.—We read of a philosopher who, passing through a mart filled with articles of taste and luxury, made himself quite happy with this simple, yet sage, reflection—"How many things there are here that I do not want!" Now, this is just the reflection with which the earnest believer passes happily through the world. It is richly furnished with what are called *good things*. It has posts of honour and power to tempt the restless aspirings of ambition of every grade. It has gold and gems, houses and lands, for the covetous and ostentatious. It has innumerable bowers of taste and luxury, where self-indulgence may revel. But the christian whose piety is deep-toned, and whose spiritual perceptions are clear, looks over the world and exclaims, "How much there is here that I do not want! I have what is far better. My treasure is in heaven."

The Fireside.

TELLING MOTHER.

A cluster of young girls stood about the door of the school-room one afternoon engaged in close conversation, when a little girl joined them, and asked what they were doing. "I am telling the girls a *secret*, Kate, and we will let you know, if you will promise not to tell any one as long as you live," was the reply.

"I wont tell any one but my mother," replied Kate. "I tell her every thing, for she is my best friend."

"No, not even your mother: no one in the world."

"Well, then I can't hear it: *for what I can't tell my mother, is not*

fit for me to know." After speaking these words, Kate walked away slowly, and perhaps sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation.

I am sure that if Kate continued to act on that principle, she became a virtuous useful woman. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course, if Kate's reply is taken for a rule of conduct.

As soon as a boy listens to conversation which he would fear or blush to repeat to his mother, he is in the way of temptation, and no one can tell where he will stop. Many a man dying in disgrace, in prison, or on the scaffold, has looked back with bitter remorse to the time when first a sinful companion gained his ear, and came between him and a pious mother. Boys and girls should make Kate's reply their rule: "*What I cannot tell my mother, is not fit for me to know;*" for a pious mother is your *best friend.*

The Penny Post Box.

"LABOURERS'" LETTERS.

We are glad that what we said at page 13, in "One of our Own," has brought us several letters from "labourers." That they have come from such is evident by the imperfect writing and spelling, but we do not think any worse of them on that account; we are all the more pleased that they have ventured to write to us. It shows that they have confidence in what we said. There is only one of them that we cannot make out, and it is signed A. D. N. We hope our friend will not be discouraged, but try again. He will mend as he goes on.

'G. I. T. says: "I am an uneducated labourer; but I was glad to see what you said to encourage such as I am to write to you in a plain way. I thank you for such a cheap and useful little book as the *Pioneer* is, and I wish every cottage in England had a copy of it. It is just suited for poor men like me, with wives and families to maintain, for there are many good things in it that are very useful to us; and we need the best advice we can get you may depend upon it, for we have enough to do to get along. I myself have a wife and eight small children to care for; and so you see I must mind what I am about to make all ends meet and tie. You must excuse my rough writing, as I never went to school in my life. I have taken the *Pioneer* several years for myself, and I have given away five copies among my neighbours, that I may get them to take it in as well. I give you my name and where I live, but dont print it. Put it down G. I. T."

Our friend seems to have a taste for poetry, for he has sent us some verses, which we will give another time, as well as several other letters which we have received from labouring men.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

EMIGRATION.—In the last forty-three years there emigrated from the United Kingdom 4,683,194. Of these 2,830,687 went to the United States, 1,170,342 to British North America, 613,615 to Australia and New Zealand, and 68,550 to other places. Of the whole emigration more than one-half, viz., 2,444,802, emigrated in the eight years from 1847 to 1854 inclusive. In 1855 and 1856 the emigration fell to 176,806 and 176,554 respectively, principally in consequence of the demand for the army and navy and the departments connected with them during the Russian war; and in 1857 the numbers rose to 212,875.

COAL.—The coal areas of the British Islands are supposed to cover 12,000 square miles, giving an annual produce of 37,000,000 tons; France, 2,000 miles, annual produce 4,150,000 tons; United States, 113,000 miles, annual produce 6,500,000 tons.

IRON.—The present annual iron production of the world is about 7,000,000 tons; of which Great Britain produces 3,585,936; the United States, 1,000,000; France, 650,000; Prussia, 400,000; Russia, 300,000; and Belgium 255,000 tons.

RAILWAYS.—The total capital vested in railways in the United Kingdom is £315,000,000, with power to raise £72,000,000. The annual income is £12,000,000; interest on debt, £3,240,000. Number of miles constructed, 9447; in course of construction, 993; authorized, but not commenced, 3,554. With regard to injuries to life and limb in the first half of 1858, 143 persons were killed, 175 injured.

Hints.

LABOUR is of honourable origin. It was born in Eden, and would never have been a burden but for man's sin. Even now it is the only legitimate source of health, wealth, and repose.

WEARY OF LIFE.—Those who are most weary of life, are most unwilling to die. Poor creatures! they have lived to no good purpose, and so are as unfit to die as they are to live.

EVERY VIRTUE produces its own fruits. Honesty, a good name; justice, confidence; prudence, esteem; liberality, affection; courtesy, respect; temperance, good health; and piety, honour.

INTEGRITY AND TRICKERY.—Integrity grows stronger and stronger as it advances. Trickery gets weaker and weaker at every step.

OUR ACTIONS are parents of large families. One good action may produce a lovely group, and one bad action a foul brood.

FOOLISH THINGS are often done by many out of regard to the opinions of others. Do right, let others think of you what they may.

KEEP A GOOD CONSCIENCE at any price. If tempted to part with it sit down and count the cost. What will you gain if you get money, house, or land, and lose it?

FUSSY FOLKS.—When any one, for no good reason that you know, will make a great fuss with you, take care how you receive his advances, for he has some design upon you depend upon it.

A SINCERE FRIEND will always be more ready to tell you of your faults quietly by yourself alone, than puff you off before other people.

Gems.

IT MAY SEEM SINGULAR, but the christians highest joys often grow out of his deepest sorrows, and his sweetest comforts often arise from his bitterest afflictions.

CHRIST EXPECTS HIS PEOPLE to bear fruit. They must be fruitful in every good work or he cannot, he will not, approve them.

HAVE CHRIST IN YOUR HEART, and then you will have an inextinguishable and imperishable hope of everlasting glory.

IF WE ARE CHRISTIANS we ought to know it, and we ought not to rest until we do, for God has promised the grace of assurance to all who fear him and trust in Christ.

DO YOU KEEP A DIARY.—Perhaps not, and perhaps if you did it would be only an imperfect record of your experience. But God keeps one of all you say, or do, or think.

PERHAPS YOU THINK, after all you have read and heard of the goodness of God, that he will not pardon *you*. Well: you may think so, but "he is able to do more than you can ask or *think*."

IF OUR RELIGION will not rule us it will not save us. There can be no better proof that we are in a state of salvation than our willing obedience to all Christ's commandments.

LOOK TO JESUS if you would be saved. All hope of salvation centres in Him. Picture him on the cross saying, "Sinner, I suffered this for thee." Believe it, for it is true.

WHATEVER YOU DO, never give up your faith in the promises of God. They stand unaltered and unalterable for ever. He never made one that he will not fulfil.

YOU HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT to believe that God made his promises for *you* as for any soul that ever lived, does live, or will live. No man can urge a claim to them before or above you. Think of that.

Poetic Selections.

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

Oh! could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Where village pleasures might go round
Without the village tattling!
How doubly blest that place would be,
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossips' endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known,
Dame Peace might claim it as her own;
And in it she might fix her throne,
For ever and for ever:
There, like a queen, might reign and live,
While every one would soon forgive
The little slights they might receive,
And be offended never.

'Tis mischief-makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure,
They seem to take one's part—but when
They've heard our cares, unkindly then
They soon retail them all again,
Mix'd with their poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way,
Of telling ill-meant tales: they say,
"Don't mention what I've said, I pray,
I would not tell another;"
Straight to your neighbour's house they go
Narrating everything they know;
And break the peace of high and low,
Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh! that the mischief-making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue,
That every one might know them,
Then would our villagers forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet,
With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad, degrading part
To make another's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart
We ought to love and cherish.
Then let us evermore be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy, and peace abound,
And angry feelings perish!

The Children's Corner.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE MARY.

"Come here, brother George, take a seat in the arbour,"
Said Jane, and her brother then sat down close by her;
"I must tell you, my dear, a most sorrowful tale,"
Then she burst into tears, and her brother look'd pale.

But, recov'ring, she said, "Cousin Mary is dead,
I saw her this morning stretched out on the bed;
Her mouth and her dear little eye-lids were shut,
And she's cold as a stone from her head to her foot.

On Saturday last she was visiting us,
Going home she got cold, and was afterwards worse;
As her fever was burning, and aching her head,
'My Jesus will soon come and fetch me,' she said.

The minister came, and said, 'Mary, my dear,
I am sorry to find you lie suffering here:'
'Do not grieve, sir,' she answered, 'my Jesus is good,
He has wash'd out my sins in his own precious blood.'

'You love the Lord Jesus, then, Mary, I see,'
The tears came, she smil'd and said, 'Jesus loves me;
I shall go and behold my dear Saviour soon,
In that place where they need not the sun nor the moon.'

He prayed, while we all of us kneel'd round the bed,
And, rising, we thought little Mary was dead;
But, she opened her eyes, filled with heavenly peace,
And call'd her dear mother to give her a kiss.

'Farewell, my dear mother,' we then heard her say,
'And thank you for telling me Christ is the Way;
Farewell, my dear Jane, and tell George from me,
That in glory I hope I shall all of you see.'

Then she bade us farewell, as she turned on her side,
And saying, 'My Jesus,' she very soon died:
O! George, let us pray, or it may be too late,
I am now turned ten, and you're going of eight."

THE MARTYR MISSIONARY AND HIS WIDOW MOTHER.

THERE are some people who are wicked enough to say that Missionaries, who go out to foreign lands, only go because they are too idle to work at home—that they live on other people's money and have fine times of it, living like gentlemen, and doing nothing but sending letters home full of trumped-up tales about the heathen, and the very wonderful things they are doing among them. And there are people who are weak enough to believe such false reports of these devoted men. In our opinion a christian missionary is one of the most noble men upon earth. I would rather a son of mine were a christian missionary than prime minister to Queen Victoria. No: the real christian missionary is no idler. He is a man who gives up home and comforts, runs all manner of risks, often meets with danger, perseveres in spite of all opposition, and is ready to lay down his life in the service of his Master. Here is an account of one. Let all such selfish grumblers read it, and then say at what price they would expose themselves to such sufferings and such a death:—

In the spring of 1827, during one of those remarkable revivals in religion which have so often distinguished America, there was a young student at a college in New England. He was a youth of open countenance, fervid eye, and flowing animation of spirits, anxious to obtain the fame of scholarship, but more than indifferent to "the great salvation." He had been trained by parents who, while he was yet a babe, "gave him to the Lord all the days of his life;" but giving way, as he grew up, to the freaks and impulses of a wild disposition, he had gradually concealed all his early religious impressions beneath the gay gilding of "conformity to the world." His character became light and frivolous as the insect which flutters in the sun-beam. But when the "revival" came upon his college, he was suddenly roused to reflection,—he felt the influence "as of a rushing mighty wind,"—he was stunned in his thoughtless giddiness, and lifted away, he knew not whither, in a powerful current of new and affecting convictions. From being lighter in heart than he who expects joy on the morrow, he rapidly became more sad than many a culprit who waits to be led out to execution. His sins passed

in array before his mind, and, though innumerable in multitude, seemed each to menace him with destruction. He disclosed his feelings to his pious classmates, and obtained—but, for a time, obtained in vain—their counsel as to a method of relief. He wished, he anxiously sought, he sanguinely expected, some speedy consolation; but he asked it not, in the first instance, humbly and penitently at the feet of Jesus—he looked for it too much through the instrumentality of man—he desired it less on account of his sin than on account of his wretchedness, and, for a time, he failed to obtain it. His mind now worked itself up to a strange resolution. Having once more vainly implored from man the comfort which man could not give, he rushed suddenly from the presence of his classmates, declaring that he would manfully throw off the burden which oppressed him, and mount, with determined buoyancy, to the indulgence of his former gaiety. But did he succeed? Could he whose wounds were so deep while he fled before the goadings which inflicted them, whose convictions of sin were so alarming while he earnestly cried for deliverance; could he be happy now when he "kicked against the goads?" No; his strong and rash movements were but the plungings of "a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke;" he was entangled in restraints which, though galling for the moment, were designed to "gather him with everlasting mercies;" while "labouring and heavy-laden," he was caught from on high with "the cords of love as with the bands of a man;" and scarcely had he put his foolish attempt at resistance to the proof, when, if not in words, at least by deep practical submission, he exclaimed, "Turn thou me, O God, and I shall be turned; draw thou me, and I shall run after thee!" He, in other words, soon discovered that "salvation is from the Lord," that "we are saved by grace, through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God," that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin:" and he came, as a penitent, a self-condemned sinner, a beggar for divine grace, to the footstool of the throne of "God in Christ," and soon experienced "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

The transition through which our student passed immediately awakened in his heart strange thrills of feeling respecting the welfare of the millions who lived, as he had done, in folly and sin. During the four years which followed his conversion, love to perishing souls, and gratitude to his gracious

Saviour, constantly plied him with the question, "And how much owest thou to thy Lord?" He could not answer less than that he "owed himself," that he was "not his own," that he was "bought with a price;" and he resolved to become devoted, through the strength of the heavenly grace, to every good word and work, in the fellowship of a christian church. Did that satisfy the promptings of his awakened mind? No. He resolved to become devoted to the work of the ministry. Did that satisfy? No. He resolved to devote himself as a missionary to the civilized heathen. Did that satisfy? No. He resolved to become a messenger of Christ to any portion of the globe whither the churches of his land might choose to send him. Did that satisfy? No. His obligations to redeeming love were so deep, his debts to the divine mercy so many, his motives to self-devotement so powerful, that nothing could still the tumult of his heart's demands short of a resolution to carry the gospel of salvation to the wildest and most neglected barbarians of the world. "If," thought he, "the state of those who had trod the same soil as Brainerd and Edwards, and grew up amid the illumination of their country, was sad, oh, how deplorable must be the condition of the Dyaks of Borneo!" These miserable savages, he understood, were lower in moral character, more blood-thirsty and brutalized, than even the cannibals of New Zealand. But their very extremeness of degradation was what drew his attention, and aroused his zeal and pity. What, he asked, could be done to carry to them "the glad tidings of salvation," to make them wise, and good, and happy,—the children of light, and "the freedmen of the Lord." He paused not to know what other persons would do for them; but, for himself—in submission to the providence, and in dependence on the grace of his blessed Lord—he would take his life in his hand, and plunge into the thickets of their barbarian island; he would join them in contesting their brushwood dwellings and their beds of sward with the wild beasts of the wilderness; he would follow them through haunts and employments in which they were little distinguished from the ourang outang, or "wild man of the woods;" and, though neither "in highways" nor "by hedges," yet in the wild waste of Nature's own luxuriance, he would proclaim to them "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Well was he aware that earthly comforts would be unknown to him, that extreme danger would beset his path, that a violent death might possi-

bly put a speedy end to his enterprise; but—sustained by heavenly influence—he "counted not his life dear unto himself, so that he might testify" to the savages "the gospel of the grace of God." He asked the American Board for Foreign Missions, under whose direction he had already placed himself, to permit him to go to the field of his choice, and he obtained their concurrence; but, how short-sighted is man! how often must faith and hope become interpreters of the hidden things of providence!—the missionary never reached Borneo, and yet he passed into "the joy of his Lord" through exactly such a martyrdom as his fancy had pictured when he "counted the cost" of his self devotement!

On landing at Batavia he found hindrances to his proceeding immediately to his destination, and, for the sake of "redeeming the time," was induced, with other missionaries, to make a voyage to Sumatra, with the view of exploring, for a few weeks, the country of the Battas. "The missionaries," says Dr. Humphrey, of Amherst, in narrating what followed, "the missionaries landed; they sought for information; they were encouraged; they were dissuaded; they looked to heaven for direction, and finally resolved to proceed. Having procured suitable guides, they advanced slowly, and with great difficulty, three or four day's journey into the interior, when they came suddenly upon a kind of fort, which belonged to the Battas, and from which they sallied out with the most hostile demonstrations. The guides fled; the missionaries could not make known their benevolent errand, for there was no one to interpret; and the spears of the barbarians soon closed the interview in blood. How the orgies of the succeeding night were kept may be conjectured, for the Battas, too, are cannibals. But the martyrs, young, vigorous, ardent, and fresh from their preparations, went up—who can doubt it?—to receive their crowns. What a change! How sudden! how great! how glorious! One hour entangled in those horrid jungles, and the next walking the streets of the New Jerusalem! One moment stunned by savage yells in the agonies of a cruel death, and the next listening to 'the song of Moses and the Lamb!'"

Our devoted student thus became "a youthful martyr"—he rose from the very threshold of his enterprise to possess the honours and the joys of a glorified witness to the "testimony of Jesus and the word of God." But who shall picture the

grief of his attached relatives? Alas! he was the beloved son of his mother, and "she was a widow,"—a widow whose tears of affliction daily furrowed her cheeks, and whose weeds still had the glossy surface and the doleful neatness of a first sable attire. She had leaned upon her husband's arm when looking her last farewell on the ship which carried away their child to the scene of his martyrdom; but when the news arrived that that child, the son of her love, had "fallen asleep" amidst his gore, she sat alone in her sorrow, deriving her chief earthly comfort from the hope of hearing of his welfare. Who shall imagine what may have been that woman's grief—how uncontrollable, how sore her anguish—when informed of her tragical bereavement? But—christian mothers, listen!—her's was grief for *the heathen*, anguish for *the heathen*—grief and anguish, so firing her with such love to the Redeemer, and such zeal for men's salvation as had animated her martyred son, that—all desolate as she was—her fervent wishes, even amid the first blush of the tragic news which were brought to her, devoted her *other* children as missionaries to the Dyaks of Borneo and the Battas of Sumatra. "This day brings you heavy tidings," said the messenger who informed her of her bereavement. "Yes," was her calm reply; "but I am so far from being sorry I parted with Henry as a missionary to the heathen, that I never in my life felt so strong a desire that some of my other children might engage in the same cause. O, how much do those poor creatures who have murdered my son need the gospel!"

There was a son! and there was a mother! Does any one say that this young man threw away his life? How little do such know of the spirit of christianity, and the way it is spread in the world. Did not its first apostles lay down their lives for it? Have not many down to our own days thus laid down their lives for it? Thus it has been, and thus it will be yet with many more before the gospel spreads all over the earth; and this is the price often paid to spread it. What noble-minded men are christian missionaries! Let us ever help them and pray for them.

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but speak his name,
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold! behold the LAMB!

Poetry.

"VALIANT FOR THE TRUTH."

FIGHT the good fight;—lay hold
  Upon eternal life;
Keep but thy shield, be bold,
  Stand through the hottest strife;
Invincible while in the field,
Thou canst not fail,—unless thou yield.

No force of earth or hell,
  Though fiends with men unite,
Truth's champion can compel,
  However press'd, to flight;
Invincible upon the field,
He must prevail,—unless he yield.

Apollyon's arm may shower
  Darts thick as hail, and hide
Heaven's face, as in the hour
  When Christ on Calvary died;
No powers of darkness, in the field,
Can tread thee down,—unless thou yield.

Trust in thy Saviour's might,
  Yea, till thy latest breath,
Fight, and like him in fight,
  By dying conquer death;
Then rise to glory from the field,
And with thy sword thy spirit yield.

Great words are these, and strong;
  Yet, Lord, I look to thee,
To whom alone belong
  Valour and victory;
If God be for me in the field,
Whom can I fear? I will not yield!

Anecdotes and Selections.

"WHAT IS GOD?"—When the committee of the Westminster Assembly, who were appointed to prepare an answer to the question, "What is God?" were engaged in the business, and it came to be decided which of them should prepare it, all stood back from the task, each one feeling himself incompetent for the duty. At length it was agreed, for reasons not now known, that it should be performed by the youngest man amongst them, whoever he should turn out to be. When the individual was selected, it was found he would not consent to engage in the duty, except on this condition

that, while he was so employed, the whole of his brethren should betake themselves to silent and earnest prayer, that he might be specially guided by the Divine Spirit to this work. To this they consented, and within a short time he produced that memorable answer, which, for comprehensiveness and beauty, has never been surpassed—"God is a spirit; infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth."

The Text that Took Hold.—Over the mantel piece of a drunkard's home hung one or two ornamental cards, each containing a few verses of a hymn which his child had received in a Ragged School, and which were fastened up by the little boy as a choice treasure. The father had seen them a hundred times over, and never heeded them; but he was laid upon a sick bed, and then a text from Scripture quoted in one of the verses caught his eye, and found its way to his heart. He desired his boy to bring the Bible, and see if the words were correct. Soon after a Scripture Reader came in, and for the first time was welcome. He talked with and prayed for him; but his old companions deserted him. It pleased God to raise him once more to health, and he has now renounced his infidelity, is an attendant at God's house, and has become the happy father of a happy family, all owing to the "the text which took hold" of him.

Pulling out Teeth.—It is like pulling a tooth to get a farthing from some close-fisted, money-loving Achans. You must pull, and pull, and pull. They groan, and twist, and turn, and screw, and squirm—make a thousand apologies and wry faces the moment we solicit aid for some benevolent purpose. It is like plucking out a right eye for them to put their hands into their pockets and take out a sixpence! Oh, what covetousness in the church! Will not this one species of idolatry lead more souls to the pit than all others? Thousands on thousands of religious professors are starving their souls to death—are mere skeletons in spirituality, on account of this grasping, hoarding, money-loving disposition! "O man of God, flee these things!"

Extraordinary Bible.—In the library of the late Dr. Williams, at Redcross Street, there is a curious manuscript, containing the whole Book of Psalms and all the New Testament, except the Revelations, in *fifteen volumes, folio.* The whole is written in characters an inch long, with a white composition, on a black paper manufactured on purpose. This perfectly unique copy was written in 1745, at the cost of a Mr. Harris, a tradesman of London, whose sight having decayed with age, so as to prevent his reading the Scriptures, though printed in the largest type, he incurred the expense of the transcription, that he might enjoy those sources of comfort, which are "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold."—*Christian Observer.*

Books.—An old writer (1630) says—"Bookes are the rivers of Paradise watering the earth; the dew of Hermon, making the vallies fertile; the ark preserving the manna pot, and Moses's tables; the monuments of an ancient labour; the baskets keeping the deposited reliques of time so as nothing is lost; a magazine of piety of arts. A preacher without books may have some zeale, but little knowledge to guide it. Paul himself, though inspired, found as much want of his parchments as of his cloake in winter. To ayme at learning without books is as if you tried to draw water in a sive."

"Saving" Faith.—Mr. Spurgeon was lately preaching at Belfast, Ireland. In the course of his sermon, he said—"I once heard a man talking about saving faith. I did not know his idea of the matter until I saw him, while putting his money on the plate, feeling by the edge whether the piece was a threepenny or a fourpenny. That was his idea of *saving* faith."

The Fireside.

WOMAN'S MISSION AS DEFINED BY HER CREATOR.

In the Book of Genesis (chap. ii. 18, 21-23), the creation of woman is thus described: *And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone: I will make an help meet for him. And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof. And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. And Adam said, This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of man.*

How significant the words which precede, and give the reason for, her creation: *It is not good for man to be alone.* "Laden with the gifts of God, he requires nevertheless some one thing, of which he knows nothing, or only knows it by a vague presentiment—"a help like to himself," without which life to him is only a solitude, Eden a desert. Endowed with a nature too communicative to be content with itself, he requires society, a resting-point, a complement, for he only half lives whilst he lives alone. Made to think, to speak, to love, his *thought* seeks another thought to reveal and quicken itself; his *speech* is lost sorrowfully in the air, or only awakens an echo which mutilates it, but cannot reply; his *love* knows not where to fix itself, and falling back on itself, threatens to become barren; in short, all his being aspires to another self, but his other self does not exist—there is found for Adam no help meet. The visible creatures that surround him are too far *beneath* him, and the invisible Being who gave him life is too much

above him, for their condition to blend with his. Then God makes the woman, and the grand problem is solved! Behold what Adam needed—this other self who is himself, and who is, nevertheless, not himself! The woman is a companion whom God has given to man to charm his life, and to prolong it, by sharing it with him. Her *vocation* by birth is a vocation of love!

The Penny Post Box.

We now give a few verses by the friend whose letter we inserted at page 37. Our readers will kindly excuse the attempt which the writer makes to put his thoughts into rhyme. They are thoughts which, no doubt, pass through the minds of many of his class.

ENGLISH LABOURERS.

We are the men that work the fields
  Where grows man's daily bread;
And even kings are served by us,
  For so the wise man said.*

We do not flinch from any toil
  On mountain, hill, or plain;
We do not fear our hands to soil,
  Our children to maintain.

We plough, and sow, and reap, and thrash,
  From early morn till night;
Fair wages then we claim in cash,
  Which all must say is right.

Give us but these, and we will fill
  In peace our humble station;
And feel as happy as the great
  And rich men of the nation.

If food and raiment we can have
  We are therewith content;
For well we know our days on earth
  Will very soon be spent.

The Son of God, when here below,
  Was only clothed and fed;
And often he had not where he
  Could rest his weary head.

We are content to be like him
  While we dwell here below,
For greater things than these at last
  Our Saviour will bestow.

A mansion and a kingdom there,
  Bought with his blood and merit,
He then will give us to possess
  And evermore inherit!

G. I. T.

* Eccles. v. 9.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE SHIPPING OF THE WORLD.—Number of vessels and tonnage, belonging to the following countries:—

Countries.	Tons.	Vessels.
Great Britain	4,144,115	34,090
France	595,344	13,679
Norway.....	337,058	3,064
Russia	——	750
Greece	150,000	4,000
Naples	100,000	——
Hamburg	82,053	286
Belgium	22,770	161
Cape of Good Hope ..	4,080	34
United States	3,535,451	——
Netherlands	395,924	1,793
Austria	178,000	——
Denmark and Duchies	168,978	4,710
Papal States.....	132,402	1,520
Canada	68,653	683
Ceylon	30,828	609
Mauritius	10,020	125
Tuscany	27,588	773
Prussia	135,658	977

WORKING OF CAST-IRON.—It has been estimated that cast-iron worth in its unworked state £1 sterling is worth, when converted by labour into ordinary machinery, £4; larger ornamented work, £45; buckles, £660; neckchains, £1,386; shirt buttons, £5,896. Bar-iron, worth £1 sterling, when made into knives, is worth £36; needles, £71; penknife blades, £957; balance-springs of watches, £5,000

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—In England and Wales, 20,000; funds, exceeding £9,000,000; number of members over 2,000,000. Take each member to represent an average family of five, we shall then have 10,000,000 persons directly or indirectly connected with such undertakings. Relief, in sickness alone, they distribute £1,000,000 annually. The sum of £1,431,543 is in English and Welsh Savings' Banks, and £1,944,999 in the hands of the Commissioners for Reduction of the National Debt.

Hints.

ON KINDNESS.

Kindness is the surest way to reach the human heart, and harshness is a northern frost-laden blast, hardening a current that should flow as merrily as a brook in spring. Kindness "makes sunshine" wherever it goes; it finds its way into hidden chambers of the heart, and brings forth golden treasures; harshness, on the contrary, seals them up for ever. What does kindness do at home? It makes the mother's lullaby sweeter than the song of the lark, the care-worn brows of the father and the man of business less severe in their expression, and the children joyous without being riotous. Abroad, it assists the fallen, encourages the virtuous, and looks with true charity on the extremely unfortunate; on those in the broad way, who perhaps had never been taught that the narrow one was the best, or had turned from it at the solicitation of temptation. Kindness is the real law of life, the link that connects earth with heaven, the true philosopher's stone; for all it touches it turns to virgin gold—the true gold, wherewith we purchase contentment, peace, and love.

Kindness may meet with an unworthy, or an ungrateful, return; but the absence of gratitude on the part of the receiver cannot destroy the self-approbation which recompenses the giver; and we may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindness around us at so little expense. Some of them will inevitably fall on good ground, and grow up into benevolence in the minds of others; and all of them will bear fruit of happiness in the bosom whence they sprung.

A word of kindness is a seed, which even when dropped by chance springs up a flower.

In the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly—and opportunities of doing kindnesses if sought for are ever starting up,—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved.

Secret kindnesses done to mankind are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable. To be invisibly good is as godlike as to be invisibly evil is diabolical.

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold.

Gems.

One Answer only can be given to that question — "How much owest thou unto my Lord?" and that word is—"*Myself.*"

Idle Words often do great harm. Hence it is that an inquest will be held on them in the Day of Judgment.

Letters for Heaven. — When you post your prayers, which are letters for heaven, be sure you direct them "*To the care of the Redeemer.*" Then they will not miscarry.

Three Whats. — We are redeemed *from* what? Sin, death, and hell. What *by?* The precious blood of Christ. What *to?* An inheritance incorruptible.

Eternal Life! Run for it. The law, sin, death, and the devil, are all after thee. Run for it, lay hold on it, and hold it fast as with a death-grasp. Christ will help thee.

The Promises of God are imperishable. When the earth and all that is therein shall be burned up, that awful fire *will not burn out one of God's promises. Trust in them!*

Dont be always thinking and poring over thy sins, setting them, as it were, in array of battle against the blood of Christ, for by so doing thou art keeping off thy only remedy.

Nothing but the Blood of Jesus can calm thy guilty conscience, or wash out the stains of thy sin. But that blood can do both. Go and try it at once.

Faith in Christ's Blood, as an atoning sacrifice for sin—for *thy* sin, for *all* thy sins, past or present—will alone relieve thee from their heavy burden.

Poetic Selections.

THE DESIRE OF OUR EYES TAKEN.

God takes our dearest,—even so;
The reason why, we cannot know;
Helpless He leaves us, crushed with woe.

'Oh, Father! anything but this;
Oh! blot not out our life's chief bliss,'
So cry we; yet we pray amiss.

For answer comes not to the prayer,—
No word, no comfort anywhere;
And we lie struck with mute despair.

To see our *dearest* pass away;
To know we cannot bid him stay;
To feel our loss grow, day by day;—

Oh! 'tis the sharpest pang of pain
That He to mortals doth ordain;
The bitterest cup our lips must drain.

Ne'er was, nor shall be, human heart,
But it must bear that bitter smart,—
Must with its own, its *dearest*, part.

The idol set up on the throne
Where Christ should be, and Christ alone,—
That idol must be overthrown.

'Father,' from out the depth doth rise,
'Ask of me other sacrifice,—
This thing is dearest in my eyes.'

He seems as if He heard thee not,
Yet is no child by Him forgot,
No loneliness where he is not.

Yet is He *Father*, and would bind
Thee nearer to Him, heart and mind:
His chastisements are ever kind.

Yet love, in every day of dread,
Is shining, sun-like, over-head;—
Thou shalt have blessing from thy dead!

The Children's Corner.

CUFF, THE NEGRO BOY.

In this our happy English land the African is free;
In western lands he is deprived of precious liberty.
To market once a man repair'd, a negro slave to buy,
Soon after his arrival there a lad he did espy.

The price of him he wish'd to know, when this his owner told,
The man agreed at once to buy, so Cuff was quickly sold.
"What are his faults?" he then inquired. His former master said,
"Excepting that he lov'd to pray, no fault the negro had."

"That I dislike," the man replied, "His love for prayer I'll cure;
From early morn till eventide his labour shall endure."
The lad a faithful servant prov'd, and labour'd hard each day;
And on the sabbath join'd with those who met to praise and pray.

On Cuff's return, his master said, "Where have you been this day?"
"I've been," said he, "where christians meet to sing, and praise, and pray."
Enrag'd at this, he sternly said, "I'll have no praying here;"
"Massa," said Cuff, "though you forbid, to pray I cant forbear."

Still more enraged at this reply, he did to Cuff declare,
"You shall be whipp'd, severely too, unless you cease from prayer."
"Massa," again, the slave replied, "I cannot cease to pray,
The Saviour bids me seek his face—I must the Lord obey."

"Lash him at once," the tyrant said. Cuff to a tree was tied,
Severely whipp'd, because he pray'd, no other fault beside.
Soon as releas'd, those words he sung, "My days will soon be o'er,
Then I shall dwell with Christ the Lord, and sin and sigh no more."

The master then at eventide lay down upon his bed,
But could not rest, for much he thought on what the slave had said.
Distress'd in mind, he call'd his wife, to know if she could pray;
Her answer was, "throughout my life I knew not what to say."

"Is there not one," he then inquired, "Who now can pray for me?"
"Within this place I know of none, excepting Cuff," said she.
"Then send for him at once I pray, God's mercy to implore;
The chief of sinners I have been, my guilt I can't endure."

Poor Cuff was call'd, when he arrived, then did his master say,
"Although I've treated you so ill, I hope you'll for me pray."
"I've pray'd for you," the slave replied; "Although you whipp'd me sore,
With pleasure now, at your request, God's mercy I'll implore."

Then down he fell upon his knees, in faith besought the Lord,
To bless his master's soul with peace—the negro's prayer was heard.
The master and his wife henceforth did walk in wisdom's ways;
They often sought the Lord by prayer, and sung the Saviour's praise.

This fact to us will plainly prove God faithful to his word,
That humble, earnest, heartfelt prayer, he doth not disregard.
In faith by prayer, then, seek the Lord, would you enjoy true peace
On earth below, and dwell at length on high before his face. J. D.

THE OLD BRIDGE OVER THE BROOK.

CERTAINLY it was farmer Grange's business to keep it in repair—the bridge over the brook, we mean. The brook ran through his fields and pasture lands; and in summer it was a pretty rippling stream, gently flowing over its pebbly bed, between green sloping banks, and so shallow that, in places, a child might ford it. It was different, however, when winter rains and snows formed the springs and hill streams which fed the brook; the shallow, gentle current then became a rough and brawling and muddy torrent, sometimes overflowing its banks, and always deep and dangerous.

The brook intersected a pathway up to farmer Grange's house and through the farm. Though not a public one, it was by permission much used as a short cut from one village to another.

A long wooden bridge spanned the brook. It had stood there in farmer Grange's father's time, and his father's before him. But time consumes all things. The old wooden bridge at the time of which we speak showed visible signs of decay. Its beams were mouldering; its boards were loose, rotten, and worn thin, and its railing was insecure and treacherous. Everybody who used the bridge saw this; and many said, "The old bridge cannot last much longer;" and they had trodden with more caution as they passed over it, for it seemed to totter beneath their feet.

Farmer Grange knew how unsafe the bridge had become. He had seen it with his own eyes, and tested it with his own hands. He had heard of it till he was tired of hearing; and he waxed angry when the subject was mentioned. Not that he disputed whose business it was to strengthen the old, or to build a new bridge; he did not question this; neither was it that he was a churl or a miser, and grudged the money it would cost. But farmer Grange was at the same time both a busy man and a loiterer.

He was a busy man. Sowing, and harrowing, and weeding, and reaping, and thrashing, and ploughing, and buying, and selling, and all the many useful operations of his farm, called for daily attention and constant labour and care. What time had he to give to the old falling bridge?

And he was a loiterer. He was often behind with his farming business when he ought to have taken time by the forelock. Instead of putting off nothing till to-morrow that could be done to-day, he was too apt to neglect doing to-day all that could be put off till to-morrow. No wonder, then, that the old bridge was neglected

In spring, he promised himself and his neighbours that when the winter floods had subsided, and his spring corn-seed was in the ground, and the brook had returned to its summer bed, the old bridge should come down, and a new one take its place.

Summer came, and with it came summer labour. It was a busy season; and besides, the brook was so harmless that it mattered little whether there were a bridge or not; there would be time enough and to spare before the winter torrents had swollen the stream and filled its channel.

With autumn came harvest; and who could think about the bridge then? The old bridge must stand till another spring, and then—

And so, one year and another and another passed away, and still the work remained undone. Meanwhile the old bridge became more and more insecure. The timbers rotted faster and faster; its flooring became looser and looser, with dangerous gaps here and there where the worn and treacherous planks had given way. But yet the bridge stood, and it was not worth while to repair it; for was it not almost immediately to come down altogether, and a new one to stand in its room?

One day farmer Grange himself was crossing the bridge, and midway he encountered a neighbour. The farmer would willingly have passed with a brief salutation; for his neighbour had been among the most persevering of his tormentors. But this was not to be.

Neighbour.—Well met, friend Grange; this is, of all places in the world, the very best for me to say what is at my tongue's end.

Farmer (hastily).—What is it, neighbour? I am very busy just now.

Neighbour.—I won't keep you long; only once more about this bridge (laying his hand on the ricketty rails and shaking them, and, with the other hand, thrusting his walking stick through one of the gaps in the road).

Farmer (more impatiently).—The bridge, the bridge—always the bridge.

Neighbour.—Always the bridge, so long as it remains in this condition. Only look at it.

Farmer.—I should be glad, neighbour, if you would let my bridge alone. There is no need to make it worse than it is, poking your stick through it in that fashion; nor yet to run it down as you always do. I can't see exactly what business it is of yours.

Neighbour.—Nay but, farmer, it surely is my business, and everybody's business who has to cross it. It is not safe.

Farmer.—You should not speak ill of the bridge that has carried you over the brook scores and hundreds of times any time within these fifty years. It never has broke down under you.

Neighbour.—The pitcher went often to the well, but it got broken at last. But, seriously, friend Grange, you know that you are putting your own life, and my life, and every life in this neighbourhood in peril by your neglect.

Farmer (uneasily, but trying to hide it).—Pooh; pooh! what nonsense you talk, neighbour. True, the bridge is a ricketty old concern; but suppose it should give way some of these days: why, look at the little bit of a stream down below —not up to your knees. What harm could that do if one were to fall into it.

Neighbour.—I grant you the brook is shallow enough now; but you know how deep it will be by-and-by: and besides, a fall from this height on to dry land might cause broken bones.

Farmer.—Well, well; I won't dispute with you. And as to the old bridge, you cant tell me anything that I don't know. I mean to have it done.

Neighbour.—You have said so many times these three years past and more.

Farmer.—And doesn't that prove that I mean to do it?

Neighbour.—Scarcely that, I think, my good friend; but mean or not mean, while you are only talking of doing, the bridge is going to ruin.

Farmer.—You know how busy I always am.

Neighbour.—And are always likely to be, for every day brings its work to be done; but this is a needful work to be done too; and I tell you plainly, good friend, that the whole country round talks pretty loudly of your neglect.

Farmer.—I dont care much for their talk; but I confess the thing ought to be done, and I'll do it.

Neighbour.—That's good news. When will you set about it?

Farmer.—Some time very soon.

Neighbour.—Ah, friend; some time is no time, I am afraid. Suppose you were to say—no, not to say—but—suppose you were to begin it to-day.

Farmer.—Indeed, I shall do no such thing. Didn't I say just now that I am busy? and you keep me standing here. I cant stop any longer. To-day, indeed! Why, there are beams and planks and iron-work and—and—all to get ready, and you talk about to-day!

Neighbour.—Pardon me, friend Grange; but really this is a serious matter. Do think better of it! See! (giving the old bridge another shake)—

Farmer.—The thing cant be done in an hour. You know that as well as I do, neighbour. The summer is well nigh gone past now; and I cannot attend to it in such a hurry. But I tell you what—I'll set about it in earnest next year.

And without waiting to hear another word of reproof, or remonstrance, or entreaty, or advice, farmer Grange broke away from his neighbour, who stood for a moment looking mournfully, first at the determined loiterer and then at the crazy old bridge, and then he walked slowly away.

* * * * * *

Autumn came; winter; the old bridge stood—no, not stood, it tottered; but it did not fall. The brook beneath it rose higher, higher—ran faster, faster. From a gentle stream it became an angry, deep, blustering torrent, as was its wont.

One day the farmer left his home for a distant market. The night was dark and stormy. Rain descended, and winds beat. He cared little for this; he should soon be at home.

No,—his servants waited long, and watched for his coming. It was past midnight. Then they heard the rattling and clashing of a horse's hoofs on the stone pavement of the farm-yard, and hastened to assist their master. There was no master. The horse was there, drenched and streaming; plastered with mud, not merely spattered, from hoof to shoulder; trembling with fear, and steaming with heat; the bridle broken, and the saddle empty.

The alarm was given! Torches soon began to gleam, hurried to and fro in hands of affrighted countrymen, around the premises, along the public pathway, over the fields; but farmer Grange was not there. Shouts were raised; but no

answering shout was returned. They reached the brook—now a foaming, dashing flood. They reached the bridge; and then rose exclamations of terror. The bridge was a total wreck; a few fragments only told where it once had stood; all besides had been washed away!

They followed down the stream. Half a mile below was a bend in its course, and on the bank they found their master, entangled in a thicket of bushes, the ragged branches of which dipped into the torrent. He was lifeless—cold—drowned!

It was never certainly known, but it was easily conjectured, how he came to this unhappy end. He had turned from the high road on to the private footway, as a nearer approach to his home. He had ventured, perhaps not quite sober, to cross the raging stream, over the tottering bridge, which, scarcely sufficient to bear the weight of a human footstep, broke down beneath that of a heavy horse. The horse and his rider were plunged into the stream. The horse clambered up the steep bank and escaped; the rider lost his seat, sank, rose, struggled, sank again, was carried on, made feeble efforts, but vainly, for self-deliverance; then yielded himself to death, the victim of his own guilty neglect.

* * * * * *

Does not this story carry its own moral? "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might; for there is neither work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest;" nor shall we draw a fanciful parallel between the old bridge over the brook and the need there is of a more sure, and certain, and safe conveyance over the swelling Jordan of death to our heavenly home, than the frail and tottering and condemned bridge to which the worldling trusts. Yet may we draw a more plain and obvious lesson from the narrative just read.

Loiterer, lingerer, in seeking the great salvation,—how often have you been warned by the Divine word, by the living voice, by the affectionate remonstrances of friendship, by the stings and arrows of your own conscience, that destruction and death are in your path. How often have you been told that in endangering your own soul by delay, you are endangering other souls also, for "None of us liveth to himself." How have you seen in the fatal experiences of human life around you, that when men say, "Peace and safety," then "sudden destruction" cometh upon them?

And still your answer has been, "I'll set about it next year," to-morrow—any day but to-day. Next year! you said so, perhaps, last year; will you go on to say so this? Suppose, while you read this appeal with a languid eye and an unmoved heart, another voice—and that a heavenly one—should be saying concerning you, "This year thou shalt die!"

Loiterer, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart."

"Hasten, O lingerer, to be wise
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

Oh, hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this evening's stage is run.

Hasten, O loiterer, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear that death should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun."

Poetry.

NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION.

Oh! why should I life's work delay,
Who cannot boast another day?
This moment scarce I call my own,
For while I speak, behold, 'tis gone.

Yet, on this short and narrow span
Depends the bliss or woe of man;
Tears of repentance come too late,
When death has fixed our final state.

Be wise, my soul, be timely wise,
Flee to the atoning sacrifice;
The gospel promises embrace,
And trust thy all to Jesus' grace.

Thus seize the moments as they fly,
Learn well to live, and well to die;
Long do they live, nor die too soon,
Who live till life's great work is done.

Lord, teach us that one thing to choose,
Which they who gain shall never lose;
Sufficient in itself alone,
And needful were the world our own.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.—A city missionary knocked at the door of a house, and asked, "Will you allow me to read out of the New Testament?" A man replied, "Can you tell me anything of the blessed Virgin?" "Yes," said the visitor, "all that can be told." "I know you," was the angry answer, "Go away; if you don't go away, I will send this knife to your heart." At this moment a trembling voice from the end of the room, said, "Can the stranger tell me anything about the blood of Jesus Christ cleansing from all sin?" This was from the man's aged and bed-ridden mother, who had a long time before heard by some means a little about the glorious gospel, but not enough to quiet her anxiety. The visitor, regardless of the consequences to himself, at once went to her bedside, and proceeded to read the scriptures, to explain their meaning, and to point the sufferer to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness; after which he knelt down and prayed. When he rose, having forgotten the threatening against his life, he turned and saw the man who made it, standing by his side, his face covered with his hands, while tears glistened between his fingers. From that time he became a new creature. Jesus had sought one of his enemies, had saved him while in the very act of rebellion, and turned his enmity to love. Not long after this, the aged mother, having found the Saviour she inquired for, died happily; and her son, full of love to Christ for his sparing mercy, became a Scripture reader himself, directing his fellow sinners to the "precious blood of Christ." What cannot the love of God in the gospel do?

EPITAPH ON THE TOMBSTONE OF JOHN WESLEY'S FATHER IN EPWORTH CHURCHYARD:—

"HERE
Lieth all that was Mortal
OF SAMUEL WESLEY, A.M., HE WAS
RECTOR OF EPWORTH 39 Years,
And Departed this Life 25 of
April 1735, *Aged* 72,
As he lived so he died in the
True Catholic Faith of the
Holy Trinity in Unity, and
That Jesus Christ is God
Incarnate and the only Saviour
Of mankind. Acts. iv. 12.
BLESSED ARE THE DEAD."

BLASPHEMY OF POPERY.—The following blasphemous parody of the Lord's Prayer, addressed to the Virgin Mary, is translated from a card sold in the shops of Brussels, illuminated with gold and various colours:—" *To Mary, Our Mother who are in heaven.*—Our mother who are (art) in heaven, O Mary, blessed be your name for ever, let your love come to all our hearts, let your desires be accomplished on earth as in heaven, give us this day grace and mercy, the pardon of all our faults, as we hope it from your unbounded goodness, and let us no more yield to temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen."

The Fireside.

PARENTS PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.

LORD, we bring our babes to thee,
Let them thine own children be;
Honour them with nobler birth
Than the highest sons of earth.

While we train them by thy word,
Let thy Spirit aid afford,
And the teaching we impart,
Stamp thou on the tender heart.

May they early learn to love
Him who came from heaven above—
JESUS CHRIST, who died for all,
Young or old, or great or small.

Keep them in thine holy way,
Or they soon will go astray,
Wand'ring like the silly lamb,
Which has lost its tender dam.

Them from wicked wiles defend,
Save them from the sinner's end;
Let them well repay our cares,
Nor distress our hoary hairs.

When the day of life is o'er,
And our anxious eyes no more
Shall their slipping steps attend,
Be their Father and their Friend.

If, like us, they should be poor,
Thou canst bless their little store,
And if them thou deign to bless,
Their's will be true happiness.

When our mortal tongues shall raise
No more hymns of prayer or praise,
May they and their offspring be
Seed to serve and honour thee.

The Penny Post Box.

"THE DEVIL'S ROUNDABOUTS."—One of our friends, writing from Coventry, says—"I take several *Pioneers*, and spread them among my neighbours. I lent that about the 'Preaching Prelate' to a friend, and when she read, one sabbath afternoon, about what the old bishop described as the 'Devil's Roundabouts,' her conscience smote her, and before she went to worship that night she went upstairs and took her's off. I thought I would tell you this, for Pride is a sad enemy to Piety."—We could not help smiling when we read this, and perhaps our readers will too. We wish we could hear that conscience had smitten a few more, for the custom is both ridiculous and preposterous. We say to our young friends who indulge in this vanity—

> O, that some one the gift would gi'e you
> To see yourselves as others see you!

TRY AGAIN!—J. W. L. has given us a statement of his visits to an afflicted young woman. The mother invited him to come and see her; and he went, but she would not see him. Not disheartened by this repulse, in a few days he went again, and was quite surprised to find that she was not only willing, but anxious that he should converse and pray with her. After this he went many times. She now freely confessed her sins. Brought up in a sabbath school, she knew the way of salvation but had neglected it. She felt her guilt to be great indeed on this account. But he preached Christ to her, and the Holy Spirit led her to the Saviour. Her dying hours were cheered by the hope of eternal life, and he believes she died happy in the Lord. Our friend adds, "I am only a poor working-man; but I am willing to do good in saying a word for my Saviour to all I can." We hope this little tale will induce others to do what good they can, and if repulsed at first, to "*Try again!*"

CIRCULATION AND USEFULNESS OF THE "PIONEER."—T. W. A. tells us of the steps he has taken himself, and got others to take, in order to circulate many more copies of the *Pioneer*; but what pleases us more than this is, that he mentions some who have thus been induced to pay regard to religion. He says—"I know several who were over careless about the things which concern their everlasting happiness, who are now attending places of worship with apparent earnestness and solicitude for salvation."

Our object in publishing the *Pioneer* is to bring about, under God's blessing, such happy effects as these; and when we hear of them we greatly rejoice. Blessed be God for his mercy and grace!

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

MAGNA CHARTA, OR THE GREAT CHARTER,

Was signed by King John at Runnymede, June 19th, 1215. The following clauses, which relate to the common people, were founded on the old Saxon laws:—

1. Immunities granted to the barons extended to the vassals.

2. No baron to levy money from his vassals except for attending the king to war; repairing his castles; or repairing bridges or roads.

3. Weights and measures to be equal throughout the realm.

4. Merchants not to be illegally taxed.

5. Free egress and regress to freemen.

6. London and all cities to preserve their privileges, and not to be taxed except by the great council (Parliament).

7. Bridges to be equitably built and supported.

8. Freemen to dispose of their goods by will, or if intestate the next heir to succeed.

9. The king's purveyor not to seize goods.

10. Courts of justice not to follow the king, but to be stationary, OPEN and EQUAL to all men.

11. Justice not to be paid for or refused to any one.

12. Sheriffs not to put any one on trial without good cause and lawful witnesses.

13. No freeman to be any way injured in person or in goods unless by the law of the land.

14. Redress to be given to those who have suffered illegally.

15. No extravagant fines to be levied on freemen.

16. No villain (villager or rustic) to be deprived of his cart or instrument of husbandry by fine.

"These regulations," says Hume, "involve all the chief outlines of legal government, and provide for the equal distribution of justice and the free enjoyment of property."

Hints.

IN CASES OF DANGER.

FROM DROWNING.—1. Send quickly for medical assistance. Lose no time. Avoid all rough usage. Never hold up the body by the feet. Nor roll the body on casks. Nor rub the body with salt or spirits. Nor inject infusion of tobacco.

2. Convey the body carefully, with the head and shoulders supported in a raised position, to the nearest house.

3. Strip the body, and rub it dry; then wrap it in hot blankets, and place it in a warm bed in a warm chamber free from smoke.

4. Wipe and cleanse the mouth and nostrils.

5. In order to restore the warmth of the body, carefully move a heated covered warming pan over the back and spine. Put bladders or bottles of hot water, or heated bricks, to the pit of the stomach, the armpits, and to the soles of the feet. Foment the body with hot flannels. Rub the body briskly with the hand; do not, however, suspend the use of the other means at the same time; but, if possible, immerse the body in a *warm bath*, at blood heat, or 100° of the thermometer.

6. Volatile salts or hartshorn to be passed occasionally to and fro under the nostrils.

7. No more persons to be admitted into the room than are absolutely necessary.

FROM FIRE.—In case of a person's clothes being set on fire, instead of throwing open the door and running into the road—as is too often done by the sufferer in extreme terror, or by those around him, who, instead of rendering aid, run out to seek it—let the person (particularly if a female, whose dress burns so rapidly) fall on the ground, and roll in a carpet, rug, blanket, curtain, cloak, coat, or whatever thick woollen article may be at hand. If any other persons are present they should assist in doing this, and be particularly careful to keep all doors and windows shut, as every draught of air stimulates the flames, which is the object to suppress.

Gems.

NEVER MAKE YOUR OWN THOUGHTS the rule by which to measure God's mercy to your soul. His thoughts are not as your thoughts. Beside, he can do more than you can *think*.

TWO THINGS THE BIBLE TELLS US—That we are to do everything to save ourselves, and that we can do nothing to save ourselves. How is this? We must do what God tells us, but we cannot do it without his help.

GOD'S GRACE AND MAN'S WORKING go together. So "Work out your own salvation, for it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure."

GOD NEVER TELLS US that he will believe for us. We are told to believe, and he will help us. So we may pray to the Lord to "increase our faith" and strengthen it.

IN ALL A MAN DOES to secure his own salvation, there is no merit at all. No more than there is in the beggar holding out his hand to receive your gifts.

EVEN THE DESIRE OF SALVATION is a gracious feeling wrought in us by the Holy Spirit, though at the time we feel so we may not know that He is working in us.

THE WHOLE PLAN OF SALVATION is so arranged and ordered that while responsibility is laid on man to receive or refuse it, all the glory of his acceptance of it is to be ascribed to God. By grace are ye saved.

"Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days."

Poetic Selections.

THE OLD SEXTON.

NIGH to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earthworn spade;
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train through the open gate.
A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foamy sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin,
'I gather them in—I gather them in!

Many are with me, but still I'm alone;
I'm king of the dead, and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold;
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!
Let them revel in pleasure, or tollfully spin,
I gather them in—I gather them in!

I gather them in, from man and from boy,
Year after year of grief or of joy;
I've builded the houses that lie around,
In every nook of the burial ground;
Mother and daughter, and father and son,
Come to my graveyard one by one;
But come they strangers, or come they kin,
I gather them in—I gather them in!

I gather them in, and their final rest
Is down here in the earth's dark breast.'
But the sexton ceased, for the funeral train
Wound mutely along the village lane.
And I said to myself, 'when time is old,'
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Will sound o'er the last trumps dreadful din,
I gather them in—I gather them in!'

For that voice will be the voice of the LORD,
Addressed to all who believed his word.
'Come in all ye blessed,' He then will say,
'And dwell in my kingdom for ever and aye;
Faithful in few things ye were to me,
Rulers o'er many things now ye shall be;
Ye trusted in ME for salvation alone,
'Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.'
Come in, my beloved, come in, come in,
I gather you in—I gather you in!'

The Children's Corner.

THE COTTAGER'S CRADLE HYMN.

Hush, my babe, and cease thy weeping,
  Gentle angels watching nigh,
Kindly shield thine head while sleeping,
  Sent as guardians from the sky.

When, thy Lord, an infant stranger,
  Came to save the world from sin,
He no cradle had,—a manger
  Served him at a common inn.

Thou, indeed, art not in grandeur,
  Simple comforts wait on thee,
But, my babe, the glare of splendour
  Often covers misery.

Though a palace shines not on thee,
  Thou wilt still more happy be,
With the Saviour's smiles upon thee,
  For a Friend indeed is he.

Riches, I have none to leave thee,
  I am not of noble race,
But the God of love can give thee,
  From his riches, stores of grace.

Darling, may thy Maker spare thee,
  Thou art more than wealth to me,
Though in pain thy mother bare thee,
  Greater pain thy loss would be.

Thou art in a world of danger,
  Snares beset on every side,
God preserve thee, little stranger,
  May no evil thee betide.

May our gracious God protect thee,
  Save thee from the paths of sin,
And his Spirit's light direct thee,
  Going out and coming in.

When thy mother's head reclining,
  Sleeps beneath the swelling sod,—
May thy life and actions shining,
  Mark thee as a child of God.

And when all thy labours ended,
  Earthly joys and sorrows cease,
May thy dust with mine be blended,
  Lying 'neath the turf in peace.

May thy spirit, then ascending, thy great Saviour to adore,
Where the bliss is never ending, dwell with mine to part no more.
Hush, my babe, and cease thy weeping, gentle angels watching nigh,
Kindly shield thine head while sleeping, sent as guardians from the sky!

THE SIN AND CRUELTY OF EVIL SPEAKING.

SPEAK EVIL OF NO MAN.—Titus iii. 2.

THE excellent thoughts on this subject, given beneath, were written by ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON about one hundred and fifty years ago. They are worth reading yet by every man and woman and young person. Indeed, no one can read them without in his heart and conscience feeling that they are quite true. What a different world from what it is would this be if we had less of this besetting sin of Evil Speaking!

One of the common and reigning vices of the age is calumny and evil speaking; by which men contract much guilt to themselves, and create much trouble to others; and from which, it is to be feared, few or none are wholly free. "In many things," saith St. James, "we offend all: if any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man." (James iii. 2.)

But how few have attained to this perfection? And yet unless we do endeavour after it, and in some good measure attain it, all our pretence to religion is vain: so the same Apostle tells us, "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." (James i. 26.)

This vice consists in saying things of others which tend to their disparagement and reproach, to the lessening or taking away of their reputation and good name. And this, whether the things said be true or not. If they be false, and we know it, then it is downright calumny; and if we do not know it, but take it upon the report of others, it is however a slander; and so much the more injurious, because really groundless and undeserved.

If the thing be true, and we know it to be so, yet it is a defamation, and tends to the prejudice of our neighbour's reputation: and it is a fault to say the evil of others which is true, unless there be some good reason for it: besides, it is contrary to that charity and goodness which christianity requires, to divulge the faults of others, though they be really guilty of them, without necessity or some other very good reason for it.

Again, it is evil speaking, and the vice condemned in the text, whether we be the first authors of an ill report, or relate it from others; because the man that is evil spoken of is equally defamed either way.

And lastly, whether it be done directly and in express terms, or more obscurely and by way of oblique insinuation; whether by way of downright reproach, or with some crafty preface of condemnation: for so it have the effect to defame, the manner of address does not much alter the case: the one may be more dexterous, but it is not one jot less faulty: for many times the deepest wounds are given by these smoother and more artificial ways of slander; as by asking questions,—have you not heard so and so of such a man? I say no more; I only ask the question: or by general intimations, that they are loth to say what they have heard of such a one, are very sorry for it, and do not at all believe it, if you will believe them: and this many times without telling the thing, but leaving you in the dark to suspect the worst.

These and such like arts, though they may seem to be tenderer and gentler ways of using men's reputation, yet in truth they are the most malicious and effectual methods of slander; because they insinuate something that is much worse than is said, and yet are very apt to create in unwary men, a strong belief of something that is very bad, though they know not what it is. So that it matters not in what fashion a slander is dressed up, if it tend to defame a man, and to diminish his reputation, it is the sin forbidden in the text.

One of the deepest and most common causes of evil speaking is ill-nature and cruelty of disposition; and by a general mistake ill-nature passeth for wit, as cunning doth for wisdom; though in truth they are nothing a-kin to one another, but as far distant as vice and virtue.

And there is no greater evidence of the bad temper of mankind, than the general proneness of men to this vice. For, as our SAVIOUR says, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." And therefore men do commonly incline to the censorious and uncharitable side: which shows human nature to be strangely distorted from its original rectitude and innocency. The wit of man doth more naturally vent itself in satire and censure, than in praise and panegyric. When men set themselves to commend, it comes hardly from them, and not without great force and straining; and if anything be fitly said in that kind, it doth hardly relish with most men: but in the way of invective, the invention of men is a plentiful and never-failing spring: and this kind of wit is not more easy than it is acceptable: it is greedily entertained and greatly applauded,

and every man is glad to hear others abused, not considering how soon it may come to his own turn to lie down and make sport for others.

To speak evil of others is almost become the general entertainment of all companies: and the great and serious business of most meetings and visits, after the necessary ceremonies and compliments are over, is to sit down and backbite all the world. 'Tis the sauce of conversation, and all discourse is counted but flat and dull which hath not something of piquancy and sharpness in it against somebody. For men generally love rather to hear evil of others than good, and are secretly pleased with ill reports, and drink them in with greediness and delight; though at the same time they have so much justice, as to hate those that propagate them; and so much wit, as to conclude that these very persons will do the same for them in another place and company.

But especially, if it concerns one of another party, and that differs from us in matters of religion; in this case, all parties seem to be agreed that they do God great service in blasting the reputation of their adversaries: and though they all pretend to be christians, and the disciples of Him who taught nothing but kindness and meekness and charity; yet it is strange to see with what a savage and murderous disposition they will fly at one another's reputation and tear it in pieces: and whatever other scruples they may have, they make none to bespatter one another in the most bitter and slanderous manner.

Another shrewd sign that ill-nature lies at the root of this vice is, that we easily forget the good that is said of others, and seldom make mention of it; but the contrary sticks with us, and lies uppermost in our memories; and is ready to come out upon all occasions: and which is yet more ill-natured and unjust, many times when we do not believe it ourselves we tell it to others, with this charitable caution, that we hope it is not true: but in the mean time we give it our pass, and venture it to take its fortune to be believed or not, according to the charity of those into whose hands it comes.

Another cause of the commonness of this vice is, that many are so bad themselves, in one kind or other. To think and speak ill of others is not only a bad thing, but a sign of a bad man. Our blessed Saviour, speaking of the evil of the last days, gives this as the reason of the great decay of charity among men; "because iniquity shall abound, the love of many

shall wax cold." (Matt. xxiv. 12.) When men are bad themselves, they are glad of any opportunity to censure others, and are always apt to suspect that evil of other men which they know by themselves. They cannot have a good opinion of themselves, and therefore are very unwilling to have one of any body else; and for this reason they endeavour to bring men to a level, hoping it will be some justification for them if they can but render others as bad as themselves.

Another source of this vice is malice and revenge. When men are in heat and passion they do not consider what is true, but what is spiteful and mischievous; and speak evil of others in revenge of some injury which they have received from them, and when they are blinded by their passions, they lay about them madly at a venture, not much caring whether the evil they speak be true or not. Nay, many are so devilish, as to invent and raise false reports on purpose to blast men's reputation. This is a diabolical temper, and therefore St. James tells us that the slanderous "tongue is set on fire of hell:" and the devil hath his very name from calumny and false accusation; and it is his nature too, for he is always ready to stir up and foment this evil spirit among men: nay, the scripture tells us that he hath the malice and impudence to accuse good men before God; as he did Job, charging him with hypocrisy to God himself; "who," he knows, "does know the hearts of all the children of men."

Another cause of evil speaking is envy. Men look with an evil eye upon the good that is in others, and think that their reputation obscures them, and that their commendable qualities do stand in their light; and therefore they do what they can to cast a cloud over them, that the bright shining of their virtues may not scorch them. This makes them greedily to entertain, and industriously to publish any thing that may serve to that purpose, thereby to raise themselves upon the ruins of other men's reputation: and therefore as soon as they have got an ill report of any good man by the end, to work they presently go to send it abroad by the first post: for the string is always ready upon their bow to let fly this arrow with an incredible swiftness, through city and country; for fear the innocent man's justification should overtake it.

Another cause of evil speaking is impertinence and curiosity; an itch of talking and meddling in the affairs of other men, which do no wise concern them. Some persons love to mingle

themselves in all business, and are loth to seem ignorant of so important a piece of news as the faults and follies of men, or any bad thing that is talked of in good company. And therefore they do with great care pick up ill stories, as good matter of discourse in the next company that is worthy of them: and this perhaps not out of any great malice, but for want of something better to talk of, and because their parts lie chiefly that way.

Lastly, men do this many times out of wantonness, and for diversion. So little do light and vain men consider, that a man's reputation is too great and tender a concernment to be jested withal; and that a slanderous tongue "bites like a serpent, and wounds like a sword." For what can be more barbarous, next to sporting with a man's life, than to play with his honour and reputation, which to some men is dearer to them than their lives?

It is a cruel pleasure which some men take in worrying the reputation of others much better than themselves; and this is only to divert themselves and the company. Solomon compares this sort of men to distracted persons; "as a madman," saith he, "sho casteth firebrands, arrows and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour;" the LXX render it, "so is the man that defameth his neighbour, and saith, am I not in sport?" Such and so bad are the causes of this vice.

Its consequences are very pernicious both to others and to ourselves.

It is certainly a great injury to others, and if the evil which we say of them be not true, it is an injury beyond imagination, and beyond all possible reparation. And though we should do our utmost endeavour afterwards towards their vindication, yet that makes but very little amends; because the vindication seldom reacheth so far as the reproach, and because commonly men are neither so forward to spread the vindication, nor is it so easily received after ill impressions are once made. The solicitous vindication of a man's self is, at the best, but an after-game; and for the most part a man had better sit still, than to run the hazard of making the matter worse by explaining it.

I will add one thing more, that it is an injury that descends to a man's children and posterity; because the good or ill name of the father is derived down to them; and many times the best thing he hath to leave them is the reputation of his unblemished virtue and worth: and do we make no conscience

to rob his innocent children of the best part of this small patrimony, and of all the kindness that would have been done them for their father's sake, if his reputation had not been so undeservedly stained? Is it no crime, by the breath of our mouth, at once to blast a man's reputation, and to ruin his children, perhaps to all posterity? Can we make a jest of so serious a matter? Of an injury so very hard to be repented of as it ought, because in such a case no repentance will be acceptable without restitution, if it be in our power. And perhaps it will undo us in this world to make it; and if we do it not, will be our ruin in the other.

I will put the case at the best, that the matter of the slander is true; yet no man's reputation is considerably stained, though ever so deservedly, without great harm and damage to him. And it is great odds but the matter, by passing through several hands, is aggravated beyond truth; every one, out of his bounty, being apt to add something to it.

But, besides the injury, it is commonly a very high provocation. And the consequence of that may be as bad as we can imagine, and may end in dangerous and desperate quarrels.

At best, it is always a matter of grief to the person defamed; and Christianity, which is the best-natured institution in the world, forbids us the doing of those things whereby we may grieve one another. A man's good name is a tender thing, and a wound there sinks deep into the spirit, even of a wise and good man; and the more innocent any man is in this kind, the more sensible he is of this hard usage; because he never treats others so, nor is he conscious to himself that he hath deserved it.

The consequences of this vice are as bad or worse to ourselves. Whoever is wont to speak evil of others, gives a bad character of himself, even to those whom he desires to please; who, if they be wise enough, will conclude that he speaks of them to others, as he does of others to them; and were it not for that fond partiality which men have for themselves, no man could be so blind as not to see this.

And it is very well worthy of our consideration, which our Saviour says in this very case, that "with what measure we mete to others, it shall be measured to us again;" and that many times "heaped up, and running over." (Matt. vii.) For there is hardly anything wherein mankind do use more strict justice and equality, than "in rendering evil for evil, and railing for railing."

Nay, revenge often goes further than words. A reproachful and slanderous speech has cost many a man a duel, and in that the loss of his own life, or the murder of another, perhaps with the loss of his own soul: and I have often wondered that among christians this matter is no more laid to heart.

And though neither of these great mischiefs should happen to us, yet this may be inconvenient enough many other ways. For no man knows in the chance of things, and the mutability of human affairs, whose kindness and good-will he may come to stand in need of before he dies. So that did a man only consult his own safety and quiet, he ought to refrain from evil speaking. "What man is he," saith the Psalmist, "that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking falsehood." (Psalm xxxiv. 12, 13.)

But there is an infinitely greater danger hanging over us from God. If we allow ourselves in this evil practice, all our religion is good for nothing. So St. James expressly tells us, "if any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." (James i. 26.) And St. Paul puts slanderers and revilers amongst those that "shall not inherit the kingdom of God." (1 Cor. vi. 10.) And our blessed Saviour hath told us, that "by our words we shall be justified, and by our words we shall be condemned."

Anecdotes and Selections.

Sin and its Punishment.—Sin is mean and degrading—there is nothing really noble about it; but the *punishment* of sin may be full of grandeur and sublimity. What a contrast is there between the low haunts and filthy dens of thieves and the court of justice; between the converse and actions of these workers of iniquity, and the processes of law, and the sentence of the judge. A still greater contrast will be furnished soon between what is now taking place around us, and the judgment that is preparing.

The Christian's Danger.—Alas; for the young bird which the hawk finds at a distance from its mother's wing; and alas! for the christian whom the tempter finds at a distance from God. True, his watchful and Almighty Friend will recover and restore him; but O the terror felt, the wounds inflicted, the dishonour brought. Christian, let your determination ever be, "I will *trust* in the covert of thy wings."

TRUE RELIGION.—Religion is often compared to a fountain: not to an artificial one, but to a natural spring. Real religion is not like those pretty contrivances of man, which throw up jets of water to glitter for a moment in the sunbeams, and then fall down again near the place from whence thrown; but it is like those springs which God sends from the hills and which run among the valleys, beautifying and blessing in their course. Those who merely meet to hear and praise are like the former; while those who hold communion with God, and become blessings to others, are like the latter.

CHRISTIANS MUST BE THOUGHTFUL AND PRAYERFUL.—The soldier who made such haste to meet the foe as to forget to take his sword, would find that he had "made more haste than good speed." So it is with the Christian who bustles through the world without much prayer, and diligent reading of the word of God. We should always find time for that to which God has attached his most special blessing.

CHRIST OUR LIFE.—Christ is that to the souls of believers that the vital air is to the body, the means of its existence, and the medium of its enjoyments. As all sweet sounds and pleasant odours are borne to the senses by the air, so all spiritual blessings and temporal joys come to us by Christ, who is our life, in whom, as in a pure, boundless element of love, we live, and move, and have our being.

A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT.—The Christian is called to "shine." Not as the lightning, which scatters—not as the meteor, which deludes—not as the comet, which perplexes and astonishes—not as the moon, which, though so clear, never emits any heat—but as the sun, full of light, heat, and fertility.

The Fireside.

A HINT TO WIVES.

THERE is a good deal said now-a-days about husbands forsaking or neglecting home, all which may be very true of many husbands. But are not wives sometimes to blame too? It is a good old saying—"a Man must ask his Wife whether he is to do well or not" How many husbands have been and are rendered uncomfortable by the dissatisfaction of a wife with present comforts and provisions? How many bright prospects for business have ended in ruin, in order to satisfy hankering after fashionable fooleries by the wife? Could the real cause of such failures be known, it would be found to result from useless expenditure at home, just to answer the demands of fashion, and "what will people think?"

"My wife has made my fortune said a gentleman, "by her thrift, prudence and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning."

"Mine lost my fortune," answered his companion, "by useless extravagance and repining, when I was doing well."

What a field does this open to the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence, and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mother ended. Buy all that is necessary to work well with; adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go out and visit the homes of the poor and suffering; behold the dark, cheerless apartment, insufficient clothing, and absence of all the comforts and refinement of social life, and then return to your own with joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil and self-denial which he has endured to surround you with the delights of home; and you will be ready to co-operate cheerfully with him in arranging your expenses that his mind may not be harrassed with fears lest his family expenditures may encroach upon punctual payment. Be independent. A young housekeeper never needed more moral courage than she does now to resist the silly whims of fashion. Do not let the families of A. and B. decide what you must have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. You know best what you can and ought to afford. Then decide with strict integrity according to your means. Let not the censure or approval of the world ever tempt you to buy what you can do without. No matter what people think, provided you are true to yourself and family.

The Penny Post Box.

We must at this time say a few words to our correspondents:—

J. D. N. will please accept our thanks for the many valuable copies of Select Anecdotes and Poetry he has sent. At one time or other we hope to use them up.

J. D. L. tries to express in four verses his thanks for the *Pioneer*, which has often comforted him "when cast down after hard work."

G. R. W. is pleased to see letters from working-men in the *Pioneer*. But he is a "Working-lad," and so we give his letter on the last page in our "Children's Corner."

W. J. L. is "A Young Apprentice," and so we shall give him also a place in our "Children's Corner" as soon as we can.

"A Teacher" (Spalding Post-mark) has sent us a long letter, in which are many good things; but we do not feel as if we could print what he has written, because he has not put his name to the paper, or told us where he lives.

R. C. B. We have several of your papers in reserve for future use; but some you have sent will not do. Take a little more time in preparing what you write. Your thoughts are always good, but you do not always express them in the best way.

We have also many other attempts at poetry by both young and old, some of which, with a few corrections, will, as we have opportunity, be inserted. But some are either on such subjects as we have had before, or are not suitable for our pages, or are too imperfect to be made fit to appear. Let none of our friends, however, be discouraged; for if they do not succeed at one time, by pains and perseverance they may at another.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE WORK OF ENGLISH NAVVIES.—It is difficult to form an adequate idea of the immense quantity of earth, rock, and clay that has been picked, blasted, shovelled, and wheeled into embankments by English navvies during the last thirty years. On the South Western Railway alone, the earth removed amounted to sixteen millions of cubic yards—a mass of material sufficient to form a pyramid 1000 feet high, with a base of 150,000 square yards. Mr. Robert Stephenson has estimated the total amount on all the railways of England as at least 550,000,000 of cubic yards! And what does this represent? "We are accustomed," he says, "to regard St. Paul's as a test for height and space; but by the side of the pyramid of earth these works would rear, St. Paul's would be but a pigmy to a giant. Imagine a mountain half a mile in diameter at its base, and soaring into the clouds one mile and a half in height—that would be the size of the mountain of earth which these earthworks would form; while St. James's Park, from the Horse Guards to Buckingham Palace, would scarcely afford space for its base." All this vast mass has been removed by English navvies — perhaps the hardest workers in the world.—*Quarterly Review.*

Hints.

SOBER THIRST is more easily satisfied than drunken enjoyment.

DO AS THE SUN DOES.—In always making dull things look bright by your cheerful light shining on them.

IF PRUDENCE cannot always hinder misfortune, it may often do much to mitigate its power.

THERE ARE MEN who, if they have no other idea, have yet one good idea of themselves.

THE TRIALS OF LIFE are tests by which may be known how much or how little sterling gold there is in us.

MEN WITH EMPTY HEADS are like empty barrels; they often make the most noise.

A RUDE MOB is the scum which rises to the top when the national pot boils.

MONEY is often awkward to manage; for if a man does not make it his servant it will soon be his master.

BY DOING GOOD WITH MONEY a man as it were stamps the image of

God on it, and makes it pass as current coin for heavenly merchandize.

TRUE NOBILITY comes not from a man's ancestors, but from his own actions.

AN OPINION should not be taken, like a wife, for better or worse. If we can find a better we are free to adopt it.

TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.—Wish for them cautiously, ask for them submissively, obtain them honestly, accept them humbly, manage them prudently, enjoy them lawfully, impart them liberally, esteem them moderately, increase them virtuously, use them wisely, forego them easily, resign them willingly.

Gems.

A HINT TO CHRISTIAN TEACHERS.—Get for yourself and give to others right views of gospel truth. Never muddy the streams of mercy and salvation, lest the people refuse to drink thereat.

CHRISTIANITY AND CHRISTIANS.—Always distinguish between these, for the former is often made to bear blame for the latter. Christianity is perfect—christians imperfect.

A HALF-HEARTED WORKER in the Lord's vineyard is often a hindrance, rather than a helper, of the good work.

MEDITATION on what we hear or read should always follow, or we shall be more like the butterfly among the flowers which gets no honey, and not like the bee which gathers it and keeps it.

HOLINESS AND HAPPINESS.—God has joined these together, and no man can put them asunder. An unholy man never can be a happy man.

THE WORLD IS A CHEAT. Trust it not. It is insolvent already, and has cheated every creditor who trusted it, and it will cheat you if you trust it.

"WHOSOEVER." — What a word that is! *Whosoever* cometh to Christ —*whosoever* believeth in Him shall be saved. "Why, that suits me," the penitent sinner may say, "as well as if my own name were written in the book."

YOU MAY BE MISTAKEN about many things, but of two things you never can, whoever you be; and they are these—That God loves you, and that Christ died for you.

REAL RELIGION in a man's heart, that is, the fear of God and the love of Christ, is as sure to produce good works as the sun is to shed light, or a precious ointment to give forth a sweet odour.

THE SABBATH is the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week. Its leaves of days would be loose without it.

Poetic Selections.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY A WORKING MAN.

ANOTHER six days' labour o'er!
  Behold, the setting sun,
Tells us that now another length
  Of life's short thread is spun.

O, welcome hour! to weary man
  By toil and care oppress,
Awhile his body rests from toil,
  From anxious care his breast.

Thrice happy he, when silence reigns,
  And all around him rests,
Unrobes his body, and his mind
  Of worldly thoughts divests.

Prepares the altar of his heart
  Before he close his eyes,
And hopes with joy next morn to raise
  His sabbath sacrifice.

Help me, O Lord, to thy commands
  Always to have regard,
That when I make my prayer to thee
  My prayer may then be heard.

From vanity turn off my eyes,
  My steps from sin prevent;
Convenient food and raiment give,
  Make me with them content.

When life's last week-day sun shall set,
  And lengthened shadows cast,
I then would hail a sabbath morn
  That shall for ever last!

The Children's Corner.

LETTER FROM A WORKING LAD.

SIR,—As I have been a reader of the *Pioneer* for several years, I can say it is one of the cheapest magazines I have seen. I have been pleased to read the letters in the "Penny Post Box" from working-men, and as you say any one may write, I thought I should be as welcome as the rest.

I am a working-lad, and have to work hard for my bread; but I like work, and I am always at work with my hands or my head. I am very glad that I have kind parents, who have taught me to read and write; for I know if I could not read (and many cannot) I should be very miserable. I say this, because I think it is a great blessing to be able to read. I live at a place where I have both reading and writing to do sometimes, and if I could not do them it would make things awkward. So I hope that all your young readers will strive to learn all they can; and now, whilst they are young, try to do all the good they can too, by telling others of the blessed Saviour who died for their sins, and has prepared a mansion for them that love him in heaven. Do my young friends say, "I can't take up the cross?" Remember, "No cross —no crown." We shall all be willing to share in the joys of the righteous at last. So let us all work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. The night will soon come, and if the work allotted to us is not done, how awful will be our case! Oh! let us be up and doing, that when we are called for we may be ready to meet our Master.

But I must not say more now, for it is getting late, and I must be up again early in the morning at my daily work. So I bid your young readers farewell, and I pray God we may all learn to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, who alone can save us from all our sins, and give us an abundant entrance into his everlasting kingdom, where shall be no more curse of hard labour, but rest, and peace, and joy, for ever and ever!

Near Newbury. G. R., A WORKING-LAD.

CURES FOR EVIL SPEAKING.

BY ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

HAVING pointed out the Sin and Cruelty of Evil Speaking, this amiable writer says:—

I shall now give some rules and directions for the prevention and cure of this great evil.

First, never say any evil of any man, but what you certainly know. Whenever you positively accuse and indict any man of any crime, though it be in private and among friends, speak as if you were upon your oath, because GOD sees and hears you. This, not only charity, but justice and regard to truth do demand of us. He that easily credits an ill report is almost as faulty as the first inventor of it. For though you do not make, yet you commonly propagate a lie. Therefore never speak evil of any upon common report, which for the most part is false, but almost always uncertain whether it be true or not.

Not but that it is a fault, in most cases, to report the evil of men which is true, and which we certainly know to be so: but if I cannot prevail to make men wholly to abstain from this fault, I would be glad to compound with some persons, and to gain this point of them however; because it will retrench nine parts in ten of the evil speaking that is in the world.

Secondly, before you speak evil of any man, consider whether he hath not obliged you by some real kindness, and then it is a bad return to speak ill of him who hath done us good. Consider also, whether you may not come hereafter to be acquainted with him, related to him, or obliged by him whom you have thus injured? And how will you then be ashamed when you reflect upon it, and perhaps have reason also to believe that he to whom you have done this injury is not ignorant of it?

Consider likewise, whether in the chance of human affairs, you may not sometime or other come to stand in need of his favour; and how incapable this carriage of yours towards him will render you of it? And whether it may not be in his power to revenge a spiteful and needless word by a shrewd turn? So that if a man made no conscience of hurting others, yet he should in prudence have some consideration of himself.

Thirdly, let us accustom ourselves to pity the faults of men, and to be truly sorry for them, and then we shall take no pleasure in publishing them. And this common humanity requires

of us, considering the great infirmities of human nature, and that we ourselves are also liable to be tempted: considering likewise, how severe a punishment every fault and miscarriage is to itself; and how terribly it exposeth a man to the wrath of God, both in this world and the other. He is not a good christian, that is not heartily sorry for the faults even of his greatest enemies; and if he be so, he will discover them no farther than is necessary to some good end.

Fourthly, whenever we hear any man evil spoken of, if we know any good of him let us say that. It is always the more humane and the more honourable part to stand up in the defence and vindication of others, than to accuse and bespatter them. Possibly the good you have heard of them may not be true, but it is much more probable that the evil which you have heard of them is not true neither: however, it is better to preserve the character of a bad man, than to stain the reputation of the innocent. And if there were any need that a man should be evil spoken of, it is but fair and equal that his good and bad qualities should be mentioned together; otherwise he may be strangely misrepresented, and an indifferent man may be made a monster.

They that will observe nothing in a wise man, but his oversights and follies; nothing in a good man, but his failings and infirmities, may make a shift to render a very wise and good man very despicable. If one should heap together all the passionate speeches, all the froward and imprudent actions of the best man; all that he had said or done amiss in his whole life, and present it all at one view, concealing his wisdom and virtues; the man in this disguise would look like a madman or a fury: and yet if his life was fairly represented, and just in the same manner as it was led, and his many and great virtues set over against his failings and infirmities, he would appear to all the world to be an admirable and excellent person. But how many and great soever any man's ill qualities are, it is but just that, with all this heavy load of faults, he should have the due praise of the few real virtues that are in him.

Fifthly, that you may not speak ill of any, do not delight to hear ill of them. Give no countenance to busybodies, and those that love to talk of other men's faults, or if you cannot decently reprove them because of their quality, then divert the discourse some other way; or if you cannot do that, by seeming not to mind it, you may sufficiently signify that you do not like it.

Sixthly, let every man mind himself, and his own duty and

concernment. Do but endeavour in good earnest to mend thyself, and it will be work enough for one man, and leave thee but little time to talk about others. When Plato withdrew from the court of Dionysius, who would fain have had a famous philosopher for his flatterer, they parted in some unkindness, and Dionysius bade him not speak ill of him when he was returned into Greece; Plato told him, "he had no leisure for it;" meaning, that he had better things to mind, than to take up his thoughts and talk with the faults of so bad a man, so notoriously known to all the world.

Lastly, let us set a watch before the door of our lips, and not speak but upon consideration: I do not mean to speak finely, but fitly. Especially when thou speakest of others, consider of whom, and what thou art going to speak: use great caution and circumspection in this matter: look well about thee: on every side of the thing, and on every person in the company, before thy words slip from thee; which when they are once out of thy lips, are for ever out of thy power.

Having represented the great evil of this vice, it might not now be improper to say something to those who suffer by it. Are we guilty of the evil said of us? Let us reform, and cut off all occasions for the future; and so turn the malice of our enemies to our own advantage; and defeat their ill-intentions by making so good a use of it: and then it will be well for us that we have been evil spoken of.

Are we innocent? We may so much the better bear it patiently; imitating herein the pattern of our blessed Saviour, "who when he was reviled, reviled not again, but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously."

We may consider likewise, that though it be a misfortune to be evil spoken of, it is their fault that do it, and not ours; and therefore should not put us into passion: because another man's being injurious to me is no good reason why I should be uneasy to myself. We should not revenge the injuries done to us, no not upon them that do them, much less upon ourselves. Let no man's provocation make thee lose thy patience. Be not such a fool as to part with any one virtue, because some men are so malicious as to endeavour to rob thee of the reputation of all the rest. When men speak ill of thee, do as Plato said he would do in that case—"live so, as that nobody may believe them."

But because "the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword," yea, sharper than calumny

itself, and pierceth the very hearts and consciences of men, laying it open to ourselves, and convincing us of our more secret as well as our more visible faults; I shall, therefore, at one view represent to you what is said concerning this sin in various parts of the holy word of God.

And I have purposely reserved this to the last, because it is more persuasive and penetrating than any human discourse. And to this end be pleased to consider in what company the Holy Ghost doth usually mention this sin. There is scarce any black catalogue of sins in the Bible but we find this among them, in the company of the very worst actions and most irregular passions of men. "Out of the heart," says our SAVIOUR, "proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornication, false witness, evil speakings." (Matt. xv. 19.) And the Apostle ranks "backbiters" with "fornicators" and "murderers," and "haters of God;" (Rom. i. 29.) and with those of whom it is expressly said, that "they shall not inherit the kingdom of God." (1 Cor. vi. 10.)

And when he enumerates the sins of the last times, "men," says he, "shall be lovers of themselves, covetous, boasters, evil speakers, without natural affection, perfidious, false accusers," &c. (2 Tim. iii. 2, 3.) And which is the strangest of all, they who are said to be guilty of these great vices and enormities are noted by the Apostle to be great pretenders to religion; for so it follows in the next words, "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." So that it is no new thing for men to make a more than ordinary profession of christianity, and yet at the same time to live in a most palpable contradiction to the precepts of that holy religion: as if any pretence to mystery, and I know not what extraordinary attainments in the knowledge of Christ, could exempt men from obedience to his laws, and set them above the virtues of a good life.

And now after all this, do we hardly think that to be a sin, which is in scripture so frequently ranked with murder, and adultery, and the blackest crimes; such as are inconsistent with the life and power of religion, and will certainly shut men out of the kingdom of God? Do we believe the Bible to be the Word of God? And can we allow ourselves in the common practice of a sin, than which there is hardly any fault of men's lives more frequently mentioned, more severely reproved, and more odiously branded in that Holy Book?

Consider seriously these texts—"Who shall abide in thy

tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour." (Ps. xv. 1.) Have you never heard what our SAVIOUR says, that "of every idle word we must give an account in the day of judgment;" that "by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned?" What can be more severe than that of St. James? "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, this man's religion is vain."

To conclude: the sin which I have now warned men against is plainly condemned by the Word of God; and the duty which I have now been persuading you to, is easy for every man to understand, not hard for any man that can but resolve to keep a good guard upon himself for some time, by the grace of God, to practise; and most reasonable for all men, but especially for all christians, to observe. It is as easy as a resolute silence upon just occasion, as reasonable as prudence and justice and charity, and the preservation of peace and good-will among men can make it; and of as necessary and indispensable an obligation as the authority of God can render any thing.

Upon all which considerations let every one of us be persuaded to take up David's deliberate resolution, "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue." (Ps. xxxix. 1.) And I do verily believe, that would we but heartily endeavour to amend this one fault, we should soon be better men in our whole lives: I mean, that the correcting of this vice, together with those that are nearly allied to it, and may at the same time, and almost with the same resolution and care be corrected, would make us owners of a great many considerable virtues, and carry us on a good way towards perfection; it being hardly to be imagined that a man that makes conscience of his words should not take an equal or a greater care of his actions. And this I take to be both the true meaning, and the true reason of that saying of St. James, and with which I shall conclude: "IF ANY MAN OFFEND NOT IN WORD, THE SAME IS A PERFECT MAN."

Reader! your conscience must have borne witness to the propriety of the above remarks. What an awful evidence is the sin of Evil Speaking, of human depravity! All are, or have been, more or less, guilty of this sin; and what an unspeakable blessing is the gospel of Christ, which points to a fountain for

our sin and uncleanness! Through the atoning blood of a crucified SAVIOUR we can approach the throne of the Most High GOD, and obtain pardon, peace, and holiness. Reader! suffer a word of exhortation: seek, by faith, this instant, to the LORD THY GOD, for pardoning mercy through the blood of JESUS. And having obtained redemption through his blood, even the remission of thy sins, go and imitate his meek example, and live in love and peace with all men. "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you."

Poetry.

SPEAK KINDLY!

SPEAK kindly! it is better far,
  To rule by love than fear.
Speak kindly! let no harsh word mar
  The good we might do here.

Speak kindly to the young, for they
  Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
  'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak kindly to the aged one,
  Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run—
  Let such in peace depart.

Speak very kindly to the poor;
  Let no rough word be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
  Without an unkind word.

Speak kindly to the erring: know,
  They may have toil'd in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so:
  Oh, win them back again!

Speak kindly, He who gave his life
  To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
  Said to them, "Peace, be still!"

Speak kindly, 'tis a little thing
  Dropt in the heart's deep well.
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
  Eternity will tell!

Anecdotes and Selections.

Bunyan and the Bishop.—It is related of Bunyan, that in the height of his usefulness as a preacher in and about London, the Bishop of the metropolis had a curiosity to see him. The coachman of the Bishop was a frequent hearer of Bunyan, and the Bishop had told him that whenever, in riding out, he should chance to meet with Mr. Bunyan, he wished to see and speak with him. One day, as John was driving his lordship in a portion of the suburbs sufficiently retired for the Bishop to gratify his curiosity, Bunyan was seen plodding his way on foot, with his bundle under his arm, going to preach somewhere in the outskirts. "Your Grace," said John, "here comes Mr. Bunyan." "Ah," said the Bishop, "hold by the horses when you overtake him, and let me speak to him." They were soon at his side, the horses were checked, and the Bishop bowed, saying, "Mr. Bunyan, I believe." "Yes," says Mr. Bunyan, courteously responding. "Mr. Bunyan," said the Bishop, "I am told you are very ingenious as an interpreter of Scripture; and I have a difficult passage in mind, about which the critics are in dispute, and of which I would be glad to have your view. It is St. Paul's message to Timothy,—'The cloke that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments.'" "Well," replied Bunyan, "it is allowed, I believe, by all, that Timothy was a Bishop, and Paul was a travelling preacher. It occurs to me that this may have been designed to teach that primitive Bishops were accustomed to wait on the travelling preacher; whereas, in our day, the Bishops ride in their coaches, and the travelling preachers, like Paul, are 'minded to go afoot.'"

A good-natured old Farmer preserved his constant good temper, let what would turn up. One day he was told that one of his red oxen was dead. "Is he?" said the old man. "Well, he was always a crusty fellow. Cut off his hide, and take it down to Fletcher's; it will bring cash." In an hour or two the man came back with the news, "Line-back and his mate are both dead." "Are they?" said the old man. "Well, I took them from B——, to save a bad debt. Take the hides down to Fletcher's; they will make more than I once expected to get." In about an hour the man came back to inform him that Brindle was dead. "Is he?" said the old man. "Well, he was a very old ox. Cut off his hide, and take it down to Fletcher's; it is worth more than any of the others." Hereupon his wife, taking upon her the office of Eliphaz, reprimanded her husband severely, and asked him if he was not

aware that his loss was a judgment from heaven for his wickedness? "Is it?" said the old man. "Well, if judgment is taken in cattle, it is the easiest way I can pay."

John Newton in his Old Age.—I have now almost reached my seventy-third yearly milestone; what dangers have I escaped or been brought through! If my heart would jump to be within three miles of you, why does it not jump from morning till night, to think that I am probably within three years of seeing the Lamb upon the throne, and joining in the praises of the blessed spirits of the redeemed, who behold him without a veil or a cloud, and are filled with his glory and love!

Believer! hidden in the cleft of the Rock of Ages, abide there! As the sky darkens around you, hide deeper. It is only for a short time; one thick dark cloud, and an unbounded ocean of glory beyond!

Read the Bible.—I will answer for it, the longer you read the Bible, the more you will like it; it will grow sweeter; and the more you get into the spirit of it, the more you will get into the spirit of Christ—which is life, and love, and joy, for ever!

The Fireside.

LOVE IN THE HOUSE.

Love makes every duty easy. We never think we can do too much, or bear too much, for those we dearly love. Many things which we should think it a great hardship to be obliged to do for an indifferent person, we take great pleasure in doing for a near and dear friend. Love puts forth every act of service and kindness as freely as the tree puts forth its leaves, or the sun its cheering beams.

And how will the married woman who really loves her husband feel and act? She will think of him with affection and respect. When he is at home she will speak kindly to him; endeavour to cheer and soothe him when he is weary and perplexed. She will comply with his wishes, and do every thing she can to make home pleasant and comfortable to him. When he is out, she will remember that he is diligently labouring to support her and her children, and she will feel grateful for his exertions. If it be in her power, she will delight to assist him, and share his toils. Whether or not she do this, she will plan and contrive her own business so as most to promote his comfort, and will manage the fruits of his labour with care and frugality. She will teach her children to love and obey their father, and to reckon it a matter of the first concern that his wishes should be regarded.

But neither herself nor her husband are perfect beings. There will be frequent calls for the exercise of mutual forbearance.

> "The kindest and the happiest pair
> Will find occasions to forbear,
> And something, every day they live,
> To pity, and, perhaps, forgive."

The Penny Post Box.

"BECAUSE OF SWEARING, THE LAND MOURNETH."

And well it may! For I think, in our land, we have now more of this horrid sin than ever. You can scarcely pass by three or four boys, or lads, or young men, but you hear one of them swearing. How awful! Some wicked fellows have lately invented a new and filthy word, which they cram into almost every sentence they utter. Everything they utter is "bloody" now. How disgusting! Is it not the duty of every man and woman who fears God to turn round and reprove such, either by a look or a word? Here are two anecdotes which I lately met with. I hope the readers of the *Pioneer* will shew them or read them to any of their neighbours who are guilty of this foul sin; for

> It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
> Rudely appeal'd to on each trifling theme.
> Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise;
> To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.
> You would not swear upon a bed of death;
> Reflect—your Maker now could stop your breath!

An elector of Cologne, who was likewise an Archbishop, one day swearing profanely, asked a peasant who seemed to wonder, what he was so surprised at. "To hear an Archbishop swear," answered the peasant. "I swear," replied the elector, "not as an Archbishop, but as a Prince." "But my Lord," said the peasant, "when the Prince goes to the devil, what will become of the Archbishop?"

A man in the State of New York was one day driving a yoke of oxen near his house. Displeased at the way in which the cattle did their work, he lashed them severely, and at the same time uttered a multitude of dreadful oaths. The oxen broke away and made for the house. The enraged owner pursued them to the house, and again applied the whip, all the while cursing and swearing as before. His little boy, just old enough to speak, came out of doors at the time, and hearing his father swear, began to swear himself. The man was amazed and horrified when he saw his likeness thus suddenly reflected by his own little child. He paused—dropped his whip—reflected—wept; and conscience-stricken, found no peace till, fleeing for refuge to the Gospel, by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, his sins were all forgiven. One who fears God.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE GALLOWS AND THE GIBBET.—One of the most remarkable features of the old road-books was the frequency with which the gallows and gibbets were referred to as road-marks. Here are a few instances:—"By the Gallows and three Windmills Enter the Suburbs of York. Leaving Durham, a small Ascent, passing between the Gallows and Croke-hill. You pass through Hare Street, and at Epping Forest, a Gallows to the left. You pass by Penmenis Hall, and at Hildraught Mill, both on the Left, and ascend a small Hill with a Gibbet on the Right. At the end of the city (Wells) you cross a Brook, and pass by the Gallows. Leaving the acute way on the right to Towting, Ewel, just at the Gallows, or Place of Execution for Malefactors, convicted at Southwark. You pass by a Gallows on the left, and enter Croydon. A small Rill, with a Bridge over it, called Felbridge, separating it from Surrey, whence by the Gallows you are conveyed to East Grinsted. Leaving Peterborough you pass the Gallows on the left. You leave Frampton, Wilberton, and Sherbeck, all on the Right, and by a Gibbet on the Left, over a Stone Bridge. Leaving Nottingham you ascend a Hill, and pass by a Gallows. From Bristol, through St. John's Gate, and over Froom Bridge, you go up a steep ascent, leaving the Gallows on your right. You cross the River Saint, leaving the Gallows on the Left, and enter Caernarvon." These hideous instruments of death standing by the highway awoke terror in the breast of the traveller. Meeting only a few persons upon the road, he saluted and passed them with suspicion, and feared every man he met as one who might be a robber or a murderer. On the road from London to East Grinstead, a distance of twenty-six miles, there were no less than three of those unsightly contrivances. In Bewick's works upon Birds and Quadrupeds, whenever that eminent naturalist and artist introduced an illustration of English scenery, a gibbet was almost certain to be included as one of the characteristics of the "picturesque."—*Philip's "History of Progress in Great Britain."*

Hints.

NEVER FORGET A KINDNESS done to you by another; and dont be always reminding others of any kindness you may have done to them.

KEEP IN GOOD HUMOUR.—It is good both for body and soul. There are some who are always put into a fever of ill-temper by every little petty annoyance.

DO RIGHT, and abide by it, let others say or do what they may. You are sure to offend some even when you do right; but stick to it nevertheless. Your conscience will reward you.

PROVIDENCE provides for the provident. God never wastes anything; and so he is not likely to bestow his favours on those who waste them.

POLITENESS is something like an air cushion. There may be nothing very solid in it, but it eases the jolts of the world wonderfully.

OLD LUTHER tells a tale of two goats meeting on a narrow bridge, when one lay down for the other to pass over. That goat was a more polite gentleman than Lord Chesterfield.

PRIDE is as ill-natured and unsociable as it is hateful and disgusting. We never wish to see its looks or hear its words twice over.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.—Regret not the past—it is gone! Improve the present—it is thine! Hope for the future—it may bring thy happiest days!

Gems.

SIN only makes men miserable; religion never did yet, and never will. The truly religious are the only happy.

SIN, LIKE A RIVER, may be small at first, but it widens and deepens as it rolls along, until it reaches the ocean of perdition.

SIN IS FIRST PLEASANT, then easy, then frequent, then habitual, then strong, then obstinate, and then its victim is damned!

SIN IS A CRIME which may be called unnatural, for it leads men to turn their backs on their own father. Is not God our Father?

SIN HAS FILLED THE WORLD with suffering, misery, and death. The Son of God came to destroy this horrid work of the devil.

HOLINESS IS OF GOD.—He is holy. His angels are holy. His heaven is holy; and we must be first made holy or we cannot enter there.

HOLINESS IS PURITY.—It is white as snow—clear as spring-water—lovely as the lily—fragrant as the rose.

HOLINESS IS HAPPINESS.—It must be; for the holy have no cause of uneasiness. Their happiness springs from their holiness as from a perpetual spring, in over-measure for ever!

HOLINESS IN THIS LIFE can only be obtained by washing our sin-stained souls in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness.

HOLINESS IN HEAVEN will be perpetual. There, through eternity's endless ages, they who are righteous will be righteous still, and they who are holy will be holy still.

Poetic Selections.

THE PENITENT.

O GOD, what loads of heavy guilt,
Deep as the blood on Calvary spilt,
Like raging billows o'er me roll,
And overwhelm my labouring soul;
Most gracious Lord, I come to thee,
To set my burden'd spirit free,
O save me, for thy mercy's sake,
Or this afflicted heart will break.

Oft as I bend before thy throne,
Deep is my spirit's inward groan,
Nor can I ever dare to speak,
But by the tear that wets my cheek,—
In vain I rest my weary head,
My thoughts are troublous on my bed;
In vain awakes the cheerful day,
On me ne'er shines one cheering ray.

O Saviour, Saviour, pity me!
Into thy gracious arms I flee,
Did ever sinner perish there,
And headlong drop into despair?
This remedy my soul would try,
If this should fail I then must die:
No, no, it will not, cannot fail,
The Saviour's blood will yet prevail.

Sprinkle me, Lord, with pard'ning blood,
Bathe me in thine own vital flood;—
And, when the eternal song begins
To him who saved us from our sins,
Loudest of all the happy throng,
Shall be my ever grateful song,
And I will love thee and adore,
And, sav'd from sin, offend no more.

A CRY FOR MERCY.

MERCY, good Lord, mercy I ask,
Mercy's the total sum;
Mercy, good Lord, is all my plea;
Lord, let thy mercy come!

The Children's Corner.

LETTER FROM A YOUNG APPRENTICE.

We have given you a copy of a "Letter" from a working-lad; here is one from a Young Apprentice. The working-lad's letter was practical, this is rather sentimental; but we wish to encourage our young friends to write something, as it may be the means of setting their thoughts at work, and so of improving their minds.

THE TWO DEW-DROPS.

The eastern sky was bright with the glory of the coming sun; the shades of night were fast floating away, and all around was arrayed in the beauty and freshness of an early summer's morning One of the fairest flowers that adorned the garden that morning was a beautiful rose, on whose delicate blossoms two pearly dew-drops rested. They were soon visited by the sunbeams, and then they sparkled like diamonds for a short time, but were soon absorbed by his rays.

Ah! thought I, what a beautiful lesson is suggested to us by these dew-drops. Ever since our first parents were expelled from the blissful bowers of Eden, tears have been the common lot of all. There has never lived a child of Adam yet who has not shed tears like these dew-drops; for sorrow, more or less, is the portion of all.

The Christian, too, has shed tears; and he has shed them for common sorrows, like others. His tears have also flowed from the depths of a broken heart. Feeling that he has been a sinner against God who made him, and ungrateful to the Saviour who died for him, he is penitent and contrite in spirit, and his tears flow freely. His is a godly sorrow. But his sorrow endureth but for a night. Joy cometh in the morning! Every tear he sheds for sin is like a diamond dew-drop. The rays of the Sun of Righteousness will soon absorb them all.

Dear Reader! did you ever weep for sin! You ought—you must—or you will never know the joys of pardoning love. Repent of all your sins and go now to Christ for mercy; and then, when your ransomed soul shall rise to those blissful realms where every sigh is hushed, and every sorrow over, God will wipe away all tears from your eyes.

Hoxton. W. J. L.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

"Is there a gentlemen here of the name of ——?" shouted a porter at the ——— railway station, looking inquiringly into one of the carriages.

"Yes, my name is ——," returned a youth who had just seated himself in a corner of that carriage.

"Where are you going, sir?" "To hell," he abruptly replied, angry at being troubled with a second question, and with an irritable movement he stepped upon the platform to look after his luggage. His companions gave an involuntary shudder, but made no comment.

It was evening—an evening in June, but no glowing sunset tinged the horizon—no balmy zephyrs floated through the air. A thick cloud hung over the earth, portending a storm, and a drizzling rain fell, much to the discomfort of the travellers; who, though enjoying all the conveniences that money could purchase or ingenuity invent, felt its depressing influence on their spirits. Varied were the feelings of the individuals who were now being rapidly whirled along to their several destinations. Some seemed bent on pleasure; others were so absorbed in business that they appeared to have lost their sympathies in the kindly charities of life. The bosoms of some, probably, beat high at the prospect of a re-union with their dearest friends; whilst others were, perhaps, obeying the mournful summons which called them to the chamber of sickness and the home of unhappiness.

One of the occupants of the carriage which the youth had entered was a minister of the gospel. He had heard the dreadful assertion the young traveller had made, and fearing that it was too true, he determined to warn him of his danger.

The young man's appearance was interesting. His handsome, intelligent countenance now wore an aspect of deep despondency; his pale cheek was ever and anon suffused by a hectic flush; his fine eye flashed—not, as it had often done, with passion, but with the unnatural brightness of consumption; and his tall, graceful form trembled from weakness, and the effects of his distressing malady. He was indeed a sad emblem of the uncertainty of life, even in its spring-time. Still there was nothing that spoke of warm and generous emotions within—something that called forth the sympathy of the beholder.

The minister was not sufficiently near for a private dialogue, he therefore forbore to make any personal remark till an opportunity should offer for a change of seat, but in the mean time he took care to introduce subjects for general conversation which he thought would be interesting and acceptable to his young companion.

About midnight the train stopped at ——, and the travellers alighted to partake of refreshment.

"When do you expect to arrive at the end of your journey, my young friend?" inquired the minister, with a look of deep meaning, when the train was again in motion, and he was seated by the side of the youth.

"I hope to do so the day after to-morrow," he replied; "I am on my way to ——, and shall cross to —— in the morning: my physicians think that possibly change of air will improve my health."

"I dont mean that—I referred to the place to which you told the porter you were going."

The youth remembered the language he had made use of, and felt too much confused to reply. His companion then commenced a conversation on religious subjects; he endeavoured to point out the difference between religion as it is spoken of by the world, and religion as it is presented in the Word of God, in all its solemn bearing on the best interests of the soul, urging its importance, and persuading him to a personal application to that Saviour whom it reveals, as the only way of securing salvation. He dwelt on its truth, its blessedness, and its necessity; and the young man listened with an intensity of interest which awakened hope in the breast of his instructor that his words were making an impression on his heart.

They continued in conversation through the remainder of the night, and the minister had become so much interested in his fellow-traveller that, on reaching ——, he accompanied the youth on board the vessel that was to convey him to the opposite shore.

The young man appeared deeply grateful to his faithful monitor, and parted from him with evident regret, promising, as he did so, to purchase a Bible, and to study it daily with prayer, that he might acquaint himself with those duties and privileges to which he had hitherto been a stranger.

They have not met since that hour, perhaps they will never

again meet on earth; we hope, however, that the impressions then made have not proved like the seed that fell in the stony places, which appeared for a little while and then withered away; but rather that the blessing of God attended the effort which was made to arrest the attention of a soul to its danger and its refuge, and that in the issue the truth of that Scripture was realized—"A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" Prov. xv. 23.

Dear reader, where are you going? Do not deem this an uncalled-for question; it is one of the highest importance, and is put from an affectionate interest in your welfare. There are but two ways—the broad road that leadeth unto destruction—*to hell;* and the narrow way that leadeth unto life—*to heaven.* Time is rapidly bearing you along one or other of these roads, and death is the station at which you will stop. Is it not of importance, therefore, as you value your immortal soul, to ask yourself this question—On which of these roads am I travelling?

Perhaps you are young, and have but just commenced the journey of life. Still death may, before you have advanced much further, overtake you in your progress. In an unguarded moment an accident may occur which would send you at once into an unseen world. The present instant is all that you can call your own; the next you may be ushered into the presence of your God.

A few nights previous to that on which the above-related incident transpired, a seemingly slight error in the working of one of the steam engines on the same line caused a fearful loss of life. The travellers were at the moment engaged in singing Bishop Kenn's beautiful evening hymn. They had reached the third verse—

> "Teach me to live, that I may dread
> The grave as little as my bed;
> Teach me to die, that so I may
> Rise glorious at the judgment day:"

and the notes of the concluding line had scarcely died away ere some of them were, without a moment's notice, launched into eternity! Reader, had you been among the number, what would have been your destiny? Would you have been introduced at once to the world of glory, or would you have been plunged in that instant into everlasting woe?

Your state will be irrevocably fixed at the moment of death. The whole tenor of our Lord's instructions—of his promises,

of his threatenings—the tone of the arguments employed by his apostles in their preaching and writing, lead us inevitably to the conclusion, that great as the change is which death produces, it produces no change in the moral and spiritual condition of a man—what he is at the moment of death, he will be to all eternity. Death has a power to stamp eternal duration upon the state of his mind. In this sense, "he that is unjust will be unjust still, and he which is filthy will be filthy still; and he that is righteous will be righteous still, and he that is holy will be holy still." Rev. xxii. 11. It becomes, then, a matter of the highest importance that you should examine your own heart, and ascertain your true position. If, with an eye fixed on the great atonement of Christ, you are looking for forgiveness only through what he has done and suffered—if, having no righteousness of your own, your desire is that of the apostle, to be "found in Christ, not having on your own righteousness, but the righteousness which is of God through faith in Jesus Christ," Phil. iii. 9—if, constrained by his love to your soul, you are endeavouring to follow his steps, and, taught by his Spirit, you are desiring to "be holy as he is holy," 1 Pet. i. 16, then the more you look into the nature of your prospects for eternity, the more happy and safe will you feel yourself. But if, on the contrary, on investigation, you discover that you are still treading the broad road of natural depravity, suffer the word of exhortation. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. vi. 2. "To-day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, to-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Heb. iii. 13—15. Christ himself invites you to come to him. Jesus saith unto *you*, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." John xiv. 6. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi. 31. "Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have eternal life. For God sent not his son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." John iii. 15—17. Do not put off this matter till "a more convenient season," for that season may never come. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Prov. xxvii. 1. Procrastination has been the ruin of thousands; and "how will you escape, if you neglect so great salvation?" Heb. ii. 3.

It is possible that through ignorance you have taken the

wrong road. Many, alas! are self-deceived, and do not discover their error till it is *too late.* Some imagine that their own reason is a sufficient light, and they refuse the assistance of divine revelation to guide them to an unseen future. Others hope to gain heaven by the observance of ceremonies. Many are trusting to their own merits as a ground of acceptance with God. These, however, are but delusions which, like the *ignis fatuus* to the benighted traveller, only lure to destruction.

Were you journeying on urgent business you would not rest contented if told that you had entered the wrong train, and that instead of advancing towards the place you desired to reach you were being carried in a direction that would lead far from that destination. The discovery of such a mistake would lead to immediate steps for its rectification. There would be promptness in your action and earnestness in your manner. And why should it be otherwise in regard to your spiritual destination? Why, when everything conspires to tell you that you are under a mistake in regard to the prospects of your soul—that you have committed yourself to a wrong direction—to a way that leads far off from happiness and God—why should you be satisfied under a mistake which must end in the utter ruin of your immortal soul?

Beloved reader, we would beseech you, therefore, to "examine yourself, whether you be in the faith." 2 Cor. xiii. 5. Let the word of God be "a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path;" Pss. cxix. 105: for by that light alone will you be able to discern the direction you are taking—and at the same time discover the way in which you ought to go.

Traveller to Eternity! pause, reflect, and decide. *Pause* in the hurry and engagements of life; snatch a few short minutes in which to weigh your present state. *Reflect* on what you are, whither you are tending, and how you ought to act. *Decide* that to whatever point your steps have led before, now they shall, by the grace of God, tend to God, to heaven, to eternal life, through Jesus Christ.

Then you may, with thankful yet serious gratitude, adopt the language of the poet, and say—

> I send the joys of earth away;
> Away, ye tempters of the mind!
> False as the smooth deceitful sea,
> And empty as the whistling wind.
>
> Your streams were floating me along
> Down to the gulph of black despair;

And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to those upper skies!

There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

Anecdotes and Selections.

A Popular Preacher in the Seventeenth Century.—John Howe says that Dr. Goodwin related to him that he went to hear Mr. Rogers, of Dedham. The place was very crowded. His subject was, the Bible and the neglect of it. "He personates God to the people, telling them, 'Well, I have trusted you so long with my Bible; you have slighted it, it lies in such and such houses all covered with dust and cobwebs; you care not to look into it! Do you use my Bible so? Well, you shall have my Bible no longer.' And he takes up the Bible from his cushion, and seemed as if he were going away with it and carrying it from them; but immediately turns again and personates the people to God, falls down on his knees, cries and pleads most earnestly, 'Lord, whatsoever thou dost to us, take not thy Bible from us: take our children, burn our houses, destroy our goods, only spare us thy Bible, only take not away thy Bible.' And then he personates God again to the people: 'Say you so? Well, I will try you awhile longer; here is my Bible for you. I will see how you will use it; whether you will love it more, whether you will value it more, whether you will observe it more, whether you will practise it more, and live more according to it.' But by these actions (as the doctor told me) he put all the congregation into so strange a posture that he never saw any congregation in his life; the place was a Bochim, the people generally, as it were, deluged with their own tears, and he told me that he himself, when he got out and was to take horse again to be gone, was fain to hang a quarter of an hour on the neck of his horse weeping, before he had power

to mount; so strange an impression was there upon him, and generally upon the people, upon having been thus expostulated with for the neglect of the Bible.'

Sleepy Hearers.—Bishop Aylmer, seeing his congregation generally asleep, began to talk in Hebrew, which roused attention, when the old bishop sharply rebuked them for sleeping when they might have understood him, and listening when they knew not a word he said.—A royal chaplain, preaching before King Charles, saw that potentate asleep; he stopped short, and, in a loud and altered tone of voice, three times called out, "Lord Lauderdale:" his lordship stood up and looked at the preacher, who addressed him with great composure, "My lord, I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg of you not to snore so loud, lest you should wake the king."—Andrew Fuller, one sabbath afternoon, saw the people, during the singing of the hymn before sermon, composing themselves for a comfortable nap; and, taking the Bible, he beat it against the side of the pulpit, making a great noise. Attention being excited, he said, "I am often afraid that I preach you to sleep; but it can't be my fault to-day, for you are almost asleep before I begin."

Hearing Sermons.—The state of a person's mind has much to do with the impression which a preached sermon makes upon it. Let a person be in a spiritual frame of mind, and quite an ordinary sermon, feebly delivered, will much interest him; while, if he is in a dark, unrealising frame of soul touching divine things, quite an able discourse, delivered in a decidedly superior manner, will fail to be appreciated, and perhaps be subjected by him to captious criticism. The sad inefficiency of many sermons is owing fully as much to the wrong state of the hearer's heart, as to the want of talent and fervour in the preacher. There was a man who went to sleep even under the preaching of the apostle Paul, and a large number of individuals who plumed themselves on the comprehensiveness and profundity of their learning, denominated him a babbler, and mocked at the folly of his sayings.

Long Sermons.—This is the besetting sin of many ministers, and the cause of much mischief. Dr. Emmons' advice to preachers was, not to preach over thirty minutes, saying, "There are no conversions after the first half hour." Wesley held the same opinion, and said in one of his letters, "If any, then, of the preachers exceed their time (about one hour in the whole service), I hope you will always put them in mind what is the Methodist rule. People imagine the longer the sermon is, the more good it will do. This is a grand mistake. The help done on earth God doeth it himself, and he does not need that we should use many words."

The Fireside.

MY LITTLE THATCHED COT.

In humble my state, as the violet that grows,
Scarce peeping to view in some far lonely spot;
I feel not the storm of ambition that blows
High over the roof of my little thatched cot.

Though pride may regard me with scorn-looking eye,
It's arrogant frownings shall trouble me not;
There's One High and Lofty bends down from the sky,
And smiles in sweet grace on my little thatched cot.

Though shining like stars in the splendour of state,
And envied by all as high-blest in their lot;
I ask not the pomp with the cares of the great,
If Providence watch o'er my little thatched cot.

Let worldlings heap wealth as the sands of the sea,
Poor objects of pity! 'tis all they have got;
Let the glad hope of heaven be given to me,
And I shall be rich in my little thatched cot.

The rude hand of time passing over the world,
Its scutcheons of glory with darkness shall blot;
What then will avail, when to ruin its hurl'd,
If mine were a palace, or little thatched cot.

The poor in the annals of glory may shine,
When the memory of sinners now haughty shall rot;
May Jesus my Saviour for ever be mine,
When I am removed from my little thatched cot.

The Penny Post Box.

SINGING *versus* SWEARING.

In a world like this there are always contrasts. We have had a letter on "Swearing," and now, as a set-off, or contrast, we have one on "Singing." Here it is:—

"Sing, Christians, sing! Be thankful, cherish gratitude, and then you will sing. Depend upon it we shall sigh less if we sing more.

'Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry.'

I am often surprised to hear so little of praise and thanksgiving in the tabernacles of the righteous. We ought to sing more in our own houses.

'Like larks the saints should often sing,
And praise the Lord while on the wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring.'

Who has more cause to sing than the Christian? Forgiven, restored, adopted: full of faith, hope, peace, and joy, one would think his heart would ever be in tune to sing the praises of Jesus. For is there a subject sweeter?

'Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Love Divine,
Bid every string awake.'

Depend upon it if we had more 'singing' we should have less 'swearing.' Singing would hush swearing into silence. It would soon be dumb for very shame. Many a drowsy sot, on a sabbath morning, has stood still to listen to the songs of christians in the house of God.

'Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide world resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.'

And then, on a sabbath evening, or on any evening, can anything be more soothing or cheering than to hear, as you pass that house or cottage, songs of praise from its inmates.

'Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your Great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, to Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.'

Jesus Christ himself 'sung a hymn' with his disciples even on that

——— 'dark and doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.'

James says, 'Is any merry, let him sing psalms.' Paul says, 'making melody in your heart to the Lord.'

'Sweet is the work, my God my King,
To praise thy name give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths at night.'

God loves singing. Heaven is the place of song. Singing never ceases there. All sing there! Shall you and I sing there?

'O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly hosts above;
Who ever bow before him,
See his face and sing his love!'"

Birmingham. R. C.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

BURYING THE DEAD.

The first mention of buying a burial place is that of Abraham of the sons of Heth, at Machpelah, for Sarah.

The Egyptians took great care to embalm the dead bodies, believing in their resurrection.

The Hindoos burn the bodies, not entertaining any idea of resurrection, but only of the transmigration of souls into other bodies.

The Romans burned the bodies, and preserved the ashes in urns as sacred memorials, and "an everlasting treasure."

Henry Laurens, first president of the American Congress, ordered his body to be burned after death to avoid premature interment.

We have heard of a gentleman who had such a horror of being buried alive, that he engaged a friend to cut off his head before burial!

The Jews call their burial places "The House of the Living"—the Affghans "The City of the Silent."

The Mohammedans honour the dead by hanging garlands on the tombs and burning incense; they also always leave a hole for the admission of air to the tomb.

The Welsh are very attentive to the graves of the departed, encircling them with white-washed slates, and planting them with flowers.

I asked what seeds made such fair buds,
And—scarce I trust my ears—
For all the folk aver that such
Do only grow—from tears!

No nation or people were ever known to make use of the sea as a regular burial place.

Hints.

A LONGER LIFE is only desired by the christian that he may have opportunity for doing more good to others.

IT IS GOOD FOR THE WORLD that some men's lives are shortened; for they would only do more evil if they lived longer.

HOW VERY TRUE is that saying —"No man liveth to himself;" for he cannot. His conduct and example must have an effect on others for good or evil.

EVERY MAN, says one, is a volume, if you only knew how to read him. It may be so, but we fear some of the lessons would be sadly blurred.

THERE ARE THREE CLASSES of men in the world. Those who stand still—those who go back—and those who move on. The last are regarded as the best, but the question remains—whither are they moving? They may be going the wrong way.

THERE ARE MEN IN THE WORLD who seem to think that all they have to do is to work, eat, drink, and sleep—and sleep, drink, eat, and work. They never seem to aspire to anything beyond these. How sad!

THERE IS NOT A MAN upon this earth, and never was, who, if he have health and strength and a sound mind, might not better himself if he would only try his best.

WISHING AND TRYING.—We may easily sit down and wish for a thousand things, but we shall never get one of them except we try.

TRYING AND PERSEVERING.—And when we try we may stumble at first. It is only by perseverance

that all obstacles are overcome and surmounted.

It is very Pleasant when we climb to the top of the hill to look back and trace our labours. If we should only get half way up it is better than staying below.

Gems.

Happy the Soul who has got above all earthly hopes or fears; who is not too much elated by the one or depressed by the other; who hopes only in Christ, and fears God alone.

Man fell at first by withdrawing his own will from the will of God. Only by bowing it down submissively, at the feet of God as a little child, can he again be lifted up.

All Religion now consists in seeking the gracious favour of God by Jesus Christ. Everything else we may say or do is spending our strength for naught and in vain.

Holiness is happiness. One follows the other as the effect follows the cause. But the holiness must be genuine; not our own fancied virtue or righteousness.

Of true holiness we have naturally none. It only comes to us through an unfeigned faith in the righteousness of Christ alone.

The great design of Christ in coming, living, dying, and rising, was to renew man in righteousness and true holiness, after the image of Him who created him.

Abstaining from evil is all very well so far as it goes, but that alone never saved any man since Adam fell. We must believe on Christ, the second Adam, if we would be saved.

If you think you can do anything yourself in order to induce Christ to save you, you are labouring under a great delusion. He is not only willing but waiting to save you now.

Can I do nothing then? perhaps you say: no, nothing in the way of merit. But you can beg, pray, and entreat that God for Christ's sake will forgive you. Try Him, and you will find he will.

Never measure the ways of God by your own ways or the ways of other men. His ways are all his own. He forgives, blesses, and saves men in his own way, which is boundless mercy in Christ.

Poetic Selections.

THE PILGRIM GOING HOME.

"Going home," and going quickly!
It's a thought to cheer the heart.
Should we suffer,—be it meekly;—
Soon the world and we must part,
Never more to meet again:
There's an end of suffering then,
There's an end of all that grieves us;—
How the hope of this relieves us!

"Going home,"—how sweet, how cheering!
Going to the place we love,
There in royal state appearing,
'Mid'st the shining hosts above;
There *our Father* dwells and reigns,
Greater He than fancy feigns;
There His people live for ever,
Theirs a portion failing never!

"Going home,"—there's nothing dearer
To the pilgrim's heart than "*home:*"
Drawing nearer still and nearer
To the place where pilgrims come;
Much he thinks of what will be,
Much of what he hopes to see;
Thinks of kindred, friends, and brothers,
But of Christ above all others.

'Tis the blessed hope of seeing
Him he loves, in glory there!
Blessed hope of ever being
With the Lord, His joys to share:
'Tis this hope that lightens toil,
And in sorrow makes him smile,
Cheers him in the midst of strangers,
Keeps him when beset with dangers.

"Going home,"—then it behoves us
Here to live as pilgrims do:
When the trial comes, it proves us,
Proves if we have faith or no.
Let us make our calling sure,
Let us to the end endure;
In the Saviour's love abiding,
In the Saviour's strength confiding!

The Children's Corner.

A HYMN FOR THE CHILDREN.

THERE is a FRIEND we ought to love
  More than all friends beside;
His name is JESUS—and His love
  For ever shall abide.
Come children, then, for now He lives,
And praise from little ones receives.
With lip and life we'll praise His name,
And not forget His laws again.
    What—not forget again?
  No—not forget again!

There is a WORD we ought to prize
  More than all words beside!
It tells how JESUS from the skies
  Came down, and wept, and died.
Come children, then, for now He lives,
Sinners from every land receives;
Oh! let us spread the tidings round,
And publish wide the joyful sound!
    What—spread the joyful sound?
  Yes—spread the joyful sound!

There is a LOSS we ought to fear
  More than all loss beside;
Our souls—than life itself more dear,
  Those souls for which CHRIST died.
Come children, then, say JESUS lives,
To Jew and Gentile life he gives;
And if in Him they now believe,
Their souls shall endless life receive.
    What—endless life receive?
  Yes—endless life receive!

There is a LAND we ought to love
  More than all lands beside;
The land of glory, light, and love,
  Where all the Saints abide.
Come children, for this land prepare,
Tribes of all nations shall be there;
Oh! then we shall with JESUS reign,
And never, never, part again.
    What—never part again?
  No—never part again!

THE TRUANT HUSBAND,

AND HOW HIS WIFE CURED HIM.

'WHERE are you going, George?' asked Mrs. Wilson, as her husband rose from the table, and took his hat.

'Oh, I'm going out,' was the response.

'But where?' asked his wife.

'What odds does it make, Emma?' returned her husband. 'I shall be back at my usual time.'

The young wife hesitated, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to speak plainly upon a subject which had lain intensely upon her heart for some time, and she could not let the opportunity pass. It required an effort—but she persevered.

'Let me tell what odds it makes to me,' she said, in a kind but tremulous tone. 'If I cannot have your company here at home, I should at least feel better if I knew where you were.'

'But you know that I am safe, Emma—and what more can you ask?'

'I do not know that you are safe, George, I know nothing about you when you are away.'

'Pooh! pooh! would you have it that I am not capable of taking care of myself?'

'You put a wrong construction upon my words, George. Love is always anxious when its dearest object is away. If I did not love you as I do, I might not be thus uneasy. When you are at your place of business I never feel thus, because I know I can seek and find you at any moment; but when you are absent during those long evenings, I get to wondering where you are. Then I begin to feel lonesome; and so one thought follows another, until I feel troubled and uneasy. O, if you would only stay with me a portion of your evenings!'

'Aha, I thought that was what you were aiming at,' said George, with a playful shake of the head. 'You would have me *here* every evening.'

'Well, can you wonder at it?' returned Emma. 'I used to be very happy when you came to spend an evening with me before we were married; and I know I should be very happy in your society now.'

'Ah,' said George, with a smile, 'those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future.'

'And why not continue so to do, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember, one of our plans was to make a HOME.'

'And haven't we got one, Emma?'

'We have certainly a place in which to live,' answered the wife, somewhat evasively.

'And it is our home,' pursued George. 'And,' he added, with a sort of confident flourish, 'home is the wife's peculiar province. She has charge of it, and all her work is there; while the duties of the husband call him to other scenes.'

'Well, I admit that, as far as certain duties are concerned,' replied Emma. 'But you must remember that we both need relaxation from labour; we need time for social and mental improvement and enjoyment; and what time have we for this save our evenings?—Why should not this be my home of an evening, as well as in the daytime and in the night?'

'Well—isn't it?' asked George.

'How can it be if you are not here? What makes a home for children, if it be not the abode of the parents? What home can a husband have where there is no wife? And what real home comforts can a wife enjoy where there is no husband? You do not consider how lonesome I am all alone here during these long evenings. They are the very seasons when I am at leisure to enjoy your companionship, and when you would be at leisure to enjoy mine, if it is worth enjoying. They are the seasons when the happiest hours of home-life might be passed. Come—will you not spend a few of your evenings with me?'

'You see enough of me as it is,' said the husband, lightly.

'Allow me to be the best judge of that, George. You would be very lonesome here, all alone.'

'Not if it was my place of business, as it is of yours,' returned the young man. 'You are used to staying here. All wives belong to home.'

'Just remember, my husband, that previous to our marriage I had very pleasant society all the time. Of course I remained at home much of my time; but I had a father and mother there, and I had brothers and sisters there—and our evenings were happily spent. Finally I gave up all for you. I left the old home and sought a home with my husband. And now, have I not a right to expect some of your companionship? How would you like it to have me away every evening, while you were obliged to remain here alone?'

'Why—I should like it well enough.'

'Ah—but you would not be willing to try it.'

'Yes, I would,' said George, at a venture.

'Will you remain here every evening next week, and let me spend my time among my female friends?'

'Certainly I will,' he replied; 'and I assure you I shall not be so lonesome as you imagine.'

With this the husband went out, and was soon among his friends. He was a steady industrious man, and loved his wife truly; but, like thousands of others, he had contracted a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and he thought it no harm. His only practical idea of home seemed to be, that it was a place which his wife took care of, and where he could eat, drink, and sleep, as long as he could pay for it. In short, he treated it as a sort of private boarding-house, of which his wife was landlady; and if he paid all the bills he considered his duty done. His wife had frequently asked him to stay at home with her, but she had never ventured upon any argument before, and he had no conception of how much she missed him. She always seemed happy when he came home, and he supposed she could always be so.

Monday evening came, and George Wilson remained true to his promise. His wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and he said he would remain and 'keep house.'

'What will you do while I am gone?' Emma asked.

'Oh, I shall read and sing, and enjoy myself generally.'

'Very well,' said Emma. 'I shall be back early.'

The wife went out, and the husband was left alone. He had an interesting book, and he began to read it. He read till eight o'clock, and then he began to yawn, and look frequently at the clock. The book did not interest him as usual. Ever and anon he would come to a passage which he knew would please his wife, and instinctively turned as though he would read it aloud; but there was no wife to hear it. At half-past eight he rose from his chair, and began to pace the floor and whistle. Then he went and got his flute, and played several of his favourite airs. After this he got a chess-board, and played a game with an imaginary partner. Then he walked the floor and whistled again. Finally, the clock struck nine, and his wife returned.

'Well, George,' said she, 'I am back in good time. How have you enjoyed yourself?'

'Capitally,' returned the husband. 'I had no idea it was so late. I hope you have enjoyed yourself.'

'Oh, splendidly!' said his wife. 'I had no idea how much enjoyment there was away from home. Home is a dull place after all—isn't it?'

'Why,—no,—I can't say that it is,' returned George, carelessly. 'In fact,' he added, 'I rather like it.'

'I am glad of that,' retorted Emma, 'for we shall both enjoy ourselves now. You shall have a nice comfortable week of it.'

George winced at this, but he kept his countenance, and determined to stand it out.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go away again.

'I shall be back in good time,' she said.

'Where are you going?' her husband asked.

'O, I can't tell exactly. I may go to several places.'

So George Wilson was left alone again, and he tried to amuse himself as before; but he found it a difficult task. Ever and anon he would cast his eyes upon that empty chair, and the thought would come, 'How pleasant it would be if she were only here!' The clock struck nine, and he began to listen for the step of his wife. Half an hour more slipped by, and he became very nervous and uneasy.

'I declare,' he muttered to himself, after he had listened for some time in vain, 'this is too bad. She ought not to stay out so late!' But he happened to remember that he often remained away much later than that, so he concluded that he must make the best of it.

At a quarter to ten Emma came home.

'A little late, am I not?' she said, looking up at the clock. 'But I fell in with some old friends. How have you enjoyed yourself?'

'First-rate,' returned George, bravely, 'I think home is a capital place.'

'Especially when a man can have it all to himself,' added the wife, with a sidelong glance at her husband. But he made no reply.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go out as before; but this time she kissed her husband ere she went, and seemed to hesitate.

'Where do you think of going?' George asked, in an undertone.

'I may drop in to see Uncle John,' replied Emma. 'However, you won't be uneasy. You'll know I'm safe.'

'O, certainly,' said her husband; but when left to his own reflections he began to ponder seriously upon the subject thus presented for consideration. He could not read—he could not play—nor enjoy himself in any way, while that chair was empty. In short, he found that home had no real comfort without his wife. The one thing needed to make his home cheerful was not present.

'I declare,' he said to himself, 'I did not think it would be so lonesome. And can it be that she feels as I do, when she is here all alone? It must be so,' he pursued, thoughtfully. 'It is just as she says. Before we were married, she was very happy in her childhood's home. Her parents loved her, and her brothers and sisters loved her, and they did all they could to make her comfortable.'

After this he walked up and down the room several times—he then stopped again, and communed with himself.

'I can't stand this,' said he, 'I should die in a week. If Emma were only here, I think I could amuse myself very well. How lonesome and dreary it is! And only eight o'clock! I declare I've a mind to walk down as far as Uncle John's, and see if she is there. It would be a relief if I only saw her. I wont go in. She shan't know yet that I hold out so faintly.'

George Wilson took another turn across the room, glanced once more at the clock, and then took his hat and went out. He locked the door after him, and then bent his steps towards Uncle John's. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the air was keen and bracing. He was walking along, with his eyes bent upon the pavement, when he heard a light step approaching him. He looked up, and he could not be mistaken—saw his wife. His first impulse was to avoid her, but she had recognised him.

'George,' said she, in surprise, 'is this you?'

'It is,' was the response.

'And you do not pass your evenings at home?'

'This is the first time I have been out, Emma, upon my word; and even now I have not been absent from the house

ten minutes. I merely came out to take the fresh air. But where are you going?'

'I am going home, George. Will you go with me?'

'Certainly,' returned her husband. She took his arm, and they walked home in silence.

When Emma had taken off her things, she sat down in her chair, and looked at the clock.

'You are come home early to-night,' remarked George.

The young wife looked up into her husband's face, and with an expression half smiling and half tearful, she answered, 'I will confess the truth, George; I have given up the experiment. I managed to stand it last evening, but I could not bear it through to-night. When I thought of you being here all alone, I wanted to be with you. It didn't seem right. I haven't enjoyed myself at all. I have no home but this.'

'Say you so?' cried George, moving his chair to his wife's side, and taking one of her hands. 'Then let me make my confession. I have stood it not a whit better. When I left the house this evening, I could bear it no longer. I found that this was no home for me, while my sweet wife was absent. I thought I would walk down to Uncle John's, and see your face, if possible. I had gazed upon your empty chair till my heart ached.' He kissed her as he spoke, and then added, while she reclined her head upon his arm, 'I have learned a very good lesson. Your presence here is like the bursting forth of the sun after a storm; and if you love me as I love you—which, of course, I cannot doubt—my presence may afford some sunlight for you. At all events, our next experiment shall be to that effect. I will try and see how much home-comfort we can find while we are both here to enjoy it.'

Emma was too happy to express her joy in words, but she expressed it nevertheless, and in a manner, too, not to be mistaken.

The next evening was spent at home by both husband and wife, and it was a season of much enjoyment. In a short time George began to realise how much comfort was to be found in a quiet and peaceful home; and the longer he enjoyed this comfort, the more plainly did he see and understand the simple truth, that it takes two to make a happy home, and that if the wife is one party, the husband must be the other.

Anecdotes and Selections.

Perfection of the Creator's Works.—Professor Olmstead, of Yale College, in an article illustrating the Divine love of truth as exemplified in the material creation, refers to the revolution of the earth on its axis, in which the period of revolution is invariable, and the motion is absolutely uniform. He states that the extreme accuracy to which clocks and chronometers have of late been brought, is regarded amongst the greatest performances of art. The astronomical clock in the Greenwich observatory varies less than half a second a day; but the earth in its daily revolution has not varied half a second since the creation. Absolutely uniform motion, like that of the earth on its axis, or the passage of light from distant worlds, the practical astronomer has never been able to produce.

Why art Thou Cast Down?—Yea, christian, wherefore? Does not each promise still stand up, an unscathed pillar, upon the summit of which shines the pure soft light of heaven? Are not God's strong-winged angels still all—aye, all—ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation? Does not Jesus still live, and does he not bear your name upon his heart as he maketh intercession? Is he not your sympathizing friend? And does not God reign? Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Is there not a home of sweet, sinless rest, where the soldiers of the cross shall by and by be crowned? Then why cast down? Right shall yet triumph. Dry up your tears. Look up—up! God reigns. There is enough in these two words for faith to fasten upon, to give a present and permanent victory. Cheer up, and honour God by trusting in him. "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their king."

Gossip is the bane of social life; always indicating a small mind; having affinity with petty concerns; often a malicious mind, delighting in traducing others; irreverence for truth, risking the violation of it for the pleasure of telling stories, which may be false, often are known to be so; great lack of honour, saying behind the back of another what would not be said before his face; want of power to converse on nobler subjects, at least lack of interest in them. Generally supposed to belong exclusively to woman, but supposed very incorrectly. Women gossip chiefly about domestic life, love, marriage, servants, entertainments, and a world of mischief they do there, of heart-burnings, heart-tinkerings, and heart-breaking, of broken ties, and alienated affections. But men gossip too; authors, professors, commercial men. Ah! what keen, biting withering gossip they have—what half-untrue, wholly needless. Literary gossip, political gossip—why, the world is half-ruled by gossip—half its miseries are caused by gossip.

The Fireside.

A MOTHER'S ADVICE TO HER FATHERLESS DAUGHTER.

Young art thou, my dear Mary, to leave a mother's roof,
And think not that I wish to say one word of harsh reproof;
Ah no! affection bids me speak, and this thou wilt believe,
And my advice at parting with willing heart receive.

Remember, should stern sorrow come, thou hast a heavenly Friend,
The "Father of the fatherless" will still my child defend;
Thou wilt not fail at early morn, and when the light is dim,
To bend thy knees, to raise thine heart, in fervent prayer to Him.

Forget not that He will behold thy every work and way,
And O, my child, His blest commands with humble zeal obey;
For vain it is with hollow words His praises to repeat,
Since He can read the secret thought, and will abhor deceit.

But when within His hallowed courts thou dost with joy appear,
The prayer that comes from unfeigned lips we know that He will hear;
In all the praises offered up, with thankful hearts unite,
For only the true worshipper is precious in His sight.

Pray that His Holy Spirit may dwell within thy heart.
That so from all that grieveth Him thy footsteps may depart;
Though sinful is thy nature, and weakness ever thine,
Thou wilt be safe from every foe if armed with strength divine.

Be neat in thy apparel,—how little do they know,
Who vainly dream that finery can any charm bestow;
Oh no, the love of it will spoil the very fairest face—
And, alas! how often has it led to sorrow and disgrace?

Take thou thy daily lesson from the flowers of the field,
Modest, forgetful of the world, their fragrancy they yield;
Take thou thy daily lesson from the bird that gaily sings,
And in the deepest solitude to heaven its tribute brings.

Learn a lesson of obedience from all that do God's will,
From the noble flowing river to the small unnoticed rill;
From the stars that shine above us through all the dreary night,
And sun that never fails at morn to bring the blessed light.

The Spring in early beauty, the Summer in full bloom,
The Autumn in its ripeness, the winter in its gloom;
All these are but the ministers of His Almighty will,
And like these faithful servants do thou thy part fulfil.

Yes, lovely are the lessons that nature can impart,
But far more precious is God's law engraven on the heart;

The Holy Scriptures still shall be a lamp unto thy feet,
They show the refuge from the storm, the shelter from the heat.

How oft to me, my Mary, thy thoughts have been revealed;
Oh never from thy mother's heart be future plans concealed;
Farewell! that heart is now too full its feelings to repress,
Go now, my child, I know my God the fatherless will bless.

The Penny Post Box.

OUR SERVANT GIRLS.

I WANT to call some attention to these young women, for I feel very much interested in their welfare, and I fear they are getting spoiled very fast. They are not now what servant girls once were. Here and there you may meet with a rare specimen of her class, and find a trusty, tidy, modest, and honest servant girl; but I fear that generally they are become gay and giddy things, of very little use. But I will not say more about them myself just now. I would rather call the attention of your young female readers to what the Recorder of Hull, Samuel Warren, Esq., said a few weeks ago. That learned gentleman, charging a jury, observed:—

"It is almost impossible, speaking in a general way, to get or retain a respectable, modest, and trustworthy female servant. Young women in that class of life are neglecting homely and useful acquirements, their minds are distempered and inflated, disturbing all their notions of dutiful, respectful, and happy subordination, and giving them a disgust for the plain paths of duty. Cases have recently come before us here, of young women who have stood weeping before me bitterly at that bar, and afterwards in the gaol; but I know what they have said, what they have owned, as to their having felt 'above their places,' and 'been too fond of dress, which,' they said, 'had brought them where they were.' Gentlemen, I ask you whether any observant person can walk the streets of our cities and towns on Sundays, when shoals of servant girls are abroad, without feelings of pity and disgust? There you see them, aping the absurdities of their superiors in station, with lace or make-believe-lace peticoats, crinoline, kid gloves, parasols, and preposterous head-dresses. What must be passing through their minds as they strut along, thus bedizened, inviting imputations on their character? Whence come the funds to supply this paltry finery? They easily become a prey to the profligate, and disable themselves from resisting the opportunity of robbing their mistresses and masters. Gentlemen, you know, and if you do not, I do, that I am here touching an evil of serious and rapidly-increasing magnitude—one sapping the foundation of virtue and character in a great and indispensable class of society. But you will say, 'What is the remedy for it?'

Why, I will tell you. First of all, let their betters cease to set them an example of a preposterous and paltry love of finery, which they themselves are often as little able to afford as their inferiors, at all events without shamefully and cruelly wasting the means of husbands and fathers. Let mistresses steadily and resolutely set their faces against finely-dressed servants. A general combination with this view, in even a month or two, would be of incalculable importance. Do not let quickly-cast-off fashionable clothing be given to servants, but be otherwise and charitably disposed of. Let lords and ladies—let gentle and simple—in their respective spheres of influence, inaugurate a more rational and wholesome state of things with reference to education, and then we may have a chance of again seeing that charming feature of an English domestic establishment—a trustworthy female servant."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

THIS is the most noble society ever formed by man or blessed by God.

It was instituted in 1804—the year in which the first Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor of France.

Last year (1858-9), its receipts were greater than in any former year.

	£.	s.	d.
For general purposes	78,047	1	0
For Bibles and Testaments	76,859	5	1
For Chinese Testaments	823	17	6
For Scriptures in India	4,332	15	9
Total	160,062	19	4

The issues of copies of the Holy Scriptures during the year, were—

From Home Depot ..	989,287
From Foreign Depots ..	636,698
Total	1,625,985

The grand total of all the issues of the Word of God, since 1804, is now 35,609,931 copies.

What glorious facts are these! England had the high honour of beginning and carrying on this great work of spreading the Word of God over the earth. May we not hope that the Most High will never permit it to be interrupted by the invasion of French infidels and papists, and their savage African soldiers!

Hints.

BE PUNCTUAL.—There are few things which help to establish a man's character better than a strict regard to punctuality.

EVIL-MINDED MEN will say of others, in order to damage them, what they wish were true rather than what is true.

OPEN THE DOOR of your heart to a little vice, and a big one will squeeze itself in along with it.

GIFTS TO THE POOR should flow like oil, gently and quietly. He who gives with angry words is like the unruly cow, which gives her milk and then kicks over the pail.

ANGER.—The best way to manage an angry feeling when it rises up suddenly is to put it off for the present, that you may have time to

think about it, and then you may find your best plan will be to let it die out.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF SUFFERERS.—You may not meet them in the streets; but you need not go far to find them if you wish to help and comfort them. Visit them, and you will be to them as angels of mercy.

SELFISH PEOPLE are never contented, never happy. They are always fretting because they cannot grasp more; and never know the happiness felt by those who do good to others.

HE IS A WISE AND HAPPY MAN who, having food and raiment, is content with his lot; who envies no man, and feels that, taking all things together, he would rather be where he is than anywhere else.

Gems.

ETERNITY is an awful word. What does it mean? With regard to God it means his habitation—with regard to you it means never-ending joy or woe. Which?

TO PREPARE FOR ETERNITY is, or ought to be, the one great business of your life. Have you set about it? Ask God, for Christ's sake, to help you, and he will.

DURING YOUR LIFE-TIME, how much may be done! You may learn the value of your soul, the guilt of your sins, the love of the Saviour, and be made meet for eternal glory!

SOME MEN ACT as if to work, eat, drink, and sleep, were all they had to do, forgetting that brutes can do these things as well or better than they. In vain does God and Christ, the Bible and the Gospel, invite them to an angel's life.

THE CHRISTIAN HAS HOPE—a good and well-founded hope of a better life than this. Christ died to purchase it, and lives to bestow it. That is enough for him; he leaves all the rest to God.

TIME.—What is it? To you it is only a longer or shorter term of life on earth. That over, you have done with it for ever. How are you using it?

LET GOD GUIDE YOU.—I could write twenty cases, said a pious man, where I wished God had not done with me as he did. Now I see that it was all for the best.

DONT THINK that because you have not all you ask of God that he will not hear you, or is angry with you. No such thing: he knows, as your Father, what is best for his child.

Poetic Selections.

THE BEGGAR'S DEATH.

THE beggar on his lonely bed
  In wretchedness is dying,
And yet, effulgent on his head,
  A crown divine is lying;
Come, quiet earth and silent grave,
  His limbs forsaken cover;
He lays on you his wanderer's staff,
  His pilgrimage is over.

On riches, honour, pleasure, strife,
  No trust of his is centred;
He hastens naked from this life,
  As naked it he entered;
A christian man he dies in bliss,
  When kings may die forsaken,
A treasure beyond price is his,
  A faith in Christ unshaken.

Rough is the bier on which he lies,
  On pauper help depending;
No funeral pomps for him arise,
  No purchased tears descending;
Into the common earth his frame
  In careless haste is hurried,
And in the grave obscure his name
  Is now for ever buried.

Yet God for his great day of grace
  Is this poor name retaining,
The mute entreaties of that face
  Not, like mankind, disdaining:
He whom the princes of the land
  On earth were coldly spurning,
Will soon be at his God's right hand
  In seraph glory burning.

My God! if 'tis thy wise decree
  That here in want I languish,
May I, like Lazarus, in thee
  Find comfort in my anguish;
May angels bear my soul like his,
  From this poor world of sorrow,
To endless plains of heavenly bliss,
  To an eternal morrow.

The Children's Corner.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO YOUNG MEN.

KEEP holy thou the sabbath-day
  Is the command that's given;
But yet how many dare insult
  The Majesty of heaven.

Thousands give loose to their desires,
  And fancy all is well,
While they so heedlessly pursue
  The path that leads to hell.

With sinners often God long bears,
  For merciful is he;
But sometimes suddenly destroys,
  And without remedy.

One sabbath-day not long ago,
  A solemn fact occurr'd
To three young men, who sadly did
  God's precepts disregard;

For on that day they hired a boat,
  And down the river went;
In sinful pleasures all of them,
  The afternoon they spent.

That ev'ning when returning home,
  Light-hearted as could be,
They little thought that some of them
  Their home would never see.

Through some mishap the boat upset,
  They were not far from shore,
Two strove to reach it, but in vain,
  They sunk to rise no more.

Had they the Lord's command obey'd,
  And walk'd in wisdom's way,
This awful death they had not met,
  Upon the sabbath-day.

May all from this a warning take,
  And shun the ways of sin;
Walk in the path which leads to life,
  And now at once begin.

But O, if you should still resolve
  To walk the downward road,
Consider, you cannot escape
  The judgments of your God.

Newport, I. of W. J. D.

THE NOBLE COBBLER.

NOT a nobleman who became a cobbler, but a cobbler who became a NOBLE-MAN.

JOSEPH WATKINS, a resident of Bromyard, near Stoke-Edith, was a shoemaker by trade. By hard industry, economy, and diligence, he had acquired a small sum of money. There was in the same neighbourhood, and of the same little society of christians, a young female, a domestic servant in a respectable family. Her mistress, dying, bequeathed Mary £20, in testimony of respect, and as a reward for her faithful services. Her master had then an aged mother who lived with him. He said to Mary, "If you will remain and take care of my mother during her life, when she dies you shall have £20 more."

To this proposal Mary assented, remarking, "Master's word is as good as his bond." The object of her special care did not long survive; and Mary became possessed of the sum of £40, in addition to some savings from her wages.

An attachment was formed between Joseph and Mary, which ripened into marriage; in which union they were happy together more than forty years.

The following particulars respect the appropriation of their money, and their subsequent proceedings in the practical acknowledgment of God with it. Joseph had looked round on the moral condition of his neighbours. He deeply mourned over their spiritual destitution. He earnestly desired to do something for their benefit by the establishment among them of means of grace similar to those which at Stoke had been so great a blessing to himself. He thought he would, if possible, purchase a small freehold, that he might open his own house for the worship of God, and have no interruption by landlord or anybody else. In a short time two properties were advertised for sale by auction at an inn. Joseph attended the sale, expecting that they would be offered in separate lots, intending to make a bid for the smaller one; but, to his great disappointment, he found they were to be sold together, and therefore abandoned his intention of bidding, as he had not the means of paying so large a sum as would be required. The business began, the conditions of sale were stated, and bidders invited. The auctioneer, observing the young shoemaker, somewhat humorously said, "Come, Watkins, wont you give us a bid?" To which Joseph replied, "I certainly intended

to bid for the small lot, if it had been sold separately; but as they are put together, they are quite out of my way."

"Oh!" rejoined the other, "put us on. Give a bid: it will not stop. Come, put us on."

Joseph, not thinking what he was about, complied, but was soon awakened to a sense of his situation, when no one followed him. In vain the auctioneer called for bidders. At length he said, "Going! Going! Gone!" Down went the hammer, with Joseph Watkins as the purchaser. Joseph went home in great anxiety, and informed Mary what he had been drawn into, who was equally perplexed thereat. He passed an almost sleepless night, pondering how to get out of his difficulty.

Next morning, while standing at his door, a gentleman rode up, and accosted him with, "Well, Watkins, you have been buying land I hear." "Buying land," responded Joseph, as the echo of what fell on his ears. The gentleman further said, "I am come to ask what you will take for your bargain?" This revived Joseph; and, as he expressed himself when relating the occurrence, "I thought I must mind now what I say."

So he replied, "Why, sir, to tell you the truth, I only wanted the small lot; and if you are willing to take the large one, I have no objection to part with it."

"That," said the gentleman, "is the one I want. What will you take for it?"

It was considered at the sale that Joseph had made a good purchase; so he thought now he might, without impropriety, ask the sum for the large property (about fifty acres) which he had obtained both for (the smaller one being only about two). The gentleman said, "I will give you that sum for it." He was thus extricated from his difficulty, became possessor of the freehold he had desired, and yet his amount of cash was not lessened.

He now saw his way clear to carry into effect his long-cherished desire to open his house for the worship of God. It was duly licensed for that purpose, and the neighbours were invited to come and hear words whereby they might be saved. Nor was it preached and heard in vain. The Holy Spirit was poured upon them, and several believed and turned to the Lord. They could seldom have the opportunity of getting a minister, as the place was a considerable distance from any circuit town, and at that time, in winter especially, the roads were almost impassable. In these circumstances, Joseph felt necessity was laid on him first to give a word of exhortation to

those who from time to time came to worship God at his house. He had many scruples and fears on the subject. The blessing of God rested upon these humble but sincere endeavours to benefit the population around him; and an open door was set before him, so that he was encouraged to persevere, but was often cast down at the contemplation of the great responsibility which rested on him.

He once related the following circumstances, which occurred at this time. Having made an engagement to speak to a congregation in a farm-house at Dinmore on a sabbath, the subject pressed heavily on his spirits; he had sore mental conflict and would have fled from his duty, had he not felt, "Woe be unto me if I preach not the gospel!" The road from his residence was through a wood, where it was easy to conceal himself from observation. He set off from his dwelling much earlier than was necessary to accomplish the journey, purposing to retire into some thick part of the wood, and ask of God some visible sign, whether he ought to preach or not. Having wrought his way through the interwoven branches of trees, and reached a lonely spot, which he judged suitable for his purpose, he was preparing to ask from God a sign; but, before doing this, he took a New Testament from his pocket, on opening which his attention was arrested by the following words: "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." The thought struck him forcibly that he was the subject of temptation. He fell on his knees, imploring of God forgiveness for his presumption, and, without gainsaying, went and delivered his message to the people in the name of the Lord; and he continued to act as a local preacher in the Hereford circuit to the end of his life.

At his own house the congregation increased, and additional accommodation was wanted. The late Rev. J. H. Adams was then a home missionary in that part of the kingdom. Mr. Watkins asked himself, "What can I do?" He could do but little; yet he resolved what to do, if the Lord permitted; and, as Dr. Redford remarks, the deed was as princely as the principle was divine. The little of which he had become proprietor, or rather, as he felt, the steward, he would consecrate to the Lord. On a part of it he determined to build a small chapel, for the service of the neighbouring cottagers. The work was soon effected. A minister was obtained to open the new place of worship: the day arrived, a happy and zealous

company of friends met together; and the place was opened for the high and holy use of prayer, praise, and the ministration of the blessed Word of God.

Let my readers, if they can, enter into the joyful emotions of that day; let them conceive the pure and blessed feelings of this humble christian, when he saw the building, which his own benevolence had reared, first opened as the house of prayer. It was noble, and it was lovely; perhaps beyond precedent there at that time. The emotions of that lowly cottager that day might have been envied by a prince, and few princes of this world ever did an act so noble and so pious.

The dedication of that humble sanctuary to the service of God was the occasion of calling forth another interesting instance of the zeal and kindheartedness of Joseph Watkins.

Some of the good people who had come to participate in the religious solemnities of that day powerfully felt the influence of a zeal so eminent and pure, and voluntarily proposed that they should be allowed to share with him the expense of the erection. They endeavoured to convince him that it was not right for him to bear the whole burden, and that collections would cheerfully be made towards assisting him in this labour of love; but the sacrifice was a luxury to his soul not to be foregone. He was resolved to have it a monument of his gratitude to the Saviour.

Still, however, alert in doing good, and glad to find his fellow christians willing to contribute of their ability to aid the village cause, he proposed that they should give what they thought proper, and devote it to the purchase of a horse for the service of the ministers of the circuit in which the chapel was situated, and to enable them more frequently to visit this and other places. This was accordingly done; and this village thenceforward enjoyed the regular services of the ministers of the gospel, had its sabbath school, and various other means of religious instruction.

The garden and orchard brought forth plentifully; so that, in some instances, even when the crop of apples had failed in the county, Joseph had abundance. The ground, also, though partially shaded by the trees, produced good crops of wheat, beans, or potatoes. Joseph honoured God with his substance also, and his barn was filled with plenty. Prompted by gratitude to the Author of all good, and impressed with a conviction that he owed to a special providence his possesion of the

property he enjoyed, having no child, and not knowing what might arise in the neighbourhood after his decease, it was in his heart to secure that property so remarkably given to him to the service of God. He did so. When the Rev. John Slater was superintendent of the circuit, Joseph transferred the property by sale to a number of trustees, to be held by them and their successors, as provided by the deed, in trust for ever, for the use of the Wesleyan church. The property consisted of a small field, garden, and orchard, on part of which stood a dwelling-house and barn; also, a chapel and burial-ground. When the trust-deed was duly executed and enrolled in Chancery, he generously returned the purchase-money to the trustees; and though he continued to reside on the premises, yet, as an acknowledgment of their right to the property, he paid an annual rent, which they applied to the circuit expenses. "The liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand." This inspired declaration was remarkably verified in Joseph Watkins. God's blessing was on the labour of his hands; and he was the constant benefactor of the poor around him, and a hearty supporter of the cause of God at home and abroad.

He continued his business, working at it himself, until near the close of his life, not to add to his property, but to enlarge his means of doing good, which appeared to be the greatest luxury of his soul. I had the opportunity of witnessing many other instances of his generous disposition, not recorded in this sketch, such as contributions to the British and Foreign Bible Society, of which he was a branch treasurer, and gifts to the poor in his neighbourhood. At our circuit quarterly meetings, also, when there was a deficiency in the income, he prompted others by his generous example. He scattered, and yet increased; he sowed plenteously, and reaped plenteously.

Near the close of my ministerial labours in that circuit, I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. and Mrs. Watkins on the fortieth anniversary of their wedding day. Before we rose from the table, I happened to say, in allusion to my own removal to another sphere of labour, "Who knows where we may be next year at this time?" Silence followed; and I perceived the question had touched a chord I did not intend. Both were deeply affected. At length, in a tone of warm affection, Mary said, "I should not like to leave Joseph, and I should not like to be left." The husband, though made of sterner stuff than

Mary, was quite overcome, and could not utter a word. I wept with them, and, in reply, said, "The Lord reigns, our times are in his hand, and he will order that in such wise as will be best for both."

So it was, not long after. Mary was the older and more infirm of the two, and was called away first; but they were not long divided. Mary died on the 15th of October, 1835, in the eighty-second year of her age. She had been a constant friend to the poor in her neighbourhood. She was truly devoted to God, with whom she lived in habitual communion, through faith in Christ. She was ardently attached to Methodism, and was delighted to welcome its ministers to her house, whom she hospitably entertained, and studied to promote their comfort, from the time she joined the society. She was a collector for the Bible Society, and a teacher in the sabbath school, to the last week of her protracted life. Greatly was she esteemed in the neighbourhood; so that, at her interment, an immense number of persons assembled to testify their respect for her memory. The last words she was heard to say were, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Her husband died six weeks afterwards.

Poetry.

CHRISTIAN PERSEVERANCE.

THE METHODIST WATCH-NIGHT HYMN.

Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
  Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
  And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

Our life is a dream, our time like a stream
  Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone,
  Time's last solemn year
Rushes on to our view, and Eternity's here.

O that each in the day of his coming may say,
  "I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
  "Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE SPIRITS OF THE JUST MADE PERFECT are in exalted and complete felicity. There is the absence of all evil, and the presence of all good—the one excluding suffering and sorrow, the other producing perfect pleasure and enjoyment. The bodies of the saints are spiritualized and glorified in heaven; there are therefore no lusts of the flesh there. Their souls are perfectly holy; they therefore feel no lusts of the mind. Fallen angels and wicked men are excluded from heaven; and there are therefore no temptations of satan and the world there. This three-fold source of guilt, danger, and misery on earth, has no existence in heaven. Neither are there any funerals in heaven; no bereavements; no mourners; no paralysis; no sick beds; no sinking age or crying infancy; not a sigh has ever been heard there; not a tear shed; not a sorrow felt; the inhabitants weep no more; thirst no more; the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne feeds them, and wipes away all tears from their eyes. They see God; and "in his presence there is fulness of joy." They behold the exalted Jesus, and sit on the throne with him. They mingle with the angels, and are equal with them. They sit down with patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, and join them in their hallelujahs to God and the Lamb!

KINDNESS.—This will *always* do good. It makes others happy; and that is doing good. It prompts us to seek the benefit of others; and that is doing good. It makes others gentle and benignant; and that is doing good. Let it be remembered, also, that it is by the temper, and by the spirit that we manifest that the world forms its opinions of the nature of religion. It is not by great deeds in trying circumstances that men will judge of the nature of the gospel. But that unbelieving husband cares much for the gentle and kind spirit of the wife, for all his happiness depends on it; that brother is interested much in the conversation and the spirit of his sister, for he daily observes her temper, and is forming his views of religion, not so much from what he hears in the pulpit, as from the temper which you evince from one day to another. In these fields, humble though they may seem, and little as they appear to furnish a theatre for the display of eminent virtues—your usefulness lies. There, with the "gentleness" that was in Christ, you cannot but be useful; and, exhibiting such a spirit, you will not live in vain.

YOUR LITTLE SELF.—A celebrated preacher, in a charge which he delivered to a young minister at his ordination, thus addressed him: "Let me remind you, sir, that when you come into this place, and address this people, you are not to bring your *little self* with you. I repeat this again, sir, that it may more deeply impress your memory; I say, that you are never to bring your *little self*

with you. No, sir; when you stand in this sacred place, it is your duty to hold up your great Master to your people, in his character, in his offices, in his precepts, in his promises, and in his glory. This picture you are to hold up to the view of your hearers, while you are to stand behind it, and not let so much as your little finger be seen."

FEAR AND LOVE are necessary to that temper of mind wherein true godliness consists. FEAR is necessary to keep God in our eyes; it is the office of LOVE to enthrone him in our hearts. Fear cautions or avoids whatever may offend; Love yields a prompt and liberal service. Fear regards God as a witness and a judge; Love cleaves to him as a friend and a father. Fear makes us watchful and circumspect; Love renders us active and resolute. In short, Fear and Love go hand in hand, and mutually assist each other. Love keeps fear from being servile and distrustful; and Fear keeps Love from being forward and secure; and both spring from one root, viz.: Faith in God as our Creator and Redeemer.

The Fireside.

EDUCATION OF THE FIRESIDE.

THE fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and colour to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honours of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory; but the simple lessons of home, enamelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid picture of after-years. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a forgotten waste. You have perchance seen an old and half-obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvas, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after-design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fireside,—one great institution of Providence for the education of man.

The Penny Post Box.

OUR AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

We have much pleasure in introducing a new correspondent to our readers:—

An old agricultural labourer and occasional gardener is very glad you have taken an interest in that class of labourers, so long neglected and so little regarded; though, perhaps, among the most inoffensive and useful class in the kingdom. He has worked amongst them in different places in all sorts of farm labour more than sixty years; he has circulated monthly publications amongst them more than forty years, and feels the truth of the poet's beautiful lines—

> "Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

He has also been a writer of verses more than fifty years, and several of his compositions have been printed, and some have found their way into different publications. He has sent you these which, if you deem fit, he should like to see them in print.

Near Romford. W. C.

With the above we received three poetic pieces, one of which we give below, and the other two—"Cottage Hymn" and "Sweet Sabbath"—will be found in our "Poetic Selections." It is due to the venerable and respected writer to add that we have not altered more than one word in them.

THE TURNIP HOER.

Now fifty-six seasons I've labour'd below,
To obtain a supply of the bread that I need;
And whilst in the fields I have work'd with my hoe,
Have found the sweet promise refreshing indeed.
For Jesus has told me to be of good cheer,
Since He by his life has the world overcome;
Through much tribulation and poverty here,
There's plenty and peace in his kingdom at home.
And since 'tis appointed that all are to die,
Oh, may I be ready when death shall appear,
And angels convey me to mansions on high,
To dwell with the righteous in happiness there.
My body must moulder and crumble to dust,
And lie in the ground till the Saviour appear
To gather the bodies and souls of the just,
And take them to glory to dwell with him there.
Thankgiving and love will then flow from my heart,
To Him for his favours so signally shown,
That one so unworthy as I should have part
In the glories and blessings of his happy throne. W. C.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ORIGIN OF THE PENNY POST.—A traveller sauntering through the Lake districts of England some years ago, arrived at a small public house just as the postman stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it; she took it in her hand, turned it over and over, and asked the charge: it was a large sum,—no less than a shilling. Sighing heavily, she observed that it came from her brother, but that she was too poor to take it in, and she returned it to the postman accordingly. The traveller was a man of kindness as well as of observation; he offered to pay the postage himself, and, in spite of more reluctance on the girl's part than he could well understand, he did pay for it, and gave her the letter. No sooner, however, was the postman's back turned, than she confessed that the proceeding had been concerted between her brother and herself, that the letter was empty, that certain signs on the direction conveyed all that she wanted to know, and that, as they could neither of them afford to pay postage, they had devised this method of franking the intelligence desired. The traveller pursued his journey; and as he plodded over the Cumberland Fells he mused upon the badness of a system which drove people to such straits for means of correspondence, and defeated its own objects all the time. With most men such musings would have ended before the close of the hour: but this man's name was Rowland Hill; and it was from this incident, and these reflections, that the whole scheme of penny postage was derived.—*Times.*

Hints.

IF YOU DOUBT whether you should do a thing, not only ask, is there any harm in doing it, but is there any harm in letting it alone.

GIVING AND TAKING.—Nothing is more easy than to give advice, and nothing more difficult than to take it.

BE ON THE LOOK OUT if a man begins to daub you with flattery. He means something else, depend upon it.

THE MISER IS A FOOL who loves himself more than all the world, and yet uses himself worse than all the world would use him.

MONEY, it has been said, is like a hedgehog, very difficult to get hold of and keep hold of. How many have bled at the fingers by clutching at it.

AN OBSTINATE MAN cannot be said to hold any opinions. His opinions hold him.

OPPORTUNITY for good or evil is not always at hand. When it comes mind how you use it.

A MAN'S HONESTY is about the only commodity whose true value is exactly the price he fixes on it himself.

OUR ENERGIES are fed by our hopes. Let hope be cut off and energy would soon wither and die.

HYPOCRISY has been described as a serpent with an angel's voice—a garnished grave full of rottenness.

TRICKERY never succeeds. It always loses more in the end than it gets.

THE FACE OF A MAN is often, but not always, an index of his heart. Take care how you trust it.

SOME PEOPLE are always getting their minds hurt. They must be very sore places!

Gems.

DEATH to the christian is only he shadow of the King of Terrors assing through his own dark alley.

THE BIBLE IS THERE.—Whence ame it? From good men or bad ien, holy angels or wicked devils, r God himself. Which? Read it, nd judge for yourself.

HUMILITY OF MIND is not a flower hat grows in nature's garden. It is lanted by the hand of God in the enewed heart.

PRAYER IS A KEY which, being urned by the hand of faith, unocks the treasury of Divine proiises.

WE MAY OFTEN be at a loss to now how to help ourselves, but iod can never be at a loss how to elp us.

LIBERALITY IN GIVING, when uided by prudence, never brings oss. God gives more when we give vell.

AT THE LAST DAY the great bell f Eternity will toll for the death of Time.

IMPERFECTION attends us here at very step. What a change when 'e shall be made perfect before od!

THE MOST GLORIOUS object in all eaven will be Jesus—the brightess of the Father's glory—the King i his beauty!

THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST in eaven will have a transforming inuence on all who behold him, hanging them into his own glorious keness.

WORLDLY MEN put as far from iem as they can all thoughts of eath. The christian cherishes ioughts of it, and of the wonderful ;enes of glory and joy to which will introduce him.

Poetic Selections.

A COTTAGE HYMN.

"I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

THOUGH needy and poor, in a cottage I dwell,
Yet such is my store, there's no creature can tell,
For Jesus has laid up in heaven for me
A crown of bright glory, no mortal can see.

Though poor and despised, on earth I remain,
In midst of affliction, oppression, and pain;
The Lord has thought on me, and graciously given,
My soul to seek after a treasure in heaven.

Then farewell the honours and riches of earth,
If my soul has experienced a heavenly birth;
'Tis all of sweet mercy I am what I am;
I'll give all the glory to God and the Lamb.

My body must die, and my flesh must decay,
My spirit shall fly to the regions of day,
To dwell with my Jesus, my Saviour and friend,
In glory and rapture that never shall end.

W. C.

SWEET SABBATH.

THE sweet sabbath morning is come,
The people of God will unite,
And meet as dear children at home,
To worship the Lord with delight.

Oh, may I among them be found
A lover of Jesus sincere;
Attending the gospel's sweet sound,
Which all those that love him will hear;

For 'tis a great favour indeed,
A privilege none can deny,
To have a clear title to read
To mansions eternal on high!

I know that my body must die,
This flesh and these bones must decay,
And rotting in dust they will lie;
Then rise at the great judgment day.

Then body and soul will be joined
Together again, and unite
In worship quite pure and refined,
When faith shall be turned into sight.

These blessings to Jesus we owe,
His gifts are too great to describe;
To him shall our gratitude flow,
With whom we'll for ever abide.

W. C.

The Children's Corner.

THOUGHTS AT EVENTIDE.

BY A YOUTH.

It was a calm evening in early summer. The sweet warblers of the woods responded to each other in joyous songs, from branches fragrant with budding blossoms; the earth beneath my feet was carpeted with blooming flowers of various forms and colours; the the sun was setting amidst long streaks of clouds, which he tinged with golden glories. I stood admiring these works of the Great Creator, until feelings of gratitude and adoration filled my heart. But night coming on I retired, and when I got home, being yet in a musing mood, I sat down and wrote—

Along the slope I slowly strayed
  That lovely even-tide;
The merry birds sweet music made,
  Which fill'd the region wide.

Down in the vale beneath a glade
  A murmuring brook ran on,
And melancholy music made,
  In contrast to their song.

The sun was setting in the west,
  And when he sunk from sight,
His rays the clouds with colours drest
  All beauteous and all bright.

But, mark the change, swift shadows fell
  O'er all the lovely scene;
The warblers ceased their joys to tell,
  And night now reign'd serene.

And then sweet thoughts I dont forget
  Dawned on my soul in peace,
Of where a Sun shall never set,
  The Songsters never cease.

Oh may I, through redeeming grace,
  Find there my last abode;
And gaze for ever on thy face,
  My Saviour and my God!

Brierly Hill. H. C.

JOHN BUNYAN AND HIS BLIND CHILD.

We can scarcely conceive of an Englishman who has not heard of John Bunyan and his book of world-wide fame, the "Pilgrim's Progress." However, should any one who reads these lines say to himself, "Why, I never did!" we advise him to get hold of the book, with a sketch of his life at the beginning, as soon as he can, and we promise him such a treat as he never enjoyed before from any book, except the Bible, in his life.

Bunyan lived about 200 years ago. He was the rough son of a rough man in a rough village, and like his father a traveling tinker—a rollicking, swearing, wicked young fellow. Convinced at last of his sins he felt as if he were in hell already; but he sought for pardon through Jesus Christ, whose blood cleanseth us from all sin, and God forgave him. Filled now with love to God his Saviour, he began to preach the gospel. But he lived in the dark days of persecution. For, preaching in a village cottage one evening, he was taken up by the constable, and the justices sent him to the prison, which stood on the old bridge at Bedford; and there he lay for twelve long years! But there he wrote that wonderful book, and there his little blind daughter would come to *feel* of him, and listen to what he said, and bring and take away his work. Here is a picture of the scene, drawn by an able hand:—

One of the most touching things in all the labouring, suffering, struggling life of Bunyan, is his artless account of his sorrow in leaving his blind child, when he was about to take up his residence in Bedford gaol. The imprisonment was not unexpected. The arbitrary, persecuting laws which signalized the reign of Charles the Second from its commencement, had armed the authorities of the realm with power to imprison the persons and confiscate the goods of all who should be found either preaching or hearing the gospel outside the walls of the parish church, or praying without the prayer book in their hands. Bunyan very well knew that he should be one of the first to feel the effects of these measures, and he accordingly prepared himself. His forebodings were not long unrealized, for having made an appointment to preach on a certain day, the Justice of the Peace heard of it, and issued a warrant for his arrest. The fact was soon known to Bunyan and his friends,

and he might have given up the meeting for that time, and retired to a place of safety, had he chosen. But, nc, he will not flee! He says, "I feared that if I should run, now that there was a warrant out for me, I might, by so doing, make others afraid to stand, when great words only should be spoken against them. Besides, I thought that seeing God of his mercy should choose me to go upon the forlorn hope in this country, that is, to be the first that should be opposed for the gospel,—if I should fly, it might be a discouragement to the whole body that might follow after. And, further, I thought that the world thereby would take occasion at my cowardice to have blasphemed the gospel, and to have had some grounds to suspect worse of me and my profession than I deserved.' He does not, we see, come to his decision without much consideration and prayer. He considers the effect of his example upon the weak and timid among the people of God: and, though it was probably hard to come to it, his deliberate conclusion was, "I will stay and hold my meeting, let the consequences be what they may." We know that it was hard for him to make up his mind to go to prison, not so much because he dreaded imprisonment, but his family, his forsaken, destitute family, rose up before his mind's eye, appealing powerfully to his feelings as a husband and father. Especially did it go to his heart to leave his blind child. He says, "Notwithstanding these spiritual helps, I found myself a man encompassed with infirmities. The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh from my bones; and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these mercies, but also because I should often have brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was likewise to meet with, *especially my poor blind child*, who lay nearer my heart than all I had beside. Oh, the thoughts of the hardships I thought my blind one might go under, would break my heart to pieces. Poor child, thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though *I cannot now endure the wind shall blow upon thee.* But, yet, recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you. Oh, I saw in this condition I was a man who is pulling down his house upon the head of his wife and children; yet, thought I, I must do it. And now

I thought on those two milch kine that were to carry the ark of God into another country, to leave their calves behind them."

How beautiful is this relation, and how does it open to us the rich vein of tenderness in Bunyan's heroic heart! We are apt to clothe those noble souls of Bunyan's stamp, those christian warriors who stood in the breach, fighting stoutly for "liberty to worship God," in those old, trying days, we are apt to think of them as all stern and grim, and unaffected by mere earthly joys and sorrows. Here the veil is lifted, and we see underneath their grave, calm steadfastness, a pure, strongly-flowing current of human affection and feeling. That, although so richly endowed with strength to do and bear, they were not wanting in that lovely grace of charity that fertilizes and beautifies the soul.

Following Bunyan to his damp and narrow cell in the Bedford gaol, we find him there solaced by the company of his little blind daughter. It is said that the wet unwholesome state of this gaol, standing as it did upon a bridge, first inspired the celebrated John Howard with a desire to improve the condition of gaols and prisons. We can judge something of its state from this fact: form some idea of the sufferings and and privations that Bunyan endured for conscience' sake. But there was a bright side to the picture. Every morning came this blind daughter to cheer the heart of the lonely father. She brings in a well-secured parcel the materials for the day's work, for Bunyan even here labours assiduously in aid of his family. He cannot, of course, carry on any longer his humble trade of tinker, but he has learned since he came to prison to make tagged laces. Upon them they work together perseveringly through the day, not a long one, for time thus devoted to honest labour, and hallowed by love and peace, could not have seemed long; and at evening, with the laces that have been completed, the little girl goes home to her mother. It is easy to suppose that the father could not willingly settle to his work in the morning, until he had embraced his dear one—that he listened anxiously every time he heard the gaoler's step in the passage, for the accompanying sound of a small foot, that came at last, making his pulses leap, and lighting up the calm eye with a gleam of pleasure. The key turns in the lock, the bolt flies back, and the blind child enters. She can see nothing; all is dark to her within the narrow cell; but she knows very well where her father's arms are open, waiting to

receive her. Her eyes are sightless, but the light of love shines in her soul, and irradiates her patient, thoughtful countenance, as she hastens with rapid step to her father's embrace. He presses her gently to his manly breast, and kissing her soft cheek, murmurs, "My sweet heart!" How tender and pure must have been the companionship of these two. How pleasantly pass the hours as they talk to each other, like children—for Bunyan in his ripest years retained the beautiful simplicity of childhood. Doubtless he taught this dear one of the love of Christ, and knelt often upon the cold stone floor of his prison house, to pray with and for her. How lonely and anxious must have been the days when she came not. Then we can imagine he would often rise from his work, and gazing through the narrow window, beneath which flowed the waters of the Ouse, look longingly in the direction of that humble cottage where dwelt those dearest to his heart. Then striving to forget his care, we see him open his well-worn Bible, and draw from thence sweet comfort and strength still to endure. Those prison hours were on the whole very pleasant ones, as Bunyan himself tells us; and next to those spiritual joys which filled his soul, he was indebted to this for his constant occupation of body and mind to which he accustomed himself. He must have been very busy, as the work he accomplished during those twelve years of imprisonment proves. Labouring at his tagged laces all day, and writing far into the night, tracing the passage of his pilgrim through the lights and shadows—the joys and sorrows of his christian course. Blessed labours! wherein was sown seed which shall bear fruit till time shall end, to the good of man and the glory of God! Would that the Spirit that prompted and inspired those labours might rest with power upon every successive generation of pilgrims to Zion, warring through them against "the world, the flesh, and the devil," and finally, through the riches of grace, triumphing over every foe.

When Bunyan, in his book, had conducted his pilgrim to the gates of the celestial city, he looked in and saw the shining ones walking in white over golden streets; and then, he says, "When I saw them, I wished myself among them." And well he might. There, however, with his suffering wife, and *poor blind child*, he has long been, and will be for ever!

"Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in."

Poetry.

LINES ON BUNYAN.

BY COWPER, THE POET.

O THOU, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
Back to the season of life's happy spring,
I pleased remember, and while memory yet
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget;
Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile;
Witty, and well employed, and like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his slighted word;
I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame;
Yet e'en in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
Revere the man, whose PILGRIM marks the road,
And guides the PROGRESS of the soul to God.
'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age;
The man, approving what had charmed the boy,
Would die at last in comfort, peace and joy!
And not with curses on his heart, who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.

Anecdotes and Selections.

"EVERY ONE OF YOU."

By John Bunyan.

WHEN these Jerusalem sinners had duly fallen under the guilt of their murder, they cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter replies, by a universal tender to them all in general, considering them as Christ's killers, that if they were sorry for what they had done, and would be baptized for the remission of their sins in his name, they should receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. Acts ii. 37, 38. This he said to them all, though he knew that they were such sinners. Yes, he said it without the least stick, or stop, or pause of spirit as to whether he had best to say so or no. Nay, so far was Peter from making an objection against any one of them, that by a particular clause in his exhortation, he endeavours that not one of them may escape the salvation offered. "Repent," saith he, "and be baptized EVERY ONE of you. I shut out never a one of you; for I am commanded by my Lord to deal with you, as it were one by one, by the word of his salvation."

But why speaks he so particularly? O, there were reasons for it. The people with whom the apostles were now to deal, as they were murderers of our Lord and to be charged in the general with his blood, so they had their various and particular acts of villany in the guilt thereof, now lying upon their consciences. And the guilt of these their various and particular acts of wickedness could not perhaps be reached to a removal thereof, but by this particular application. Repent, *every one* of you; be baptized, *every one* of you, in his name, for the remission of sins, and you shall, *every one* of you, receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Objector.—But I was one of them that plotted to take away his life. May I be saved by him?

Peter.—*Every one* of you.

Objector.—I was one of them that bare false witness against him. Is there grace for me?

Peter.—For *every one* of you.

Objector.—I was one of them that cried out, "Crucify him, crucify him!" and desired that Barabbas the murderer might live, rather than him. What will become of me, think you?

Peter.—I am to preach repentance and remission of sins to *every one* of you.

Objector.—I was one of them that did spit in his face when he stood before his accusers. I was also one that mocked him when in anguish he hanged bleeding on the tree. Is there room for me?

Peter.—For *every one* of you.

Objector.—I was one of them that in his extremity said, "Give him gall and vinegar to drink." Why may not I expect the same when anguish and guilt is upon me?

Peter.—Repent of these your wickednesses, and here is remission of sins for *every one* of you.

Objector.—But I railed on him, I reviled him, I hated him, I rejoiced to see him mocked at by others. Can there be hope for me?

Peter.—There is, for *every one* of you. "Repent, and be baptized EVERY ONE of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

O, what a blessed "*every one of you*" is here! How willing was Peter, and the Lord Jesus by his ministry, to catch these murderers with the word of the gospel, that they might be made monuments of the grace of God. How unwilling, I say, was he that any of these should escape the hand of mercy. Yea, what an amazing wonder it is to think, that above all the world, and above every body in it, these should have the *first* offer of mercy at Jerusalem.

"THERE IS ANOTHER MAN."—During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismasted merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvass shelter on her deck, almost level with the sea, sug-

gested the idea that there yet might be life on board. With all his faults, no man is more alive to humanity than the rough and hardy sailor; and so, the order instantly sounds, to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off, to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hulk go these gallant men, through the swell of a roaring sea. They reach it—they shout—and now a strange object rolls out of that canvass screen, against the lee shroud of a broken mast! Hauled into the boat, it proves to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, so dried and shrivelled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, and so light, that a boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather round it; these feelings suddenly change into astonishment! It shows signs of life—they draw nearer—it moves—and then mutters—mutters in a deep sepulchral voice,—"There is another man." Saved himself, the first use the saved one made of speech, was to *seek to save another!* Oh! learn that blessed lesson! And so long as in your homes, among your friends, in this wreck of a world which is drifting down to ruin, there lives an unconverted one, say, "*there is another man.*" Go to that man, and tell him of Christ.

Before Honour goeth Humility: *a Tale of the Wheat.*—When you have been humbled, then you may be lifted up. Suppose one went to the wheat, as it waved in the field, and said, "Would you like to be made into a loaf for the Queen?" "Yes," answers the wheat-ear, "O yes, we should like to be presented to the Queen;" and the ear waves with swelling pride at the thought of its consequence. But the reaper comes, and the wheat gets a stroke at the roots, and is laid prostrate. "Alas!" it sighs, "is this *going to the Queen?*" But there it lies dying in the scorching sun; and then it is drawn to the threshing floor, and bruised and beaten without mercy. After this it is winnowed, and then tied up in darkness and carried to the mill. "Is not this almost over?" cries the poor wheat. But it is poured into the hopper and ground to powder. Then it is pressed and packed, and that is not all. It is mixed with water; it is worked and kneaded; it is subjected to various rapid changes, and finally to the process of cutting and shaping into loaves. "Ah! shall I not rest now?" sighs the poor wheat. "Yes; *now* you may rest," says the baker; and forthwith shoves the loaves into a heated oven. When baked, and not till then, it is fit to be eaten; and is presented to the Queen. If God intends to honour you by allowing you to honour him, he will lay you low, he will thrash you, he will winnow you and grind you, he will knead and fashion you, and pass you through the fire; and then when you have discovered that all this was needful to humble pride and fit you for usefulness, he will employ you in his service, and honour you, just as he did Paul, and Luther, and Bunyan.

To Shake off Trouble.—Set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat, and go and visit the sick and poor; inquire into

their wants, and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.

PREACHING.—John Bunyan once said, "Sometimes when I thought I did no good by the sermons which I have preached, then I did the most of all; and, at other times, when I have thought I should catch men, I have fished for nothing."

The Fireside.

FINDING FAULT WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

IT is at times necessary to censure and to punish. But very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parent. And hardly anything can exert a more injudicious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and child. There are two great motives influencing human actions; hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of offending. If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when they do anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that it is useless to try to please. Their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and at last, finding that whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

But let a mother approve of her child's conduct whenever she can. Let her show that his good behaviour makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his efforts to please, by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and a cheerful spirit. Your child has been, through the day, very pleasant and obedient. Just before putting him to sleep for the night, you take his hand and say, "My son, you have been very good to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient. God loves children who are dutiful to their parents, and he promises to make them happy." This approbation from his mother is, to him, a great reward. And when, with a more than ordinarily affectionate tone, you say,

"Good night, my dear son," he leaves the room with his little heart full of feeling. And when he closes his eyes for sleep he is happy, and resolves that he will always try to do his duty.—*The Mother at Home.*

The Penny Post Box.

THE GREAT REVIVALS.

We receive letters from our friends for this part of our pages, and we sometimes send one in the same way. This time we wish to send one on the great subject mentioned above.

You have no doubt heard of the late revivals of religion as they are called, in America a year ago, and now in Ireland, and Scotland, and Wales, but especially in Ireland, where thousands have been, we hope, truly converted to God.

It is remarkable that these awakenings and revivals did not commence in the eloquence of some popular preacher, or preachers. Both abroad and at home they are to be traced up to a small prayer-meeting, where two or three agreed to ask of God things touching his kingdom, in the name of Jesus. In Ireland several small parties were thus engaged without knowing of each other. The Lord in wonderful mercy heard them; others joined them; the leaven spread; and it was not long before many around them, hitherto careless, began to cry out, "What must we do?" Thousands have thus been convinced of sin and led by the Holy Spirit to look to Jesus alone for salvation.

Another remarkable feature of this movement is, that it is unsectarian. All that the people seem to know, or desire to know, is—that they are sinners, and that Jesus is their Saviour—the very essence this of all religion.

In Ireland, as formerly in America, the subjects of conviction have been strongly agitated, falling down and crying out for mercy. Men of the world have been offended at this, and say it is all fanaticism. But they know not the scriptures, nor the power of God. To us it is a glorious display of Divine mercy and goodness, revealing by the Holy Spirit to myriads of men the realities of eternity.

Would to God that the same Spirit were poured out from on high in England! on all our proud formalists, and drunken reprobates, and lewd libertines. Will it ever be? We know not. But is anything too hard for the Lord?

We advise those of our readers who fear God and love the Great Redeemer, to meet together, if but two or three, or half a dozen, in any town or village, and pray for this great object. Many have begun. More should. Let us pray, wait, expect, and the God who always heareth prayer, will in his own time and way, who can doubt it, answer the earnest desire of our hearts. THE EDITOR.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE BIG SHIP.

This big ship, the largest in the world, is now out at sea. She has been called by two names—"The Great Eastern," and "The Leviathan"—but she is now to be called *The Great Eastern.*

She is 692 feet long, 82 feet wide at the hull, and 120 feet wide at the paddle boxes. Measure her in a field and fix branches, and then you will have an idea of her size.

She is built of iron plates, overlapping each other, and rivetted together with three million bolts, driven at white heat with hammers.

Her deck contains eighteen miles of five-inch planking. And towards her bows she has three iron decks below, 120 feet long.

Her weight is 12,000 tons; and she carries with her, two small steam vessels, and about twenty other large and small boats.

She is expected to move with sails and engines, when winds and waves are favourable, at the rate of twenty-one miles an hour.

She is built in compartments, so that if one compartment is crushed in by running on a hidden rock, only that will be filled with water, all the rest will be water-tight and bear her up.

Her greatest danger will be from running on unknown sands when at high speed.

Her engine fires require 250 tons of coal daily. But besides moving the vessel, her engines heave the anchors, hoist the sails, cook the dinners, and do the work of many men in other ways.

Dr. Kitto reckons that Noah's ark was 547 feet long and 91 feet wide.

Hints.

EYES CAN TALK, and they say more than tongues sometimes, when they pierce our hearts with flashes of anger, or melt them by their tenderness of affection.

HAVE YOU LOST SOMETHING which you thought valuable. It might be; but if by losing it you have gained more wisdom, you are a gainer by the loss.

A TALKATIVE FELLOW is like an unbraced drum, which makes a great sound, but there is no music in it; and so what he talks signifies nothing, for there is no sense in it.

TRUE AFFECTION is no young or fickle passion, but a faithful helpmate to us when the dream of life is over, and we live in its realities of trial and trouble.

DO I KNOW I AM LOVED? Then I have a cordial in affliction, and a comfort in suffering, which all the untold hoards of the selfish miser could not purchase.

MIND WHO YOU LOVE! Young man, young woman, mind *who* you love. Or very soon the sweet honey of your love may be turned into the sourness of vinegar.

TRUE LOVE always finds something in its object worthy of esteem, and that will not fade with the face. But those whose love is of outward beauty only will soon have ague fits of disappointment and vexation.

MERE PASSION should never be called love. It never brings happiness, and soon dies out. It has the elements of corruption and death in itself. Real love never dies.

LOVE IN THE HEART does what summer does in the year; it brings forth the best fruits to perfection.

Gems.

THE DREAD OF DEATH is yet natural, even in a believer. We do not like to handle a viper even if we know its sting is drawn. Only faith can take the dread of it away.

HOLINESS OF HEART implies a heart broken for sin, an inveterate hatred of sin, and a perpetual conflict with sin.

KNOW CHRIST.—Know *all* about him. Not only that he was wise, and good, and kind, but that he came to save sinners—to save *you*.

PENITENT SINNER! Be not afraid The echoes of the thunders of Sinai are hushed by that tender voice from Calvary—"Father, forgive them!"

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE can never be pacified by any remedy you may try but one; and that is the blood of Christ, which purgeth our consciences from dead works, and so pacifieth them.

WANT OF FAITH is the great want of the world. If "things not seen" were believed, men would not act as they do. Unbelief, from the beginning, has been the devil's best tool to work man's ruin with.

ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD.—How? He set the Lord always before him. He believed God saw him, heard him, and was always near him. Why cannot we? We may.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME? Little-faith? Ah, then thou art a poor trembling fearful thing! always sinking under doubts and apprehensions. Cheer up, poor heart! God's promises are true. Believe them.

NONE PLEASED CHRIST MORE than those who had great faith in him. The centurion, the Syrophenician woman, and she "which was a sinner," were his favourites

Poetic Selections.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN BODY AND SOUL.

BODY.

SPIRIT! I feel that thou
Wilt soon depart.
This body is too weak longer to hold
The immortal part.
The ties of earth are loosening—
They will break;
And thou—even as a joyous bird,
Thy flight will take
To the eternal world.
Say, Spirit! say!
Wilt thou return again? once more illume
My house of clay?
Or must this body, which has been to thee
A temple and a dwelling place,
Perish for ever, and forgotten be?

SPIRIT.

Yes! I must leave thee.
I am longing
For the communion of those blessed ones
Within the courts of heaven,
Who tune their golden harps
To the eternal praise of Him, who gives
That home above—
Which they have gained, and which I would attain,
Through Him who came to prove
That GOD is LOVE;
And by Him too, I know that thou,
My earthly tenement,
Within the dust must lie,
And then turn to corruption,
Even as the seed doth die
To be revived again.
Death hath no power o'er the soul,
For Christ hath conquered—
The grave cannot retain its victims
When He cries—"Come forth!"
Then I return to thee
The victory is gained—
For "Christ hath made us free!"

AN EPITAPH.

LEARN to know Christ,
Thou need'st no more obtain;
And He, not known,
All knowledge else is vain.

TO MY TRUEST FRIEND.

IN thee, my Saviour, and my Friend,
I would for ever trust;
Who false will never prove in death,
Nor leave me in the dust

The Children's Corner.

THE DYING SABBATH SCHOLAR.

ISABELLA had gone to a sabbath-school for many years, but she did not pray for a blessing. I fear indeed there are many like her; the pious teacher prays for them, but they do not pray for themselves. He tells them again and again of their sin and danger while unconverted, but they are unmoved; and both in the school-room and the house of God, they are "forgetful hearers." Thus it was with Isabella, and she deeply felt it afterwards. "Oh!" she said, "how many sermons I have heard in vain; how many times my praying aunt wished me to leave off vain company and seek the Lord; but I did not regard her advice."

Isabella was ill. During her illness a pious lady lent her "Pike's Persuasives to Early Piety." During her confinement to her bed, she read it; and while reading, the Holy Spirit opened her eyes to see what a state she was in by nature and practice. "I never knew," said she, "what a sinner I was till I read that book." Yes, she was led "to abhor herself; to repent as in dust and ashes." She mourned for sin after a godly manner, and felt that nothing but the blood of Christ could atone for her sins, or restore her to the favour of God: and she said,

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

Thus convinced of sin by the Holy Spirit through the means of this little book, she was led to the Saviour as her only hope, and in his rich mercy he freely received her, and did not cast her out.

A little before she died, ten of those who had worked at the same factory with her, came to take their leave of her. She spoke to them with faithfulness, begging them not to trifle as she had done. "Do all of you," she said, "do seek salvation now at once; dont delay till sickness comes: you see what dying is; it is a solemn thing to die. Oh! that I had thought more about it in health; my pains are great, but nothing to a guilty conscience. Do let me beg of all of you to prepare for death; oh! do all of you seek Jesus, and seek him now."

Her end was peace; her doubts were all removed, and she said, to the satisfaction of my friend, (who felt the deepest interest in her welfare, and sat up with her one or two nights before her death,) "that she would not give up her hope in Christ for all the world." Oh! no, it was that hope which upheld her under her severe bodily sufferings, and made her more than conqueror. Just before her death she said, "I am happy; thinking of Jesus makes me happy;" her last words were, "happy! yes—yes—yes, very happy!" And thus did she depart, "to be for ever with the Lord." Little reader, would you not wish to follow her to heaven?

HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA,

AND THE SCOTCH RAGGED KIRKS AND SCHOOLS.

At a Home Missionary Meeting held in Leicester, in the autumn of 1859, Mr. Wilson, of Aberdeen, in Scotland, gave an address in which he related the origin and progress of these useful institutions in that city.

Mr. Wilson, said—In 1848, they commenced: there was a penny theatre in one of the worst parts of the city, and a wretched house just opposite. He went to the proprietor of that house and asked for a room there. He took a room, and gave 6d. a week for it. He could hardly stand upright in the room, and he paid 1s. 6d. for deal slabs to make boards, and 1d. for a candle. Twenty to thirty people gathered, and a christian lady brought them there: they were gathered by her from dens in which his character would not have been safe if he had gone. Three persons "fell" under the power of the gospel on that day. One was a leading man of the theatre, another had been nine times in gaol, and the third was a woman who had been a great drunkard. When he left, after nine years' exertion, there was a church of 150 members, raising £100 a year, of which £70 was by weekly offerings; and a congregation of 500 people, all working men, and two-thirds of whom were reclaimed from the worst characters. There was a Christian Instruction Society, with from 40 to 50 agents, who once a month met their pastor, and reported to him of the state of things in their respective districts. There was a Tract Society, which, by subscriptions of a halfpenny a week, had raised an amount equal to the purchase of 300 Bibles and Testaments, and 80,000 tracts. There was a day school with 150 scholars, each paying 1d. per week, and a sabbath school with 250 scholars. There were two ragged kirks, and a penny bank, in which £2500 had been saved. To God they gave all the glory! There was now little crime in that street, and only one public house. That was the way in which they had closed the public-houses, not by going to the magistrates, but by stopping the demand for the article. There was also a minister unanimously chosen by the people. All this was done in a district in which crime formerly abounded. He urged his hearers to consecrate themselves to such a work. There was a most

remarkable spiritual movement now going on in Scotland, and he believed that this was the origin of it. In 1858, a large cattle show was held in Aberdeen. Mr. Gordon of Park Hill, Mr. Drummond of Stirling, and another gentleman, came over, and, stationing themselves in various parts of the city, gave away tracts to the thousands who flocked there. It was supposed that, in addition to the 70,000 inhabitants of Aberdeen there were 30,000 visitors. Their chapel was thrown open every night, and a spirit of prayer seemed to be amongst the people. A union prayer meeting was held between two and three o'clock, and a christian brother from America went in and told them what God was doing there. It had been his privilege to attend thirty-five of those union prayer meetings in succession, at which the average attendance had been from 400 to 500 people. Things had gone on since that time until hundreds, if not thousands, had been awakened, and every church had realised the blessing. Lately, the New Music Hall was opened with a religious service, at which from 4000 to 5000 were present. Numbers were unable to get in, so a neighbouring church was opened. That, however, was speedily filled, and many others in succession. Thus God had "opened the windows of heaven," after ten years of plodding labour. Brownlow North, and a number of other wealthy laymen—all episcopalians—were going through the land preaching in their pulpits with great success. He believed that our beloved Queen took a deep interest in this work, and not only had they a Queen who took an interest in these things, but the dignitaries of the church were beginning to do so. The Bishop of London, having heard of the result of his mission in Aberdeen, had sent for him and invited him to spend an afternoon with him to discuss the spiritual condition of London. When the Queen was at Balmoral, every sabbath she worshipped at the little parish kirk of Craithie—a structure so plain and unpretending that he dared say many of the ladies present would be almost ashamed to enter it. The Queen had a front seat in the gallery, and sat there every sabbath with pleasure. When the Queen went there first, the minister had a fine dog which used to accompany him into church, and during the service lay down at the top of the pulpit stairs. Colonel Gordon saw the minister and asked him, "How could you have a dog in church, immediately under the Queen?" Next sabbath, the dog was not in his place. In the course of the week the minister went to dine

with the Queen, who asked him what had become of the dog. He said that Colonel Gordon had represented it as displeasing to her Majesty. "Not at all," said the Queen, "Let him come; his conduct there is quite an example to some of your hearers." If they could see the Queen as he (Mr. Wilson) had seen her they would love her not only as a Queen but as a mother. Mr. W. then spoke of her Majesty's affectionate and maternal care of her children, joining them in their amusements—and of the simplicity of her dress, linsey wolsey, *without crinoline*, with a bonnet that covered her head, and with good strong boots. The Queen went into the dwellings of the humble cottagers to minister to their necessities and to provide for their wants, speaking words of kindness to the people. There was a beautiful school-house, and the Queen occasionally went in to see how the children got on with their lessons, and to give them little rewards. She leaned upon her husband's arm, and they walked together, with their family beside them, to church every sabbath, and yet she was every inch a Queen. When they were going on with their mission, he thought he should like to get the patronage of the Queen, so he wrote a letter and sent it to her, but Lord John Russell would not present it. He tried a second time with Earl Grey, but failed again. At last he was informed that if he could get a letter into the Queen's private letter bag it would be seen by her Majesty. He did so by the help of a postmaster, and the Queen sent him a letter by Colonel Anson, expressing her sympathy, and enclosing £20 for their ragged kirk. Two years afterwards she sent him £25 for their school, and when they built their present new chapel, he sent to her Majesty a plan of the scheme of extension, and she sent him £50 to head the subscription list. On the last occasion when he was down in Scotland, he received a letter from Colonel Phipps, with her Majesty's commands that he should go and spend a day with herself and the Royal children at Balmoral. He was delighted with the piety, affection, and simplicity which marked the conduct of the Royal Mother in the midst of her family. He was now commanded to send his next report to Windsor Castle. To show the simplicity of the dress and manners of the Queen at Balmoral, he could not resist telling one little anecdote. Her Majesty was standing one day on the roadside opposite the castle sketching—and a capital sketcher she was—there was the castle, the beautiful terrace in front, the river, and the

mountain streams in the distance. A boy came up with a flock of sheep. The sheep would not pass. The boy called out, "Get out of the road, lady, and let the sheep go by." The Queen smiled, and stepped back a short distance. Still the sheep would not pass, and again the boy called out, "Get out of the way, I say, lady, and let the sheep go by." The Queen then moved away, and the sheep passed; but Sir James Clark, who was a short distance off, went up to the lad and said, "Boy, do you know who you have been speaking to?" The boy replied, "I dinna ken, and I dinna care: she's no business there—that's the sheep's road." "But," said Sir James, "that's the Queen." "The Queen! then why does she not put on clothes that we may know her to be the Queen?" So simply dressed was her Majesty that the boy could not imagine her to be the Queen. Let us thank God that we have got a court of this character. The monthly nurse was a member of Dr. Steane's (baptist) church at Camberwell. The Princess Royal, now the Princess Frederick William, was awakened through reading a sermon of Adolphe Monod, and was led to give herself to God. When the last child was born, a Wesleyan was selected for nurse. The teacher of the Prince of Wales, Mr. Gibbs, was a nonconformist. Previous to the appointment he was sent for twice, and for two hours was subjected to a severe questioning by the Prince Consort and her Majesty to test his knowledge. All the heads of departments about her Majesty were pious people. Every child that was born in the Royal family was born amidst many prayers. Whenever a child was born the pious members of the household assembled themselves together and continued praying for the Queen until the child was born, when they gave God thanks. He thanked God for such a Queen and such a Court, and that under her God was prospering Britain, as he had never prospered us before. Mr. W. then briefly spoke of the great work which they were doing in Ireland and the Colonies, and urged his hearers to use their best endeavours to promote true religion, and concluded by singing a prize song composed by a working man of Aberdeen, to be sung at one of their anniversaries. A minister singing a song at a missionary meeting was evidently a novel thing, but it was received with great satisfaction by the audience, who testified their approval by loud applause.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE TEETOTAL MONKEY.—DR. GUTHRIE, in a New Year's Tract, tells a humorous tale of a monkey. In remarking upon the debasing influence of drinking, and to show that the drunkard descends below the grade of the irrational animals, he says:—"He is worse than a beast before men. I wish that he had the sense of the beast—of Mr. P's monkey. Jack, as he was called, seeing his master and some companions drinking, with those imitative powers for which he is remarkable, finding half a glass of whisky left, took it up and drank it off. It flew of course to his head. Amid their roars of laughter he began to hop, skip, and dance. Next day, when they went, with the intention of repeating the fun, to take poor monkey from his box, he was not to be seen. Looking inside, there he lay crouching in a corner. 'Come out,' said his master. Afraid to disobey, he came walking on three legs—the fore paw that was laid on his forehead saying, as plain as words could do, that he had a headache. Having left him some days to get well, and resume his gaiety, they at length carried him off to the old scene of revel. On entering, he eyed the glasses with manifest terror, skulking behind the chairs; and on his master's ordering him to drink, he bolted, and was on the house-top in a twinkling. They called him down. He would not come. His master shook a whip at him. Jack, astride on the ridge-pole, grinned defiance. A gun, of which he was always much afraid, was pointed at the disciple of temperance; he ducked his head, and slipped over to the back of the house. Two guns were now levelled at him, one from each side of the house; upon which, seeing his predicament, and less afraid apparently of the fire than of the fire-water, the monkey leaps at a bound on the chimney top, and getting down into the flue, held on by his fore-paws. He would rather be singed than drink. He triumphed, and although his master kept him for twelve years after, *he never could persuade the monkey to taste another drop of whisky.*"

The Fireside.

PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

No children are ever so happy as those who have been early taught implicit and immediate obedience to a parent's wise and proper commands. Would that parents more universally felt that! When they suffer their children to disobey them, they are absolutely teaching them to sin against God by breaking one of his commandments, and one to which the promise of long life is given. No

wonder if God, in just displeasure, remove the child from such bad tuition. Remember what a solemn lesson the Holy Scriptures have given in the history of Eli. There is much danger from a foolish wish to gratify a child. If you once direct a child to do a thing, however unpleasant it may be to yourself and child, insist with firmness upon immediate and full obedience. There should be no demur or delay. Prompt obedience is as lovely in a child as its enforcement is dignified in a parent. The firm and gentle constraint of parental authority commands respect, and even inspires reverence and love in the child towards the parent. Thus, then, if you desire your children should grow up, cherishing for you profound esteem and affection, insist upon this filial duty—the duty of implicit obedience—and commence early. To begin right is the way to end right. But take care that you only command what *is right*.

The Penny Post Box.

SINS OF THE TONGUE.

In my opinion we do not say enough or think enough about these. I dont mean just now the foul and filthy words of wicked men, who seem as if they could not open their mouths without saying something that makes one shudder. But I refer to those of us who are not very careful of what we say ourselves. For few persons have a proper idea of the extent of the sins of the tongue. The Psalmist prayed that the Lord would set a watch before his mouth, and keep the door of his lips. This prayer should be offered by us all continually and earnestly to God. Who that knows anything of what it is to watch against sins, but must feel how often he is ready to fall into sins of the tongue, and, like Moses, to "speak unadvisedly with his lips." We do not mean really wicked and lying words, from which a child of God would start back with horror, but words not quite true; impatient, hasty, or angry words; vain and foolish words; proud boastful words, exalting self; unguarded, thoughtless, unkind words, which wound the feelings of others. How often are some men's words "like sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of Juniper." They pierce and burn, and yet they turn away and say, we have done no harm. "Foolish talking and jesting," when indulged in, is also a serious evil. Some, because they feel no special condemnation for this, justify themselves in it. But no man nor woman can attain to elevated piety, or be eminently useful, that indulges in this habit. Although condemnation may not be *felt*, it is apparent in the barrenness of soul which follows. Speech is one of God's noblest gifts to man, and should be wisely improved. Our tongue should be employed for the glory of God. "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

JEWISH BURIALS. — The first land ever purchased was for a tomb —that of Sarah, the mother of the Hebrew race; and of all people, perhaps the Jews are most solicitous as to their sepulture. Their name for a burial-place is worthy of the once chosen people of God—"The house of the living;" an expression finely implying that it is the dead alone who truly live. The human body, according to their notion, has an indestructible part, called Luz, which will be the seed of its resurrection. This is a small bone, in shape like an almond, placed at the end of the vertebræ, which bone they declare can never be destroyed. For many ages a superstition also prevailed amongst them that the resurrection could only take place in their own land, and numberless Jewish bones were, consequently, wont to be sent to Palestine, to be interred in the holy earth. Sometimes a wealthy Jew would import earth from Jerusalem, to line his European grave. But this love for the national dust seems to be inherent in their race, as even Joseph would not leave his bones in an Egyptian grave, but took a vow of his descendants that they would carry them back with them to the beloved country, where their sole possession was a sepulchre. Both he and Jacob, however, seem to have undergone the Egyptian process of embalming, and to have been mummies rather than skeletons.

Another very remarkable fact may here be noticed. No nation, though dwelling on its shores, has ever been known to make a burial place of the sea.

Hints.

IF ANY ONE unjustly attempts to injure you, say, "That man tries to hurt me by hurting himself."

IF AN INJURY is done to me I must not do myself a greater injury by revenging it.

DISPUTES with others are often awkward and unprofitable. But disputes with our own hearts may do us much good.

IF I ESTEEM A MAN just because he is of my opinion I am then only giving my esteem to myself.

IF I ONLY WANTED to do good to a man by reproving him, I should never do it in an ill temper. That would spoil all.

THE ONLY SAFE WAY not to speak evil of any one is, not to think evil of any one.

WHEN WE FEEL DISPOSED to condemn others, we had better perhaps first sit in judgment on ourselves.

A WISE MAN once said, that if he hated anybody it would be a question if he loved anybody.

Gems.

NEVER DESPAIR of the mercy of God, for you never can be where it cannot reach you.

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM," from Christ, for his murderers, was a glorious exhibition of the spirit of the gospel.

NO MAN can truly desire to bring others to Christ who has not first come to Christ himself.

DO GOOD TO ALL MEN, but do not expect their love in return, for you may never get it.

SAY WHAT GOOD YOU CAN of another, but if evil is to be spoken of him, leave that to the devil.

SOME ARE APT TO THINK that because they have not been able to do great things for Christ, they shall not be noticed in that day. This is a mistake. For if faithful over a *few* things, they will be made rulers over *many* things.

SOME CHRISTIANS have yet such awkward unsubdued tempers left, that we can only love them for Christ's sake. What a pity!

THE BEST WAY to show we are thankful if God gives us abundance, is to imitate him, and give of it to others.

IF WE GIVE to him that needeth for Christ's sake, our charity is bestowed on ourselves too, for it is sure to bring back a blessing.

Poetic Selections.

AN INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMBSTONE OF MARGARET SCOTT,

Who Died at Dalkeith, Feb. 9, 1738.

STOP, Passenger, until my life you've read;
The living may get knowledge from the dead.
Five times five years I lived a virgin life;
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife;
Ten times five years I lived a widow chaste;
Now, tired of this mortal life, I rest.
I, from my cradle to my grave have seen,
Eight mighty Kings of Scotland and one Queen.
Four times five years the Common-wealth I saw;
Ten times the subjects rose against the law.
Twice did I see old prelacy pulled down;
And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.
An end of Stuart's faithless race I saw;
I saw my country sold for English ore.
Such desolations in my time have been,
I have an end of all perfection seen.

The Children's Corner.

THE BIG UMBRELLA;

OR, LITTLE MARY'S FAITH.

SOME time ago a great drought prevailed in some of the midland counties of England. Several pious farmers, who dreaded lest their expected crops should perish for lack of moisture, agreed with their pastor and others to hold a special prayer meeting to pray God to send the needed rain. They met accordingly; and the minister coming early had time to exchange kindly greetings with several of his flock. He was surprised to see one of his little sabbath scholars bringing a big old family umbrella. "Why, Mary," said he, "what made you bring that umbrella on such a fine evening as this?" The child, gazing on his face with evident surprise at the inquiry, replied, "Why, sir, I thought as we were going to pray to God for rain, I'd be sure to want the umbrella." The minister smiled on her, and the service shortly after commenced. Whilst they were praying the wind rose; the sky, before so clear and bright, became overcast with clouds, and a heavy shower of rain followed. Those who attended the meeting unprepared to receive the blessing they sought reached their homes drenched with wet, whilst Mary and her minister returned together under the big old umbrella.

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THE

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ISSUED IN NUMBERS, ONE HALFPENNY EACH.

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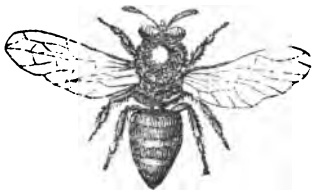

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The Editor to his Readers.

THIS is our Fourteenth Volume, and there is both pleasure and hope in the fact.

There is pleasure in the thought that so many hundreds of thousands of copies of this humble but useful periodical have found their way into the homes of the working classes. And there is hope, from its increasing circulation, that it is finding, and will yet find, a hearty welcome in many more.

Men, women, and children, are all reading something now-a-days. They will read, and we rejoice in the fact. That they might learn to read, our numerous day and sabbath schools were opened.

But here a question arises. What do they read? Reading is for the mind, as food is for the body. If it be good reading it feeds the mind and makes it healthy and strong; but if it be bad reading it injures the mind, and makes it feeble and sickly. Men are careful what food they eat, and they should be careful what books they read.

No man can deny this. JOHN MILTON said, and he knew all about it—"Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. A Good Book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

In every number of this cheap little magazine we try to give as much good food for the mind as we can put into it.

We now thank those who have helped us, by sending, either in prose or poetry, many very useful papers, and we request the continuance of their favours.

As long as God permits we shall continue to do all that in us lies to provide useful and entertaining reading for the cottage homes of our beloved land.

CONTENTS.

THE WORKING WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

It is now proved to be a fact that a very large proportion of the Women of England earn their own bread; not just in the same way that Adam, the first father of us all was doomed to get it after the ground was cursed through his great sin, by the sweat of his face in clearing away its thorns and thistles, but in a great variety of ways, of which many are not aware.

In our own country in olden times a "Lady" was the "loaf-giver," as the word "lady" is said to signify; and she had enough to do in preparing food and giving out wool to be spun, wove, and dyed, for clothing; all which she did in the mansion or castle. The poor women were slaves, who must do anything they were bidden, and they were sometimes sold as slaves, and, strange as it may now seem to us, many English women were sold to the Irish as working slaves.

We have not space now to tell you how slowly such a state of society passed away, for it took hundreds of years to remove it, and bring about changes for the better. Many things are not as they should be yet as regards women's work and wages, but there has been a great change; and as much attention has been paid to this subject lately, we hope the condition of the working women of England is improving and will improve more and more.

This, we think, will be seen by our readers if they carefully look at the following facts, which we have been at the pains of gathering from various authentic sources, and especially from the last census of the population of our country, which describes the occupations of all classes, both men and women. These facts and figures are more to the honour of the working women of England than the most eloquent language that could be spoken or written in their praise; and this is why we have devoted a few of our pages to a record of their industry, patience, and perseverance.

We begin with domestic servants, usually called "servant girls," two-thirds of whom are from the rural districts; their exact number in town and country in Great Britain (not Ireland) has not been ascertained, but it must be several hundreds of thousands, some say 500,000, half of whom are maids of all work.

Female housekeepers, a class superior to the rest of those engaged in the domestic circle, number 50,000. Cooks are put down at 47,000, housemaids at 42,000, young nurses at 21,000, and servants at inns at 20,000.

Charwomen, who go out by the day, for which they receive from one shilling to eighteenpence a day and their food, are computed at 54,000.

About 130,000 women above twenty years of age are employed in agriculture, exclusive of widow-farmers and farmer's wives and daughters, who are put down at about 290,000. Many of these are engaged in rearing poultry, pigs, and lambs, and keeping bee-hives. Thousands are employed in nurseries and gardens, as well as in weeding the fields, hoeing turnips, haymaking, reaping corn, picking hops, and other field work.

Women are now forbidden by law from working under ground in coal pits, and yet 7000 are returned as connected with mines; it may be they are employed in washing the ore above ground.

All round our coasts many thousands of women, besides fisherman's wives and daughters, find employment in curing and selling fish, gathering sea weeds for manure, and making nets.

Great numbers obtain an independent livelihood as monthly nurses, or nurses in asylums, hospitals, and workhouses; others go out to give help in families, when their aid is required for some special service.

Trades-women are very numerous; for, besides a great number now employed to wait in shops, a far greater number conduct business for themselves or render ready and efficient aid to their husbands. For instance, the shoemakers wives alone number 94,000, and of all trades thus employed it is computed there are not less than half a million.

Many clever young women are now finding employment as clerks in the offices of merchants and manufacturers, and as ticket-givers at railway stations. One remarkable fact we must here mention. In December, 1858, a great political meeting was held one evening in Manchester. The *Times* paper, in giving a report of that meeting afterwards, said:—

"It is only an act of justice to the Electric and International Telegraph Company, to mention the celerity and accuracy with which our report of the proceedings at Manchester on Friday night was transmitted to the *Times* office.

The first portion of the report was received at the telegraph office at Manchester at 10.55 on Friday night, and the last at 1.25 on Saturday morning. It may be added that the whole report, occupying nearly six columns, was in type at a quarter to three o'clock on Saturday morning, every word having been transmitted through the wire a distance of nearly 200 miles. Some of our readers may be surprised to hear that this report was transmitted *entirely by young girls*. An average speed of twenty-nine words per minute was obtained, principally on the printing instruments. The highest speed on the needles was thirty-nine words per minute. Four printing instruments and one needle were engaged, with one receiving clerk each, and two writers taking alternate sheets. Although young girls in general do not understand much of politics, there was hardly an error in the whole report."

Many other young women are now employed in the art of engraving and painting, in bookfolding and binding, in composing types, and other employments once limited to the other sex. But the most remarkable fact of this kind is from the United States, where women are becoming regular surgeons and physicians, and some have obtained diplomas. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell was the first.

We need only refer to the hundreds of thousands of women employed in the factories of Yorkshire and Lancashire, Birmingham and Sheffield, Nottingham and Leicester, and in the Potteries of Staffordshire.

Not less, it is supposed, than one million and a quarter of women, above twenty, are engaged in manufacturing industry. Needlewomen and governesses appear to be the worst paid and ill used of all our female workers; but other fields of industry are opening, especially in the art of cooking. Already more than three out of six millions of women in Great Britain, above twenty, maintain themselves by their own industry, and some of them their own idle or drunken husbands into the bargain. All honour, we say again, to the Working Women of England.

But there is room for improvement yet, and that will not come until we have a better class of schools for teaching girls. An Inspector of Schools says:—

"For want of good schools for girls three out of four of the girls in my district are sent to miserable private schools, where they have no religious instruction, no discipline, no industrial training; they are humoured in every sort of conceit, are

called 'Miss Smith' and 'Miss Brown,' and go into service at fourteen or fifteen, skilled in crochet and worsted work, but unable to darn a hole or cut out a frock, hating household work, and longing to be milliners or ladies' maids. While this is called education, no wonder that people cry out that education is ruining our servants, and doing more harm than good!

But there are other evil results arising from the neglect of girls' education, far more serious than the want of good servants;—as the girl is, so will the woman be; as the woman is, so will the home be; and as the home is, such, for good or for evil, will be the character of our population. My belief is, that England will never secure the higher benefits expected to result from national education, until more attention is paid to girls' schools. No amount of mere knowledge, religious or secular, given to boys, will secure them from drunkenness or crime in after life. It may be true that knowledge is power, but knowledge is not virtue. It is in vain for us to multiply the means of instruction, and then sit down and watch the criminal returns in daily expectation of seeing in them the results of our schooling. If we wish to arrest the growth of national vice, we must go to its real seminary, *the home*. Instead of that thriftless untidy woman who presides over it, driving her husband to the gin palace by the discomfort of his own house, and marring for life the temper and health of her own child by her own want of sense, we must train up one who will be a cleanly careful housewife, and a patient skilful mother. Until one or two generations have been improved, we must trust mainly to our schools to effect this change in the daughters of the working classes. We must multiply over the face of the country girls' schools of a sensible and practical sort. The more enlightened women of England must come forward and take the matter into their own hands, and do for our girls what Mrs. Fry did for our prisons, what Miss Carpenter has done for our reformatories, and what Miss Nightingale and Miss Stanley are doing for our hospitals."

There is much good sense in the above remarks, but we take leave to tell this Inspector that all girls private schools are not the "miserable" places he describes. Neither, on the other hand, are public schools, supported by national funds, what they ought to be. We want English girls taught how to become good women, good wives, and GOOD MOTHERS.

Poetry.

PLEASURE AT HOME.

For pleasure a man seeks all round,
  And after it far will he roam,
Forgetting it is to be found,
  With wife and with children at home.

For pleasure some fly to the pot,
  Filled up to the brim with its foam;
But there they discover it not—
  True pleasure is best found at home.

Some think it belongeth to wealth,
  And is found in a mansion or throne;
But the peasant may have it himself,
  With his wife and his children at home.

For pleasure some go with the gay,
  And some with the gossip or drone;
But sure they all go the wrong way,
  True pleasure is found best at home.

'Tis bought not with silver or gold,
  Nor confined to one station alone;
'Tis free for the young and the old,
  In that beautiful spot called our home.

Then if for true pleasure you sigh,
  I would not persuade you to roam,
For the truest of pleasure is nigh,
  With wife and with children at home. R. C.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE NEW YEAR.—We have just entered upon a new period in our earthly history. The last sands in another year have just run out. How rapid is the flight of time, and how true it is that when once past, it can never be recalled! We gazed upon the opening beauties of spring, we inhaled the fragrance of the summer's flowers, we partook of the luxuriant fruits of autumn, and we have again felt the biting colds of winter—the year has terminated, but we fear that of some of our readers, it may be said, "the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you are not saved." The commencement of the year is a fitting time to review the past. Have you kept

your sabbaths as holy days, and have those days witnessed your regular attendance at the house of prayer? How has it been with you in your souls? Have you been diligent in the perusal of God's Holy word? Have you been constant in the habit of private prayer? Have you been led to see your sinful and dangerous condition? Have you experienced a sense of Divine pardon? Have you had joy and peace through believing in the Saviour? If you can reply in the affirmative to all these questions, then the past has been to you a happy year. But, if, on the contrary, its sabbaths and its weeks have been spent mostly in the service of satan and the world, oh, what a fearful account have they carried into eternity. Oh what a dreadful reckoning will one day be brought against you. Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, at the recollection of neglected duties, violated sabbaths, and unimproved privileges. But God has in mercy spared you to see one more year. Now resolve, that by his grace it shall not be another wasted year. Seek the Saviour now—*to day!* And then you will for ever remember 1860 as the new-birth-year of your soul for ETERNITY.

THE COMPANY OF BOOKS.—It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable communications are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all that will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will only cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Cowper to talk to me of faith, hope, and charity, in his loving gentle spirit. I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship: and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best company where I live. Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude and affliction. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof, and ONE above all others for daily use.

THE FIRST METHODIST LAY PREACHER.—A young man, Mr. Maxfield, had been engaged to assist in holding prayer meetings. Lady Huntingdon encouraged him to exhort the people. He did, and several received decided benefit. Mr. Wesley hearing of this irregularity was alarmed, and he came up to London for the purpose of stopping him. But Mr. W's venerable mother perceiving that he was disconcerted, said, "John, you know what my sentiments

have been—take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what are the fruits of his preaching and hear him also yourself." This good advice was taken. The prejudice of the good man was subdued, and John Wesley was satisfied.

A Lover of Mens' Souls travelling on a steamboat distributed tracts. While they were taken and read by many, a Gentleman took one, and folding it up, cut it with a penknife into small pieces; then holding it up in derision, threw it away. One piece adhered to his coat; he picked it off, and looking at it, saw the word 'God.' He turned it over; on the other side, 'Eternity.' They stood out as living words before him, 'God,' 'Eternity.' He went to the bar, called for brandy to drink to drive them away, but in vain. Then to the gaming table, then to social intercourse and conversation; but those solemn words haunted him wherever he went until he was brought a penitent to the feet of Jesus. What an encouragement to the Christian traveller to sow seed by the wayside. In preparations for a journey, never forget the package of tracts. Scatter them, that you may thus win souls to your Saviour.

The Unbeliever's Creed.—Much as he hates creeds, the unbeliever has a creed of his own; something like this—1. There is no God. Matter is God, and God is matter. But it is no matter whether there be a God or not. 2. The world was not made at all; it made itself. It never begun and will never end. 3. Man is only as a beast; his soul is as his body, and his body as his soul; and both die together. 4. There is no religion, no heaven, no hell, no judgment; all we have to do is to eat and drink, sleep and die. Such is the wretched, hopeless, Godless, Christless creed of the unbeliever.

The Fireside.

TO MOTHERS.

Teach your children to be just and honest in all their dealings as they grow up in life, for you know how necessary this is, even to their worldly interests. You must always deal justly with them, and use them to be just towards each other. Have no favourites; but treat all alike. Let actions be praised or blamed as they are in themselves right or wrong, not as done by one child or another. Do not let them wrong one another, even in play. If a child has

anything that is called his own, do not let another child deprive him of it, or use it without his leave. It is well if you can induce him to be kind and willing to share what he has with his brothers and sisters; but you cannot *compel* him to be kind; and it would be unjust and injurious to force him to sacrifice what is his own for the gratification of another. Be very careful to train your children to strict honesty in reference to property borrowed, or found, or in any way coming into their possession. Remember the example of good old Jacob, who returned the money that was found in the sacks, saying to his sons, "Carry it again in your hands; peradventure it was an oversight." Gen. xliii. 12. Remember the anecdote of the little boy who found a halfpenny. While at play before his native cottage he picked up a halfpenny, and ran in, overjoyed with his prize, to give it to his mother. To his great surprise, instead of sharing his pleasure, she seemed perplexed and distressed. She explained to him that it was not his property, and very feelingly portrayed the distress which the loss of even so small a sum might occasion to the owner, whom she expressed an earnest desire to find. The child entered into her views, and was not less pleased than herself, when, shortly afterwards, a neighbour's child was seen anxiously looking along the road in search of a halfpenny with which she had been sent to buy milk. It was promptly restored to her; and her gratitude and pleasure, together with the sentiments and conduct of his own mother, made an indelible impression on the mind of the little boy. It was almost the last lesson she was permitted to give him; but it exerted a powerful and salutary influence over the whole of his future life. In the workhouse, of which he shortly afterwards became an inmate, he soon established a character for strict integrity, which recommended him to notice and preferment while in the house; and after he left it, he was taken into the service of a tradesman as an underling boy, to open and close the shutters, and other menial offices; but he gradually rose to a post of honour and trust; and, at length, became himself a prosperous tradesman. He always ascribed his respectability and success in life, under God, to the principles of integrity so early instilled into his mind by his mother. By way of contrast to this—the mother of a family once asked the writer if she had ever read a certain book; and offered to lend it to her. The book was produced. It bore the name of a friend of the writer, who was recently dead. The person in whose possession it was found, carelessly remarked—"Yes; it belonged to poor Mrs. S. She lent it me more than ten years ago; and I dare say she forgot where it was, for she never asked me for it; and now she is dead I suppose it is mine. I might as well put my own name in it." What sense of honesty could be planted in the breasts of the children of such a mother? If you owe any thing, or borrow any thing, or find any thing, or injure any thing that is the property of another, pray let

your children see that you have a conscientious and earnest desire to render every one their due, and make amends for any injury; and teach them to do the same.

The Penny Post Box.

ONE OF MY DREAMS.

Mr. Editor,—I do not think you dream much, as I rather suppose you are an active enterprising man, who, when he gets to sleep at all, sleeps in good earnest.* It is not so with your humble servant —I am very apt to dream, and sometimes my dreams are rather troublesome guests; but I cannot say this of one I had recently, which from its peculiarity I will tell you, and if you like you can tell it to your readers. This is it:—

In my revels of thought I saw the great apostle of the Gentiles coming down to earth again; and, behold, he made his way direct to the British Isles. Whether he had been here before I cannot say, but on reaching the ground he began at once to proclaim the salvation which is by Christ Jesus. A great crowd gathered round him. He ascended a mound near, and in the most thrilling strains unfolded the mysteries of redeeming love. For a long time I could scarcely turn an eye on the multitude, I was so chained down by his bold and overpowering eloquence. Sometimes he would rise to the third heavens, and open the very throne of God and the Lamb to view; then he would descend and hover around the cross and the sepulchre, and rapidly accumulate arguments and appeals from the life and death, the resurrection and ascension, of the glorious Saviour. He told how free the offers of salvation are, and called on the whole multitude to yield their hearts to Jesus. Then wielding the terrors of the Lord he came down upon his hearers like a resistless tempest; and seemed to lash their consciences with the very surges of hell! While he was pleading thus I looked round on the people—and, oh! what a sight it was. Many faces were flooded with tears: numbers exclaimed, "What shall we do!" and wrung their hands with grief. The emotion increased—some fell prostrate on the ground, and writhed under the anguish of a guilty conscience. One man who had been for many years a notorious sinner attracted my special attention. He was lying on the ground, and cried, "I am undone! I am undone! Lost! lost! lost!" The apostle approached him, and bade him hush his wailings, since Christ came to save sinners, even the chief. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ (he said), and thou shalt be saved." The man fixed his eyes on him and said, "Is that true? Is there salvation for me?" "Yes (said the Apostle), full and free salvation." W. B.

* True, as to the sleeping!—Ed.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

An Arab of the Desert is a strange being. On entering a house he removes his shoes, but not his cap or head-cover. He mounts a horse on the right side, while his wife milks the cows upon the left side. Writing a letter, he puts nearly all the compliments on the outside. His head must be wrapped up warm, even in summer; while his feet may go naked in winter. Every article of merchandise, which is liquid, he weighs. He reads and writes from right to left. He eats scarcely anything for breakfast, about as much for dinner, but after the work of the day is done, sits down to a hot meal of meat swimming in oil, or, better yet, boiled butter. His sons eat with him; but the females of his house wait till his lordship has done. He rides his animal when travelling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or of ever giving up his seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks, or even spoons, unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads and fire-places may be placed in the same list. If he be an artizan, he does his work sitting, perhaps using his feet to hold what his hands are engaged upon. He drinks cold water from a sponge, but never bathes in it, unless his home be on the sea-shore. He is rarely seen drunk—too seldom speaks the truth—is deficient in affection for his kindred—has little curiosity and no imitation—no wish to improve his mind—and no desire to surround himself with the comforts of life. As his fathers were he is now. Thousands of years have brought neither change nor improvement. And so he will continue until the faith of his great ancestor, Abraham, dwells in him.

Hints.

The most idle word a man may speak, is as a seed cast into the soil of Time, to bear its own fruit in Eternity.

To render good for evil is God-like; to render good for good is man-like; to render evil for evil is beast-like; to render evil for good is devil-like.

Be cautious—for if you would avoid doing things unlawful, you must sometimes deny yourself those which may be lawful but not expedient just then.

To follow a good example is very well, but to set one yourself is much better.

If you are in company where immoral or pernicious sentiments are uttered, however they may be daubed over, never fail to unmask them, and expose their mischievous tendency.

Persevere in pursuing a good object if nothing but difficulties are in your way. You will find them all give way to perseverance, and your reward will be in proportion with your toil.

Never attempt to do, even by perseverance, what is really impossible. That were as foolish as an attempt to mop up the ocean or catch all the drops of a rain-cloud in your apron.

Every man, though he be poor, can maintain his own dignity. Conscious dignity is not pride. He is proud who would debase another to exalt himself.

EXTREMES MEET sometimes in a curious way. There are some rich men who are lowly-minded, and some poor men who are full of conceit and pride.

IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS ought to be avoided. You are not bound to answer what a man has no right to ask.

Gems.

LITTLE THINGS done out of love to Christ to any of his followers will never be forgotten by him; and his decisions and rewards on the great day will be founded thereon. (Read Matt. xxv. 31—40.)

GOD'S PRESENCE.—We need desire no more than a consciousness of God's approving presence with us to make us truly happy always.

FOUR THINGS a christian should desire—a humble heart, a thankful soul, a watchful spirit, and a cheerful temper.

ONLY LET A MAN make religion his chief object and it will soon be his chief delight.

IT MAY COST A MAN something to get and keep religion, but it will cost him more to neglect or lose it.

HOLINESS lives and grows in its own natural elements of light, peace, love, joy, hope, and life eternal.

SIN, which is wrong-doing, has its natural elements too, but they are all contrasts to those of holiness; they are darkness, disturbance, hatred, misery, despair, and everlasting death!

WHAT A GREAT CHANGE takes place in the heart of a man when the Holy Spirit turns it from the love of sin to the love of holiness. It is like coming out of pitch darkness into broad daylight.

ALL JESUS CHRIST DID, all he said, and all he suffered, was to raise man from the death of sin to the life of righteousness—to make him fit for a holy heaven first, and then take him there.

WHAT A LIFE the life of heaven must be; where there are no sinners, no guilty consciences, no fears of coming condemnation; where all are holy and happy, full of light, love, and life, overflowing and increasing for ever.

Poetic Selections.

"FORGIVE."

OH GOD, my sins are manifold,
  Against my life they cry,
And all my guilty deeds foregone,
  Up to thy temple fly;
Wilt thou release my trembling soul,
  That to despair is driven?
"Forgive"—a blessed voice replied,
  And thou shalt be forgiven.

My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell,
  They spurn me in their pride.
They render evil for my good,
  My patience they deride—
Arise, O King! and be the proud
  To righteous ruin driven;
"Forgive"—an awful answer came,
  As thou would'st be forgiven.

Seven times, O Lord! I pardon'd them,
  Seven times they sinned again,
They practised still to work me woe,
  They triumph in my pain.
But let them dread my vengeance now,
  To just resentment driven;
"Forgive"—the voice of thunder spake,
  Or never be forgiven.

"THOU ART THE MAN."

To David while sleeping in sin,
Good Nathan the Prophet was sent,
To show him the state he was in,
And cause him thereof to repent.
He held to his view the poor lamb,
Which by the rich tyrant was slain,
And counted the loss of the same,
Which the suffering man must sustain.
Such eloquence Nathan display'd,
In telling the heart-moving strain,
That David his own sentence read,
And Nathan cried, "Thou art the man."
  To me while in sin I remain'd,
My conscience viewed Christ on the Cross,
And painted the pangs he sustain'd,
With such piercing and eloquent force,
That astonish'd I eagerly cried,
"Ah! who has thus put him to pain?"
And wonder'd for whom he had died,
When Conscience said "*Thou art the man.*"

The Children's Corner.

LUCY GREEN.

The parents of Lucy were poor people, who had to labour hard to procure food for themselves and their small family. Lucy's means of gaining instruction were limited, as the humble circumstances of her parents made it necessary that she should work for her living six days of the week. Her small store of knowledge was obtained at the Sabbath-school, but it afforded great pleasure to her parents to observe her anxiety to improve to the utmost the means she had. She paid steady attention to the instruction given her, and gave prompt and correct answers to such questions as were put to her by her teacher.

When Lucy was turned eight years of age, she became very ill. During the former part of her illness, no care about her soul was observed; but she was very patient and humble. About a month before her death, she told her mother that she felt she was a great sinner. She now began to seek earnestly for the pardon of her sins; and, in the course of two or three days, expressed herself as having obtained mercy; and her pleasing countenance proved that a delightful change had taken place. After this, it did not appear that she had any hope or desire to get better. In speaking, one day, to her youngest sister, she entreated her to be good and obedient, and continue to attend the Sabbath-school. She told her she was going to die, and leave father and mother, brother and sister; and that she should see her little brother who was gone to heaven, and how she should like to meet her there also. One day, when very ill, she said, "I shall soon see Jesus, who loves little children." On being asked whether she would rather die than live, she said, "O I had rather die, and live with Jesus." Another time when thinking of coming death, she told her mother that she remembered reading of Christian in Pilgrim's Progress finding it hard to cross the river, but that he got safe over; and said, that she believed Jesus would be with her in death, and not suffer her to sink.

In this state of mind this happy girl died, aged nine years, and has left an example worthy of being imitated by every sabbath scholar.

WILLIAM TYNDALE.

THE greatest benefactor to England was the man who gave us the first printed copies of the Bible; that man was WILLIAM TYNDALE, who was born in or near the year 1500, somewhere upon the borders of Wales. But nothing has been preserved respecting his parentage or the place of his nativity. It is well known that the doctrines of Wickliff had been privately disseminated to a considerable extent in South Wales, and that Sir John Oldcastle himself resided upon the borders for some timo, and diligently promoted the sentiments of that celebrated reformer. It is highly probable that in early life Tyndale had been imbued with the spirit of Reformation: for we find that almost as soon as he appeared at college, he displayed a disposition to espouse the doctrines of Luther. He first entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where, it is said, he very early read theological discourses in private to his fellow-students. After this he removed to Wolsey's new college, called Christ's Church. Here he became still more bold, and ventured openly to profess and defend the doctrines of the Reformation. He is said to have been a person, even at this early period, of eminent abilities and of unusual learning. But his opposition to the abuses of the church could not be tolerated in Oxford, and he was, therefore, expelled before he had taken any degree. He next removed to Cambridge, where he was permitted to remain and take a degree. From thence he went into Gloucestershire, as a tutor in the family of Sir John Welsh.

During this period of his life, it appears that he found frequent opportunities of preaching, and especially in the city of Bristol. It is recorded that he stood high in the estimation of Sir John Welsh, and of many others in his neighbourhood. Indeed, it may well be conjectured, that so learned and zealous a reformer would extensively recommend the truth, in an age of darkness and corruption; but it is no less obvious that, in doing so, he would expose himself to the malice of those whose interests were implicated in the errors and corruptions of the times. We find accordingly, that Tyndale made himself odious to some of the ecclesiastical visitors at Sir John Welsh's, by entering boldly into theological discussion with them. The effect was a general prejudice against him as a heretic, and at length an impeachment by the chancellor of the diocese. Tyndale, however, appeared with great courage to answer to

the articles of impeachment, and defended himself with such vigour and ability that his adversaries were confounded and constrained to release him. Defeat only deepened their resolution of revenge. The purpose of crushing him was merely held in check for a time, not abandoned by his enemies, who now resorted to a system of perpetual annoyance and oppression, and at length compelled him to leave the country and repair to London. Here, however, he enjoyed ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the extensive and insupportable corruptions of the church, as well as with the extreme ignorance and incompetence of the clergy. During this period he occasionally preached at St. Dunstan's in the West, and often engaged in disputation with the defenders of popery. He was known frequently to challenge, in the boldness and confidence of truth, the blind guides of the day, and to declare that the period was approaching when the rudest peasant, with the Bible in his hand, would be superior to the best of them in that knowledge which leads to everlasting life. At this early period, Tyndale had amassed a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and of other learning, possessed by few in that day; and this gave him an amazing advantage in all his controversies with the priesthood, many of whom had never seen a single copy of the Holy Scriptures.

It was during his residence in London that Tyndale formed the determination of translating the Scriptures into English, and commenced its execution. He knew the danger of such an undertaking; he was well aware of the opposition excited against Wickliff, and the final miscarriage of all his labours in the same project, through the malignity of the bishops and clergy, nearly a century before. But he was not to be scared from his undertaking by threats, nor defeated by trifling difficulties. He proceeded to collect his materials with much care and judgment, and to communicate his purpose to his friends. He embraced the object with all the ardour of an enthusiast, and pursued it with the heroism of a martyr. While he was advancing with his translation of the Scriptures, he endeavoured to obtain an appointment under Bishop Tunstal. But in this attempt he was unsuccessful; and, after his failure, he retired into privacy for about half-a-year, to complete his translation of the New Testament. He employed unwearied assiduity in perfecting this great work, in which it will be readily believed that he found little help from the learned of the age, and

scarcely a friend who would venture to become a coadjutor, or even sanction the undertaking.

Having alone accomplished his task, he looked around him for the means of publication; but finding none, and discovering that the attempt would expose him to imminent danger at home, he resolved to seek an asylum among the reformers of the continent. To enable him to effect his purpose, Providence raised him up a friend in Henry Monmouth, who supplied him with money, and enabled him to leave London. Abroad, he speedily obtained the acquaintance of Luther and other learned men, who sanctioned his preaching among his own countrymen at Antwerp and its vicinity. In 1526, he obtained the friendship and assistance of John Frith, a learned Englishman, by whose assistance he was encouraged to publish the first edition of his New Testament. It appeared in small octavo without a name. Fifteen hundred were first published. These were brought into England and privately circulated. The clergy were mightily displeased at this attempt. The utmost diligence was employed in endeavouring to collect and destroy the copies. But the more it was condemned the more eagerly was it sought after and read; inasmuch that the Dutch booksellers printed and sold four editions of it without the sanction of Tyndale. While others were thus making a gain of his labours, he was proceeding with a translation of the five books of Moses, with the intention of their publication.

After the disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey, who had suffered no person to be persecuted for heresy while he was in power, Sir Thomas More persuaded the king to enforce the laws against heresy, and to prevent the importation of books from the continent. Tunstal also collected what copies of Tyndale's Testament could be found, and had them burnt by the hands of the common hangman in Cheapside.

There is a curious and interesting circumstance related of Tunstal in reference to the labours of Tyndale, which, among the few facts of Tyndale's history, ought to be preserved. Being at Antwerp in the year 1529, the bishop sent for an English merchant of the name of Packington, and inquired of him how many copies of Tyndale's New Testament he could purchase. The merchant immediately made Tyndale acquainted with the bishop's proposal. Being poor, and in want of the means of publishing a new and revised edition, he immediately contracted for the sale of all his remaining copies.

For these he received ready money; the books were brought to England and destroyed, but a new and corrected edition was speedily on sale. This occasioned much merriment at the expense of the bishop. Sir Thomas More inquiring who encouraged and supported Tyndale, was told it was the bishop of London. In order to check all similar efforts, and to discourage Tyndale in his further proceedings, Sir Thomas ridiculed the version, in a dialogue which was published in 1529. To this Tyndale wrote a large and able reply, but with little effect upon the mind of his enemies at home; for in a court of the star-chamber, the king, with the concurrence of the universities, the clergy and bishops, condemned and prohibited his version at heretical.

Undaunted by these efforts to repress his labours, he proceeded with his translations from the Old Testament; but in removing, about this period, by sea to Hamburgh, he was shipwrecked, and lost all his books, manuscripts, and money. Having, however, in the midst of all these difficulties made his way to Hamburg, he there met with Miles Coverdale, who was also then engaged in the translation of the Scriptures. They became intimate friends, and proceeded together to accomplish a new translation of the five books of Moses, which they published at Marburg about 1530.

These labours, with the occasional revision of his New Testament, occupied Tyndale till the year 1534. He had by this time proceeded in the Old Testament as far as Nehemiah. But while he was thus advancing in his benevolent efforts, his former friend and fellow labourer, John Frith, was seized in England, and cast into the Tower; and some time after, a secret plan was formed for effecting the destruction of Tyndale. It will excite no astonishment that so accomplished an advocate of the Reformation,—so able a translator of that book which the church of Rome has always deeply feared and kept from the people,—that so intrepid a foe to ecclesiastical corruptions and abominations,—should in those days have become the object of universal hatred, and of an exterminating rancour which could never rest till it had effected the destruction of its object.

Having removed again from Hamburg to Antwerp, Tyndale formed an acquaintance with one Henry Phillips, employed, it is said, by the English bishops, for the purpose of luring Tyndale to his destruction. After Phillips had lived with him

for many months, he went secretly to Brussels, and obtained the sanction and aid of imperial authority to enable him to accomplish his treacherous designs. He then returned to Antwerp, with the emperor's attorney and other officers. He next invited Tyndale out to dinner, and waited himself to accompany his friend. Accepting this invitation with some reluctance, the good man left his house in company with Phillips, who, on passing the threshold, gave a sign to the officers, whereupon these functionaries, rushing on their victim with furious haste, dragged him instantly away. The same day the emperor's attorney took possession of all his papers and effects. From Antwerp he was conveyed to the castle of Filford, where he remained a year and six months in close confinement. During this time the utmost exertions were made by the English merchants at Antwerp, by a person of the name of Poyntz with whom he had lodged, and by several others, to obtain his release; Lord Cromwell also wrote to the emperor to the same effect; but all to no purpose. Tyndale's fidelity and composure were, however, nothing shaken by these persecutions. He pursued his reforming labours even in prison, and made converts of his gaoler and several of his family. At length he was brought to trial at Augsburgh, and condemned to be strangled and burnt: which sentence was carried into effect in the year 1536. The last words he uttered were, "Lord, open the king of England's eyes!"

Tyndale lived for the benefit of mankind, and died a martyr in the cause of religion. Of his character his enemies have left a memorial with which his friends may be satisfied, that he was "a pious and learned man." His life and manners were pure and blameless, yet he died by the hands of pretended christians, for promoting the use of that book which is the foundation of the christian religion! In his preface to the New Testament, he writes, "I call God to witness, when I shall appear at the judgment seat of Christ, to give an account of all my actions, that I have not altered one syllable of God's word against my conscience, nor would I for all the honours of this world, if they were laid at my feet." The pedigree of our authorized version is no doubt to be traced back to Tyndale. It appears, indeed, that there never has been an entirely new translation of the Bible since the days of Tyndale and Coverdale. Different editions have from time to time been sent out, with some alterations, made under authority; but, for the

basis of the text, we are indebted at the present day to these two humble individuals, and chiefly to Tyndale,—a man who so ardently desired to communicate to his countrymen the knowledge of the Word of God, that he continually hazarded his life, and all his earthly comforts, in endeavouring to effect it, and at last paid the awful price of martyrdom for his benevolence.

Poetry.

DESIGN OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Here the first history of mankind,
From their first origin we find;
God is its author, truth its name,
Salvation all its end and aim:
Here we are shown the "good old way,"
First to believe, and then obey.
God's Spirit dictates; men proclaim
The doctrines as from him they came.
And not by miracles alone,
By prophecy the truth is shown.
Though 'tis no scheme for dry dispute,
No scene to wrangle and confute;
Not an arena for debate,
A field for harsh polemic hate;
Yet strict inquiry may be moved;
The more 'tis search'd the more 'tis proved.
It is a boon by mercy given,
That man may gain some taste of heaven;
Best medicine for the sin sick soul,
For guilty passions best control:
To all its precepts are applied,
The rich man's guard, the poor man's guide;
To fill with gratitude the hearts
Where God his larger gifts imparts;
To cheer with higher hopes the poor;
To teach the sufferer to endure;
The meek to raise, repress the bold,
To warn the young, to wean the old;
The arms it lends are faith and prayer,
Its fruits, oblivion sweet of care.
Here are the only precepts given
For peace on earth, or rest in heaven.
Sole lesson since the world began,
For fear of God and love to man:
It came with blessings in its train,
Which to recount the attempt were vain.

It came to hinder fell despair,
The ravages of sin repair;
It came to cheer the contrite heart,
Redemption's wonders to impart;
That he who sins should sin no more;
It came—a lost world to restore. HANNAH MORE.

COMFORT OF THE SCRIPTURES.

THE Scripture is the only cure of woe:
That field of promise, how it flings abroad
Its odours o'er the Christian's thorny road;
The soul, reposing on assured relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,
Forgets her labour as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song. COWPER.

Anecdotes and Selections.

LOVE OF GOD.—"God is love." All his perfections and procedures are but so many manifestations of his love. What is his omnipotence, but the arm of his love? What his omniscience, but the medium through which he contemplates the object of his love? What his wisdom, but the scheme of his love? What are the offers of the gospel, but the invitations of his love? What the threatenings of the law, but the warnings of his love? They are the hoarse voice of his love, saying, "Man! do thyself no harm." They are a fence put round the pit of perdition to prevent rash men from rushing into ruin. What was the incarnation of the Saviour, but the richest illustration of his love? What were the miracles of Christ, but the condescension of his love? What were the sighs of Christ, but the breath of his love? What were the prayers of Christ, but the pleadings of his love? What were the tears of Christ, but the dewdrops of his love? What is the earth, but a theatre for the display of his love? What is heaven, but the alps of his mercy, from whose summits his blessings, flowing down in a thousand streams, descend to water and refresh his church, situated at its base?—*Dr. Waugh.*

WORKING CHRISTIANS.—Learn to be working christians. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." It is very striking to see the usefulness of many christians. Are there none of you who know what it is to be selfish in your christianity? You have seen a selfish child go into a secret place to enjoy some delicious morsel undisturbed by his companions. So it is with some christians. They feed upon Christ and forgiveness; but it is alone, and all for themselves. Are there not some of you who can enjoy being a christian, while your dearest friend is not,

and yet you will not speak to him? See, here you have got work to do. When Christ found you he said, "Go, work in my vineyard." What were you hired for, if it was not to spread salvation? What blessed for? Oh, my christian friends! how little you live as though you were the servants of Christ! How much idle time and idle talk you have! This is not like a good servant. How many things you do for yourself! but how few for Christ and his people. This is not like a servant.—*McCheyne.*

The Fireside.

PEACE BE TO THIS HOUSE.

Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home! See the traveller. Does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved home? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid to his remembrance; it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope—"thou shalt know also that thy house shall be in peace, and thou shall visit thy house and not sin." Oh! the joyful re-union of a divided family, the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation, after days of absence! Behold the man of science—he drops the laborious and painful research, closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled brow, leaves his study; and, unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversion of his children. Take the man of trade—what reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the awkwardness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and bye the hour comes when he sits down with the desire of his eyes, and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompence. Yonder comes the labourer—he has borne the burden and heat of the day, the descending sun has released him of his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose; half-way down the lane by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him; one he carries, one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast; see his toil-worn countenance assumes an air of cheerfulness! His hardships are forgotten, fatigue vanishes, he eats and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden, enters again, and retires to rest,—"the rest of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat much or little." Inhabitant of this lovely dwelling! Who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house.—*Rev. W. Jay.*

The Penny Post Box.

THE BACKSLIDER'S DREAM.

"He that hath a dream let him tell a dream."

SOME time ago, when I was a backslider, I dreamed a dream. I thought I was travelling to a certain place, and after some time I arrived at a large building, outside of which there was assembled a large concourse of people, standing as if waiting. As I drew nearer to the crowd, one of the number came to me and put an exceedingly large lighted candle into my hand, at the same time requesting me to hold it up to light the people. Then I saw ONE, whose countenance was the very image of innocence, whom they thrust forward before the multitude. Then they cried to me, "Hold the light up, that all may see him." I did so; and then we all started forward. A man was on each side him who was the object of their persecution. Each of these individuals held a whip with many lashes in his hand, and both of them kept whipping him severely, causing the blood to flow profusely. The multitude followed, and I with them, for some distance, and then I lost sight of them. Although they abused him so unmercifully, yet I remember that he did not speak or complain at all; only he looked very sad. When I was left alone, I began to consider how cruel I must have been to hold up a candle for those merciless men to abuse this innocent person in such a shameful manner. Then I thought—ah! it was the Saviour of mankind going to be crucified afresh, and endure the pains of death again on Calvary. I began to tremble violently, because I had given light to the multitude to go and crucify my Lord afresh. Then I awoke; but it is utterly impossible to describe the condition I was in, and the terror of mind I felt. My whole frame was in violent agitation, and my cheeks were suffused with tears. I began to consider what in the world could all this mean. The conclusion I arrived at was, that while I continued a backslider I was holding a light to the world to crucify the Son of God afresh. Conscience again resumed its office, and condemned me for my base ingratitude towards my Lord and Master. I prayed to God for mercy upon my poor soul; I knew if I was cut down then I should fall into hell and be lost for ever! God sent his Spirit to aid me; the Lord had compassion upon me. He heard my cry, and delivered me from the horrible pit and miry clay, into which, by my carelessness and indifference, I had sunk myself. Once more were my feet placed upon the rock and my going established, and the new song of deliverance put into my mouth. Backslider! "Go thou and do likewise." God is yet willing to forgive. Hear him! "Return unto me and I will return unto thee." "I will heal thy backsliding and love thee freely." Oh, what words! Take fast hold of them. Never let them go. They will save thee! T. W.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

LIFE AND DEATH RECORDS.—The twentieth annual report (1859) of the Registrar-General states that 1,401,080 names have been inscribed in the national registers during the year. Of these 318,194 persons have been married, 664,071 children have been born, and 419,815 persons of all ages were registered as deceased. Neither the births nor the deaths of still-born children are registered; their numbers, consequently, do not appear in the tables. The births exceeded the deaths by 243,256, and that is somewhat below the number expressing the natural increase of the population. The recorded natural increase of the population of England and Wales exceeded 666 daily.

EMIGRATION from the United Kingdom became more active after the Russian war; and in the year 1857 the emigrants amounted to 212,875, of whom the English emigrants were 86,438, of whom 9,192 sailed to British North America, 39,375 to the Australian Colonies and New Zealand, 37,333 to the United States, and 448 to other places. Thus 236 English people on an average left England daily.

RAILWAYS.—The total capital authorized for railway purposes amounted, at the end of 1858, to £346,408,287 for lines open. The amount actually raised for open lines was £308,324,851. The total sum of money authorized to be raised for the construction of railways, open or remaining to be opened, on the 31st of December 1858, was £392,682,755, of which £325,375,507 have been raised.

Hints.

A TIDY HOME, and a tidy wife, will generally do for the comfort of a working-man, what queen, lords, and commons cannot do, with parson and esquire to help them.

SELF CONCEIT AND PRIDE miss their object. For no man admires them, and all sober-minded people view them with disgust or pity.

ENVIOUS PEOPLE would fain pull others down to set up themselves. But they always find it a hard task, for they can find few to help them in their dirty work.

OFFICIOUS PERSONS who are fond of meddling in other people's matters, get bad wages for their pains. It is an unprofitable business, and they had better give it up.

LOOK AT YOUR LIFE. It is well sometimes to sit down, and having reviewed it, cast it up, and see if, upon the whole, it has been for good or evil.

THE WANT OF CLEANLINESS is a fault which admits of no excuse. God has given us plenty of water, not only for drink, but for cleanliness too, knowing that we should want it. But some are too idle to fetch it and use it.

NEVER SPEND YOUR MONEY in trying to make a display above your condition. It won't pay; and is often dangerous.

Let little boats keep near the shore,
Bigger boats may venture more.

BEING CAREFUL is one thing, being stingy is another. Be careful, and then you will have something to give to him that needeth, and that is a pleasure worth saving and spending a little money to enjoy.

LITTLE EXPENSES often grow into large sums. Watch them, for they are slippery things. Many have been ruined by letting them slip through their fingers too easily.

PRIDE may, when he begins, breakfast with Plenty, and then take his dinner with Vanity, but he often has to get his supper with Poverty.

Gems.

A CHAPTER OF MISTAKES.

It is a mistake for a man to say he wishes to know the truth on any religious subject, and never reads the Bible to find it.

It is a mistake for a man to suppose that talent and eloquence will supply the place of vital heartfelt piety.

It is a mistake for a man to suppose that he can get up to heaven with a load of money, which he makes his god, on his back.

It is a mistake for a man to think he can have honour from all men, good and bad, and the honour that cometh from God too.

It is a mistake for a man to suppose that if he does not maintain a good christian character his minister can do it for him.

It is a mistake in a man who professes to be a follower of Jesus to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, and so set himself above his brother.

It is a mistake in a man who engages in public prayer to think God will be pleased with his fine flowing words if they have no heart in them. He had better hold his tongue.

It is a mistake in a man who ministers in holy things to think that his people will respect and love him, if he himself does not walk before them in holiness of life.

It will be a mistake, and a fatal one, if a man thinks the Lord Jesus will say to him in that day, "Well done, good and faithful servant," if he has not served his Master honestly and faithfully.

Poetic Selections.

HEAVEN.

I ASK not human greatness,
I ask not wealth or fame,
I only ask my soul renewed,
And sealed with Jesus' name;
To be an heir of heaven,
To have a mansion there,
Oh, there is naught of earthly good
Can with such bliss compare.

I love the world of glory;
There would I have my home!
Its pearly gates, its streets of gold,
I long to call my own.
Its gentle stream of pleasure,
Where living waters roll,
With many a sweet attraction
To win my thirsty soul.

That land of undimmed brightness,
Hath blessed charms for me;
I like not skies where shadows fall,
But light eternally.
The gems which there are gleaming,
How brilliant do they shine,
Jasper and sapphire, precious stones,
Angelic brows entwine.

But all their beaming splendour
Is borrowed from their King,
His smile gives brightness to that world,
His love the seraphs sing.
I love that land of beauty!
His peace is always there,
And always tones of melody
Are floating on the air.

No anguished tears are streaming,
No waves the heart can swell,
No sighs, no groans, nor bitter tears,
Nor that dread word, farewell!
But richer the attraction
Of that celestial band,
Because the Lamb, the Saviour,
Is 'mid his chosen band.

Oh, to be near the Saviour!
To gaze upon his face,
To read each marked feature
Of matchless love and grace;
To hear the voice of welcome,
And be supremely blest;
Oh, who would not resign this earth
For such a land of rest!

M. B. C.

The Children's Corner.

A SCENE IN A SABBATH SCHOOL.

One sabbath afternoon the superintendent of a sabbath school was about to close the school, when a well-dressed gentleman entered and requested to be allowed to say a few words to the scholars. He said:—

"There was once a poor lad, who was noted among his bad companions for his rudeness and roughness, for swearing and breaking the sabbath. One sabbath-day he followed some quiet boys who were going to the sabbath school, pelting them with stones all the way. He followed them to the door of the school, and when it was opened he heard singing. He stopped outside and listened, wondering what they were singing about there. A teacher coming to the school saw him, and asked him to go in. He did not like to go, but the teacher led him in. There he saw what he had never seen before—a great room full of boys, all standing up singing They looked nice and clean, but he was dirty, and his clothes were torn and ragged. He felt ashamed, and almost sorry that he had pelted those boys who were coming to such a nice place. But that teacher kept near him, and after prayer, took him aside to tell him his letters, for he did not know them at all. On the next sabbath-day he came again, but not so dirty, for he had made himself as clean as he could. Well: I must tell you the rest in a few words. He kept coming, and at last got up into the Bible class, and after a time became a teacher. Now he began to think very much about his soul, and his sins, when he was such a bad lad. He then prayed that God, for Christ's sake, would forgive him, and he did. Now he was happy; and it was not long before he began to preach in the villages. At this time he is a minister; and having to preach not far from the old school he thought that on the sabbath afternoon, after he had done preaching in the morning, he would walk over and see the teachers and scholars, and HERE HE IS NOW TALKING TO YOU!"

The children were surprised, and most of them wept, and he wept too. He could not help it. He then prayed for them; and as he left the school turned round and said, "GOD BLESS YOU ALL!"

THE MUTINEERS OF MALAGAS ISLAND,

AND HOW THEY WERE SUBDUED.

MALAGAS ISLAND is situate at the opening of Saldanha Bay, about sixty miles from Cape Town. In 1844 many vessels visited the bay to take in cargoes of guano from the island, on which the dung of sea-fowl had been accumulating for ages.

The men at work there in getting and loading this rich manure, were living in an awful state; and nearly 200 vessels with their crews were in the bay—altogether there could not be less than 2,000 souls.

Mr. James M'Gregor Bertram, a young minister of the gospel, was at that time at the Cape of Good Hope. His attention was directed to these men, and he resolved to visit them. He went and found the men on the island in a state of drunken and lawless insubordination, and the Captains of the vessels were "at their wits end" to know what to do.

After consideration and prayer Mr. Bertram decided to take a bold step in dependence on the protection of God.

One day when dining on board a vessel he said to the Captain, "I wish to ask a favour of you Captain Samson." "Very well, what is it?" "I want you to take me in your boat next sabbath morning to the island, that I may preach there."

The captain was taken wholly by surprise. Suppressing for a few moments his amazement, as he stared at Mr. Bertram, he at length said, "What, sir, are you mad? You dont catch me doing so foolish a thing as to take you up to the island among those men. They would only desecrate the service, and perhaps take your life."

"But what then?" was the reply of Mr. Bertram; "will you leave these men under the influence of the devil, and make no effort for their improvement? What is to make them better, if we refuse to carry the Gospel among them?" "Well," responded the captain, "say what you will, I'll never take you up to the island." The captain was evidently nettled for once; but it was only for once. The matter was dropped for the present.

After this Mr. B. applied to another captain of one of the vessels. "Captain Mosey!" he said, "I have come to beg a favour of you this morning." "What can I do for you, Mr.

Bertram?" was the reply; "you know that I'll do any thing and everything that I can for you." "Yes, I know it," said Mr. Bertram, "and so I have come to ask you to take me up in your boat to the island, that I may preach the Gospel to those poor rebels there, this morning."

The request occasioned quite a struggle in the breast of Captain Mosey. After pacing the deck for a few moments, he turned, with moistened eyes, and a full heart, to the missionary, and said, "You know, Mr. Bertram, that I dare not take you up to the island. It was barely with my life that I escaped the other day. But come over to Captain Kerr's vessel with me, and we'll talk it over." So to Captain Kerr's ship, the "Fama," of London, they went, who, as soon as he saw them on deck, saluted them with "Good morning, gentlemen; what has brought you here this morning?" "Why," said Captain Mosey, "here's Mr. Bertram begging me to take him in my boat up to the island, to preach to those seamen." "What!" exclaimed Captain Kerr, "preach to those seamen! preach to those devils! preach to those *devils!*" "Yes," replied Captain Mosey, "and I think that he will not rest until we take him up." "What, to those devils! those infamous scoundrels?" responded Captain Kerr; "they ought to be hung, every devil of them. And are you going to take him up, Captain Mosey?" "Why," said Mosey, "if you will go, I'll make one of the company." "But you know, Mosey," replied Kerr, "how they love me on the island, and how they treated me the last time that I was there! And where, if we go, are we to find a couple of oarsmen?" So, stepping to the hatchway, he shouted the name of one of the sailors; and the quick response, "Aye, aye, sir," was presently followed by his appearance on deck. "Come, my lad," said Kerr, "I want you to pull an oar to take Mr. Bertram to the island to preach to those devils there: what say you?" "Are you going, captain?" the man anxiously asked; "if you go, I'll go too." Another oarsman was obtained from Captain Mosey's brig, and presently they were pulling away for Malagas Island.

The morning was as lovely as can be conceived—just such a sabbath as disposes the heart to peace and quietness, while it leads the soul away to the bowers of paradise, and impressively reminds the soul of that rest which remaineth to the people of God. Hardly a word was spoken, or the silence of the five adventurers interrupted, during the two miles

and a half, at which distance the Hebe was moored from the island.

As the boat neared the landing-place, scores of the rioters hurried down to the jetty, or wharf, to see who dared approach their territories. A horrid sight these poor infatuated creatures presented! Their clothes were almost torn from their backs, and hung about them in tatters. Hideous gashes, in some cases, and in others blackened eyes and dreadful bruises, gave evidence of the maddening fumes of dissipation by which they had, for days together, been driven to the extremes of brutal fury. Captains Kerr and Mosey sat almost stupified as they gazed on these hideous wretches. Nor was Mr. Bertram less moved with instinctive apprehension. He trusted not, however, in himself, but in the living God, and lifted up his heart to the Almighty to nerve his soul for the hazardous enterprise.

Having fully committed himself to the protection and guidance of his Lord, he seized the ladder of ropes, as soon as the boat touched the jetty, and, pulling himself up, in a few moments he stood in the midst of the horrid crew. Singling out one, whom he took to be a ringleader, a tall, powerful, ferocious-looking fellow, apparently prepared for any deed of desperation, he went directly to him, gave him his right hand, and with his left tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Jack! do you know me?" "How should I know you, sir?" he muttered. "Well, well," replied Mr. Bertram, "I am a minister of Christ, and I have come to-day, in the name of the Lord, to preach among you the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." Then, pulling from his pocket a flag, with which he had furnished himself before leaving the vessel, he continued, "Do you see this, Jack? This is the battle-flag of the Cross, that I brought down with me from the Cape of Good Hope. I see that you have a flag-staff up there on the island. Now, my brave fellow, take this flag, and let me see how quick you can run it up to the mast-head." Turning to another savage-looking fellow, who stood by, he patted him also on the shoulder, and said to him, "That's a brave fellow; off and help him."

It was enough. The right chord was touched. Away they went, hurrahing, the whole of them, and in a few moments more the Bethel-flag was flying from the top of the flag-staff. The signal roused the whole island, and they came from every tent and lounging-place, hundreds of them, to know what

was to pay now. The preacher planted himself on a pile of guano-bags, and began his brief arrangements for the service. But what a motley assemblage of human beings stood before him! They seemed to be the offscourings of every British port on earth, such as might well remind him of the hideous tenants of pandemonium itself.

Mr. Bertram proceeded to distribute a number of hymn-books among them. They sung, he prayed, they sung again, he preached to them. He told them plainly of their sins, he told them of forgiveness by the blood of Christ, and exhorted them to repent and reform. He reminded them of their far off homes, their mothers, and the scenes of their youth. Many wept and sobbed aloud. In conclusion he said, "And now, if you will be persuaded to take this kind advice, I will come back again, and preach to you, if the Lord spares my life, next sabbath morning. What say you, men, shall I come?"

With one voice almost they cried out, "Come, sir! Oh! come. We like your preaching, and will be glad to have you come again; and then we will have a far better place prepared for you." "Blessed be God!" he responded; "it is not guns and pistols that you want; it is not ships-of-war, and cutlasses, and cannon-balls that must be brought to subdue you. No: it is the blessed gospel of Christ; it is the precious blood of Jesus; it is the Spirit of God. Now, men, you have behaved well, very well; blessed be God! You sung well at the commencement of the service, but you will sing better at the conclusion.

Another hymn was given out, which was sung with a right good-will, and the meeting was closed with prayer and the benediction. He then took leave of them, invoking upon them, as they heartily responded to his parting salutations, the blessing of the Almighty; and, accompanied by his two friends, he stepped into the boat at the end of the jetty, and soon made his way down the harbour to the principal anchorage. But. not as they came, went they back. Captains Mosey and Kerr, who kept their peace before, were now full of what they had seen and heard. They declared that the humble missionary of the Cross, with the simple gospel of Christ, had accomplished far more that morning than her Majesty's ship-of-war, with all her worldly weapons. Mr. Bertram preached afterwards to the shipmasters and the crews on board one of the vessels, and

with none the less force from the remarkable experience of the morning.

The developments of the following morning were awaited with no little interest at the anchorage. Very soon after the rising of the sun, it became apparent that the mutineers had returned to duty. The luggage-boats were but in requisition, and the most active operations of business were resumed. The Gospel had triumphed! The island presented an appearance of busy and orderly industry, as opposite as possible to the scenes of the preceding fortnight. The quarrelling, fighting, and horrid dissipation of those two weeks had given place to peace, contentment, diligence, promptness, and sobriety. Let God be praised!

It was no fitful movement. Throughout the week, the bay and island presented the same busy and happy scenes. The following Sabbath morning brought with it a perfect readiness on the part of the shipmasters to send Mr. Bertram to the island. On his arrival he was greeted with a hearty welcome by his grateful congregation, whose appearance presented a striking contrast to the tumultuous and riotous assembly into which he had cast himself, a week before, unheralded and unbidden. The bloody faces had been washed; the soiled and torn garments had been exchanged for clean and tidy clothes; and a much more convenient place had been prepared for the preacher, whose ministrations they now received with the utmost gladness.

Thus, for several weeks, the humble missionary of the Cross, who, by God's grace, had achieved a nobler triumph than any ever won on battle-fields amidst "garments rolled in blood," continued to preach to the inhabitants of Malagas Island, every Sabbath morning, with increasingly happy results; and in the afternoon to the shipmasters at the anchorage within the bay. Every facility for the prosecution of his voluntary mission was afforded by the masters of vessels; and to their credit it should be spoken, they gave heed themselves to the word preached. Grateful for what they had seen and heard, they appeared to be impressed also with a vivid sense of the obligations of religion, and to feel a sincere desire, some of them, at least, for a personal interest in the grace of the Gospel. This they manifested, not only by a most respectful attendance on the Sabbath services, but by coming together for religious services occasionally during the week, on board several of the

vessels, where such meetings were held. Death was not idle during this period, as he never is; and several of the ship-masters as well as seamen, by some casuality, or virulent disorder, were summoned to their audit before the Great Judge. They slept the sleep that knows no waking until the last great morning dawns. It was customary when a seaman was taken sick to send for Mr. Bertram to read, and talk, and pray with him, almost as regularly as to send for the physician; and at the death of any of them he performed the solemn service, so appropriate to the last sad scene of our mortal pilgrimage, over their graves.

Poetry.

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

This is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

This remedy did wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

Where satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the vain world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and despise, and hate the change.

May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too!
The word that saves me will engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

Anecdotes and Selections.

Kind Words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flames of wrath and make it blaze the more fiercely. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and boisterous words, and war-like words. Kind words, also, produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is, they soothe, and quiet, and comfort the heart. They shame us of sour, morose, unkind feelings.

Thankful for Death.—We are told that when Mr. Harvey's dissolution drew nigh he said to those about him, "How thankful I am for death. It is the passage to the Lord and Giver of eternal life. O, welcome, welcome death! Thou mightest well be reckoned among the treasures of the christian. 'To live is Christ, but to die is gain.' Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy holy and comforting word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. Here is my cordial! What are all the cordials given to support the dying in comparison of that which arises from the promises of salvation by Jesus Christ! This, this supports me!"

An old pilgrim in the good way, who after detailing some particular personal misfortunes, said, "Thus, by a brick at a time, my house is coming down, while the houses of others I have seen fall to the ground as by an earthquake, and the tenant driven out at a moment's notice." He then added, "O that my title deeds may be daily so legible, that I may know that when my lease expires I shall not be driven out, but quietly conducted to another house 'not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'" A believer can thus speak composedly of dying. Read 2 Tim. iv. 6—8.

Punctuality.—A young gentleman having one day broken an appointment with Dr. Franklin, came the next day to make an apology, which he did in the most handsome way; but the Dr. stopt him short with this remark:—"My dear lad, say no more; for those who are good at apologies are seldom good for any thing else."—Punctuality is the soul of business; nor is it less important in religion, particularly as to attendance on public and social worship. Where God is waiting, we should not be wanting.

Delay Not.—There is no time yours but the present time, no day yours but the present day; therefore, do not please and feed

yourselves with hopes of time to come; that you will repent, but not yet; and lay hold on mercy, but not yet; and give yourselves up to the Lord next week, next month, or next year; for that God who has promised you mercy and favour upon the day of your return, has not promised to prolong your lives till that day comes.

The Fireside.

ON SUBDUING TEMPER IN CHILDREN.

Children will seldom take the trouble of crying for anything, unless they know that it is to be had for crying for. How much the comfort of the children at the time, and their future tranquility of mind and temper, are promoted, and how much the labour of those who attend upon them is lightened, perhaps scarcely ever enters into the calculations of those who accustom themselves to gratify a crying child, by yielding to its clamorous desires. A similar fit of illness, or accident, occurring to two children brought up on two different plans, would strikingly show the difference. A surgeon was called in to a little girl between three and four years of age who had broken her arm. To his great surprise, he found the child quietly seated on its mother's lap, prepared willingly to submit to his operations, which the mother had warned her would probably for the time increase the pain, but was necessary to her recovery. A neighbour hearing of the accident, kindly but needlessly called with two of his men, to offer their assistance in holding her down during the operation. The parents of the child were astonished at the idea of the thing being considered necessary; but the surgeon assured them that only a few days before he had been called to a child of the same age, who had met with a similar accident, when it so violently resisted every attempt he made to take hold of the arm, that it was necessary to employ all the force in the house to hold it down; and afterwards, by its violent and impatient struggles, it removed the splints, and displaced the fractured bone, by which its pain was exceedingly aggravated, and the probability of a complete cure materially lessened. While the little quiet creature on whom he then attended, being accustomed to implicit obedience, remained perfectly still during the few days it was considered necessary, contentedly amusing itself with pictures, playthings, and books, or watching the play of the other children, and was in a surprisingly short time completely restored to activity and enjoyment.

The first thing—the very first thing a mother should do is to enforce obedience upon her children. If this be not done they will soon show their naturally evil tempers. So take care never to comply with their wishes and desires when you know they are improper.

The Penny Post Box.

ON WORKING WITH OUR OWN HANDS.

I PRESUME that most of your readers are working men and working women. Sometimes I expect they are, like myself, almost set fast, or very much put about to know what to do. In such cases there is nothing better than some good advice, and the best we can get will be the best; and the best we can ever find, say what you will, is in the Good Old Book; better than can be found in "Poor Richard" or any where else. I have just read a short paragraph, of which I send you a copy, hoping it will be useful to your readers. They may look for the very words themselves in the Bible if they like.

"'Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life,' John vi. 27. Such was the injunction of our blessed Lord, who gave himself as the Bread of Life to a perishing world. 'Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God,' Phil. iv. 6. Thus the inspired apostle recommends us to dispose of our anxious cares; and if there be anything like a life of happiness below, it is when by a living faith, the affections are 'set on things above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God," Col. iii. I; and when, both as to spiritual and temporal cares, the heart is kept in perfect peace, being stayed upon God, Isa. xxvi. 3; Phil. iv. 7. But we are also enjoined to be 'not slothful in business,' Rom. xii. 11; to 'provide things honest in the sight of all men,' Rom. xii. 17; to 'labour working with our hands the thing which is good, that we may have to give him that needeth,' Eph. iv. 28; 'that we study to be quiet, and to do our own business, and to work with our own hands, that we may walk honestly and have lack of nothing,' 1 Thess. iv. 11, 12; that with 'quietness we should work, and eat our own bread,' and not be 'weary in well-doing.' Moreover, it is commanded that 'if any will not work, neither should he eat,' 2 Thess. iii. 10—13. And these injunctions are not at all at variance with each other. The real and consistant Christian is taught of God to harmonize them. He is to choose the things of eternity, and set them above those of time, as his portion and inheritance. He is to refer all his temporal concerns to the will of God, and rely entirely on his paternal wisdom, care, and bounty; but, at the same time, he is faithfully and diligently to labour in the discharge of his present duties, acquiescing in the Divine decision, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' Gen. iii. 19, and thankful for the encouragement to hope that, by the blessing of God, 'his hands shall be sufficient for him,' Deut. xxxiii. 7."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE LARGEST TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD.

THE largest telescope ever constructed is that made for the Earl of Rosse. It stands on this nobleman's grounds at Parsonstown, in Ireland. Its length is fifty-three feet, and its diameter is nearly seven feet. To sustain this instrument two massive stone walls have been erected, twenty-four feet distant, and forty-eight feet in height. Here the mighty tube is securely slung; but by a variety of ingenious mechanical aids it can be moved with almost as much ease as if it were an ordinary glass.

The tube is of wood, hooped with iron, and looks like a gigantic piece of cannon. It may be walked into as into a tunnel; it is not looked through, but reflects the heavenly objects in a metallic speculum beneath. This speculum is of great size, and weighs four tons. It is a triumph of contrivance and workmanship, and was made under the immediate direction of the noble earl. The observer stands upon a platform or stage, which rises or falls as may be required for the purposes of observation.

The telescope commands an immense field of vision, and it is said that objects as small as one hundred yards cube can be distinctly observed by it in the moon. By the aid, too, of this mighty instrument, what astronomers have before called nebulæ, on account of their cloud-like appearance, have been discovered to be stars, or suns. In two constellations visible to the naked eye, these cloud-like patches have been proved, by means of this powerful telescope, to be clusters of stars.

"To obtain some idea of the immensity of the Creator's works," says a scientific writer, "let us look through Lord Rosse's telescope, and we discover a star in the infinite depths of space, whose light is 3,500,000 years in travelling to our earth, moving at the velocity of 12,000,000 of miles in one minute. And behold, God is there!"

It is believed that this great telescope—one of the most wonderful contributions to science the world has yet seen—will be the means of still further extending our knowledge of the wonders of the heavens—those heavens which "declare the glory of God," and that "firmament which showeth his handywork."

Christian Almanack.

Hints.

PAY FOR WHAT YOU BUY.

THOSE who wish to make the best of their income must carefully avoid running in debt. It is almost past belief what a difference is found in the expense of housekeeping, by only the difference of being a week behind hand. It is very common for poor people to get what they want through the week, and pay for it when they take their wages on Friday or Saturday; and the shopkeepers reckon those very good customers who regularly do so. But the most thriving of the working classes are those who take the wages to pay for what they are going to consume in the *next* week; not for what they have consumed in the *past* week. Some who are in the habit of doing this say that they had a hard struggle to accomplish it at first, but since they have known the comfort and advantage of it, they would not give it up, even if they

had for a time to work day and night, and live upon bread and water, to accomplish it.

This thrifty plan will, in several ways, enable a working family to live better than they otherwise could do. They can go where they please for their provisions, and of course they will go where they think they can get the best and the cheapest. But if they have a score at one shop they dare not go elsewhere, however much they may be imposed upon. Then they can have just what they choose, while the person who is in debt is often obliged to put up with what the butcher or the shopkeeper chooses to give. Besides, where people always pay for things at the time of purchasing them, there is no danger of being called upon to pay for them *twice*.

Gems.

A THOUSAND SAINTS, or even a thousand angels, could not bear the burden of one sin. What, then, did Christ bear when the sins of the whole world, during all time, were laid on him.

HEREIN IS LOVE! that the great Father gave his Son to take away my sins. How is it I do not steadily believe this? Why do I ever doubt it? Why do I not rejoice every day in the assurance of it?

A CHRISTIAN SOLILOQUY. "O, Jesus, my Lord and my God! Thou hast saved me from myself by thyself. What could I do without Christ? What can I do for Christ?"

SIN IS DEATH—CHRIST IS LIFE. And yet many men are so deceived by the devil, as to prefer death in sin to life in Christ. What infatuation!

DO YOU WANT A SAVIOUR? Unable to save yourself, and despairing of all other help, go at once to Christ, and hear him saying, "I am the Saviour of the world. I that speak unto thee am He."

CHRIST CAN DO ALL WE NEED to have done for us to fit us for heaven. He can enlighten us, and pardon us. He can purify us, and sanctify us. He can give us peace, love, joy, righteousness, salvation, and eternal life. What more can we need?

BE NOT DECEIVED. You have no right to call yourself a christian, if you have not yet gone to Christ, and entreated him to take all sin and all love of it out of your heart.

Poetic Selections.

HAPPY DAY! HAPPY DAY!

SWEET is the Sabbath-day of rest;
Happy day!
Day so welcome and so blest!
Happy day!
Sweet songs of Zion rise to-day,
And christians meet to praise and pray,
And press along the good old way;
Happy day! happy day!

Now from worldly toil set free,
Happy day!
Spared each others face to see,
Happy day!
Now to Christ our Saviour King,
Loud thanksgivings we will sing,
For the good our sabbaths bring;
Happy day! happy day!

Hail, blessed day, thy hours we love!
Happy day!
Type on earth of rest above;
Happy day!
With joy thy sacred hours we greet,
When we together gladly meet,
And hold with Christ communion sweet,
Happy day! happy day!

Then sing we will with heart and voice;
Happy day!
Sing on, and in God's love rejoice;
Happy day!
Precious boon that heaven bestows;
Balm to soothe our many woes,
We will love thee till life's close;
Happy day! happy day!

May we prize thy golden hours;
Happy day!
Improving them with all our powers;
Happy day!
Then when our sabbaths here are o'er,
And we have gained that better shore,
We'll sing where parting is no more,
Happy day! Happy day!

Birmingham. E. C.

The Children's Corner.

GOOD OR BAD HABITS IN CHILDREN.

By the habits he forms, as well as by the tempers he indulges, a child may be known. By habits, we mean the ways in which we are accustomed to do things. Somebody once said that "man is a bundle of habits." And this is just as true of boys and girls, as it is of men and women. Indeed, it is while we are young that we tie up this bundle. And as it is a bundle we carry with us all our lives, we should be very careful what we put into it.

Some children form *idle* habits. They love to lie in bed late in the morning. It is hard to waken them, and get them up; and when they are up, it is hard to get them to work, or read, or do anything but play or loiter about. Children of this sort remind one very much of the farmer's horse. This horse, the farmer said, had only two faults. One was, that he was very hard to catch. The other was, that when he was caught, he was'nt good for anything.

Other children have *industrious* habits. They rise early; they study hard; and learn their lessons well. If they are set to work, they do it cheerfully; they are not easily tired, but keep on until the work is done. People with these habits always succeed in life. There is no difficulty which industry has not conquered. One day, a load of coal was thrown down before the door of a cellar, in which a poor family lived. A little girl went out, with quite a small shovel, and began to shovel it up. "My little child," said a gentleman who was passing by, "you cant get all that coal in with your small shovel." "Oh yes, I can, sir," said the little girl, "*if I only work long enough*."

There was a poor boy once, who resolved to get an education. He had to work hard all day, and, when evening came, he had no place to read in, and no light to read by; so he used to take his book, and go into the street, and stand by some shop window, and read in the light that shone from it. And sometimes, when the shops were closed before he got through, he would climb up a lamp-post and hold on with one hand, while he held his book with the other. It is not surprising that he became a man who was distinguished in after life as a scholar. He was determined to get to know all he could. He tried hard, and succeeded; and so may you. TRY.

THE MURDERER AND THE MARTYR.

In the year of our Lord 1552, the subterranean dungeons of the city of Lyons, in France, were tenanted by two prisoners of opposite character. In one of these dark, damp, and dismal vaults, bound hand and foot, and tormented not only by the vermin which infested his noisome abode, but by the fierce cravings of hunger, which the scanty prison allowance of bread and water seemed rather to stimulate than to satisfy, lay Jean Pierre Chambon, who having, three years before, committed robbery and murder, had at length fallen into the hands of justice.

Shut out from the light of day and the sight of his fellow-men, save when once in twenty-four hours the jailer entered with the sparingly doled-out portion of food, from which a dog might have turned away with loathing, this ruthless robber had for two weary months been fain to vent his impotent rage by impatient tossings on his mouldy straw, making the gloomy walls resound with the clanking of his chains, mingled with blasphemies against God, and curses on the day of his birth, his parents, and all mankind.

But, a few days before the period at which our relation commences, most unwonted tones disputed with the blasphemer the hitherto undivided empire of those cavernous receptacles, and the harmonious sounds of psalms and hymns were borne distinctly to his ear from neighbouring dungeons.

The year 1552 is, alas! marked in the annals of France as one of grievous Protestant persecution, and many pious Huguenots were incarcerated in Lyons, and in other parts of France, for their adherence to their holy faith. From them proceeded the unwonted sounds, which produced no other impression on Chambon than a stirring up of the native enmity of his heart, impelling him to redouble his blasphemies whenever the accents of prayer or praise fell with distinctness on his ear; for he was rude and boisterous by nature, his heart was hardened by crime, and so entire was his ignorance of the gospel that, although familiar with the name of St. Francis, he was wholly unacquainted with that of Christ the Saviour of the world. Such was the bodily and spiritual state of this miserable man, when, in the gracious providence of God, it came to pass, that as all the cells were overfilled with persecuted gospel

confessors, one of them, named Peter Bergier, a native of Geneva, was placed in the same dungeon with Chambon.

Bergier being engaged in commerce, had come to Lyons in the course of business, probably little anticipating any evil results from his journey thither. He was a man of considerable property, was highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens, and specially happy in the possession of a devoted wife and promising children; yet none of these temporal advantages had so absorbed his affections as to induce him to neglect the higher and holier ends of his existence.

In being subjected to bonds and imprisonment for the truth's sake, Bergier knew he did but share the lot of all Christ's disciples, from apostolic times down to his own; yet was he not a little startled when he learned with whom he was to be imprisoned, and still more was he appalled when he heard the curses and blasphemies which flowed unceasingly from the wretched Chambon's heart. But the thought that for this soul also the Saviour had died, changed his horror into compassion, his disgust into an earnest longing to contribute to the rescue of the lost one.

Bergier began by beseeching, with all gentleness and kindness, his rude companion to desist from cursing and blaspheming; and he further entreated the unhappy man to join with him in prayer. Chambon replied that it was very true that his curses did not bring him any aid, but that Bergier's prayer would bring himself as little. Finding, therefore, the futility of his attempts to induce his wretched associate to pray for himself, Bergier was only the more fervid in intercessions for him, and at the same time evinced his sympathy and good will towards him by performing (for he was unfettered) many little services for the manacled prisoner, and even by sharing with him the better food with which private friends of the city strove to lighten the privations in the martyr's imprisonment. The result was, that Chambon ceased to disturb, at least, the good man's prayers, by the accustomed rude and blasphemous interruptions, and began by degrees to listen with patience, if not with interest, to what Bergier communicated to him from the Word of God.

With true gospel wisdom Bergier dwelt chiefly on the love of Christ in becoming a man, yea, a man of sorrows; and in at length submitting to the bitterest sufferings and death, even the death of the cross, in order that none who believe in Him

should perish, but that all, all without exception, who turned their believing eyes on Him, might be saved, and receive the gift of eternal life.

And lo! what bolts and bars, dungeon darkness, dungeon fare, manacled limbs and hunger-wasted frame could not effect, was effected by the teaching of the gospel. As "a fire" the words of grace enkindled repentance in the heart of this sin-burdened man, and as "a hammer" did they break in pieces his stony heart. Sighs after pardon and forgiveness burst from his labouring bosom, and his sins rose up before his mental vision in all their condemning enormity. Like Cain, he had committed murder, and like him too, he was tempted to despair. But Bergier pointed out to him the mercy of God, who willeth not the death of the sinner, but that he should turn to Him and live.

"What! even a murderer?" asked Chambon, with averted face.

"Yes!" replied Bergier, "for thus speaks the Lord by his prophet to those whose hands were full of blood, 'Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil, learn to do well; and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'"

"But what good can I now do," asked Chambon, "bound and fettered, and appointed to death as I well know myself to be?"

"You can believe God's declaration," replied Bergier, "and look to him for the forgiveness of your sins. It was a criminal like you, one nailed hand and foot to the cross, appointed to death, and disabled from living a life of obedience, that said to Jesus, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;' and to him the Saviour gave the comforting assurance, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' Take that for your example and your warrant."

"And do you really believe," cried Chambon, on whose mind a ray of hope began faintly to dawn, "that I can be saved?"

"Only believe, and thou shalt be saved," said Bergier, with solemn earnestness; and straightway kneeling down, he began to pray aloud that Jesus Christ would take compassion on the repentant sinner, and give him assurance of His grace. Chambon had fallen on his knees likewise, and with folded hands

and trembling voice joined in Bergier's prayer with the petition, "Lord Jesus! dear Saviour, have mercy on me! I am indeed unworthy of Thy notice, and merit nothing but damnation: but Thou hadst mercy on the melefactor on the cross; O! have mercy on me also, even on me!"

And now, as it was the first time in his life that he had really prayed, so he learned also now for the first time that prayer can help us. Even while he prayed the ray of hope grew brighter in his heart.

From that hour Chambon continued instant in prayer to God for mercy. At the same time he drank in the scriptures which Bergier repeated to him, as the thirsty earth drinks in the rain from heaven, until he at length attained to the firm assurance that he, too, all unworthy as he was in himself, had obtained, through the Lord Jesus Christ, "redemption in His blood, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." The lips of him who was before "a blasphemer, and injurious," now overflowed with thanksgiving and praise for the mercy which had been vouchsafed to him. He bore now every suffering with patience, acknowledging he had deserved much more both from God and man, and professed a humble but devoted love for that God of whom he had once refused to hear.

About the time when this entire change took place in his inward man, it pleased God, who is rich in mercy, to appoint him some alleviation of his outward sufferings by the removal of his fetters, and the being furnished with better food. But for more than over such bodily comforts did the repentant sinner rejoice in the acquisition of a Bible, which some friends had sent to Bergier, and which he gladly permitted his fellow-prisoner to read. A very little light fell into the dungeon through a small air-hole, and before this orifice Chambon would stand hour after hour, poring with extreme difficulty, but unsated delight, on the newly obtained treasures of the sacred page.

Bergier found opportunity of communicating to other gospel confessors, who pined within the same walls, the great mercy which Chambon had experienced from the Lord; and in order to strengthen his faith and comfort his heart, they sent to him some books they had themselves received from pitying friends, accompanied by a letter of encouragement and exhortation. Chambon obtained, through the kindness of one of the

prison attendants, writing materials, and replied to those christian prisoners in humble and affecting terms.

But the Lord showed him yet another distinguished mercy. His brother, though wholly innocent of all participation in Jean Pierre's blood shedding, had been accused, arrested, and imprisoned as an accomplice, and, worse than all, had been put to the torture to make him confess himself guilty! Bergier having opportunity of meeting him occasionally in the cell of another prisoner, availed himself of these opportunities to relate to him his brother's change of mind, and to urge him to follow his example. And the Lord opened his heart, so that he received the word with joy, and Bergier became the honoured instrument of his conversion also. This was the greater joy to Chambon, as he justly felt himself to be the cause of his brother's misfortunes.

Chambon continued to grow in grace, so that at length he was enabled to meet his fearful punishment with courage and hope. He was condemned to be broken on the wheel, and yet notwithstanding the well-known tortures which attend this death, he listened to his sentence with composure, and bore its execution with patience.

At the place of punishment he confessed, with much contrition, his many sins in the hearing of the assembled multitude, and entreated their forgiveness for the scandal and offence he had occasioned, even as, he trusted, God had forgiven him for Christ's sake, for which grace he praised God with a loud voice, and then quietly laid himself down to endure his fearful doom.

And what became of Bergier?

He might easily have not only saved his life, but obtained permission to return to his house and family, had he been willing to purchase these favours by a recantation of his protestant faith. But he remembered his Saviour's declaration, "Whosoever will lose his life for my sake, shall find it;" and so he manfully "held fast that he had," that "no man should take his crown," continued steadfast in the faith without wavering, and was condemned to be burnt to death.

On his way to the place of execution, we are told, the peace of God so illumined his countenance, that his friends deemed they had never seen him look so beautiful and engaging: and as he passed along in the car, he greeted such as were known to him by bidding them a friendly "Good night."

Unmoved by this touching evidence of christian humility and love, a Romish priest called out to him, "Thou art going straight to hell, thy fitting dwelling-place." To which the martyr replied, "The Lord forgive thee!"

A vast multitude having accompanied him to the scene of his sufferings, Bergier cast on them a compassionate look, exclaiming, "Oh! how great is the harvest! Lord, send labourers into thy harvest." He then repeated the confession of faith, and cried out at its conclusion, "Oh, Lord, how sweet and lovely is Thy name!"

As they were binding him to the stake, Bergier prayed, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." And when the fire was kindled, and the flames began to wrap him round, he looked upward and said, "I see heaven open!" These were the last words he was heard to utter. Smoke and flame choked his voice, and his soul ascended to Him who hath promised, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

What gave Bergier strength thus to hold out to the end? The same Word and Spirit which changed Chambon, the reckless, ruthless murderer, into the humble, contrite, and patient disciple, and thus united the Murderer and the Martyr.

And this Word and Spirit are offered to all—to you, also, O Reader! Oh, lay then to heart the words of the Lord Jesus, "Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it."

Poetry.

THE MARTYR'S DEATH-SONG.

HARK, the dying Martyr say,
"None but Christ!
Though you take my life away,
None but Christ!
Now pile your flaming faggots near,
Of them I feel nor dread nor fear,
Christ is with me in the fire.
None but Christ!

My body here you may consume,
None but Christ!
He will take my spirit home,
None but Christ!

Make haste, make haste, and set me free;
I long my living Lord to see,
Who once on Calvary died for me.
None but Christ!"

In heaven the martyr now is blest,
None but Christ!
And with his Lord shall ever rest.
None but Christ!
He bows before the radiant Throne,
With all yon spotless blood washed throng.
Hark to their loud triumphant song—
None but Christ!
NONE BUT CHRIST!

Netherton. B. S.

Anecdotes and Selections.

WILL YOU BE SAVED NOW?—The present is a favoured time. The door of mercy is open. The call of the gospel is urgently made. God's Spirit is poured out in many places and in large measure. You need salvation. No man ever needed health or friends, or help from man, so much as you need salvation. Without it you have before you an undone eternity. You *can* be saved. God makes known to you how rich are the provisions of his grace. You have no want but can be supplied from the vast storehouse of his mercy. You must be saved soon, or not at all. The day of grace will not last for ever. God's Spirit will not always strive with man. This moment God waits to be gracious. If you are saved, it must be by faith in the death of Christ. Consider, if you die without the salvation of the gospel of Christ, you die "without mercy."

BLESSEDNESS OF A BROKEN HEART.—It is out of a broken heart that all holy affections flow. Christian affections are like Mary's precious ointment that she poured on Christ's head, that filled the whole house with a sweet odour. All gracious affections that are a sweet odour to Christ, and that fill the soul of a christian with a heavenly sweetness and fragrancy, are broken-hearted affections. A truly christian love, either to God or men, is an humble, broken-hearted love. The desires of the saints, however earnest, are humble desires; their hope is an humble hope; and their joy, even when it is unspeakable and full of glory, is an humble, broken-hearted joy, and leaves the christian more poor in spirit, and more like a little child, and more disposed to a universal lowliness of behaviour.

SHALL YOU BE ONE OF THEM?—How divinely full of glory and pleasure shall that hour be when all the millions of mankind that have been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb of God shall meet together and stand around him, with every tongue and heart full of joy and praise! How astonishing will be the glory and the joy of that day, when all the saints shall join together in one common song of gratitude and of everlasting thankfulness to their Redeemer! With what unknown delight and inexpressible satisfaction shall all that are saved from the ruins of sin and hell address the Lamb that was slain, and rejoice in his presence!

"BE YE HOLY FOR I AM HOLY."—As ever you hope for comfort or peace in your last hour, see that your souls be such as may be then fit to be commended into the hands of a holy and just God. See that they be holy souls; God never will accept them if they be not holy souls. He that hath this hope (namely, to see God) purifieth himself even as He is pure. 1 John iii. 3. Endeavours after holiness are inseparably connected with all rational expectations of blessedness.

The Fireside.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

1. FAMILY WORSHIP should be performed at seasonable hours, while the mind is vigorous, and none of the members of the family are oppressed with sleep.

2. Domestics and all others connected with the family should be present, because they are immortal beings, and must be saved or lost for ever.

3. The exercises should be performed at regular and stated hours, that the family may be trained to punctuality and system.

4. The Bible should always be read, and the prayer should be short and fervent, that the members of the family may feel it to be a transaction of important business with God, and not a mere form.

5. Prayer should specify circumstances in which they are interested as a family, that they may feel that all their concerns are known to God, and all their sins manifest to him.

6. It should be offered in the name of Jesus Christ, and in humble confidence in him, through whom God can be just and yet regard the cry of the penitent, and pardon and justify the true believer.

Family worship teaches children religion by almost imperceptible degrees. While they surround the altar of God, divine instruction drops as the rain, and distils as the dew. Such worship unites the parents and the children in bonds of inseparable attachment. They

humble themselves together before God, and their common interests are spread before Him. The children observe the movings of a father's love, and concern for their immortal welfare; they are made to feel that he is a christian, that he is a friend of God, that he has an interest at the throne of grace, and they will love and reverence and obey him: they are made familiar with the truths of the Bible, and these, if followed, will be their safeguard through life, and their guide to heaven. And when they have children committed to them, they will train them up also in the "way they should go," and thus the influence of the pious father will descend from generation to generation.

The Penny Post Box.

WHAT I DONT LIKE TO SEE.

Mr. Editor,—If you agree with me in some of the things which I now tell you that I dont like to see, perhaps you will insert them in your *Pioneer* "Post Box" department.

First of all, I dont like to see men and women living without God. I think that the most awful sight in the world.

I dont like to see a faithful minister of Christ left with a few, while crowds are running after some new man, who only amuses them with funny tales or something worse.

I dont like to see children, ragged and dirty, running about the streets and fields because their father has spent all his wages in beer.

And I dont like to see a class in a sabbath school without their teacher, who is loitering at home or has gone a walking.

Another thing—I dont like to see people staying away from their own place of worship when there is to be a collection.

I dont like to see richer members of christian churches holding up their heads so high that they cannot see their poor brethren.

I dont like to see the "leading" men and women of a congregation always, or almost always, absent from the week-night prayer meeting.

I dont like to see any member of a christian church doing nothing at all to bring his neighbours to hear about Christ.

I dont like to see poor men or women standing in a place of worship, and no one offer them a seat. I dont like that. But worse than this, I dont like to see a poor broken-hearted penitent, weeping under conviction of sin, and no one ready to talk with him and lead him to the Saviour.

I dont like to see these and many other things which I sometimes see in connection with religion. There are some other things I dont like to see which I will tell you another time.

Birmingham. R. C.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

POOR-LAW RELIEF.

From the eleventh annual Report (for the year 1859) of the English Poor Law Board we gather, that the total sum expended for the relief of the poor during the year ended 25th March, was £5,878,386, being less by £20,370 than the sum expended during the preceding year. During the last quarter of a century the greatest amount expended for the relief of the poor in any year was £6,317,255 in the year 1834; and the smallest, £4,044,741 in the year 1837. During the same period the rate per head on the estimated population averaged 6s. 2d. The total number of persons of all classes in receipt of relief on the 1st of January, 1858, was 948,222. Of this number 28,645 were insane, and 2,416 vagrants. On the 1st of January, 1859, the total number was only 862,078, of whom 30,302 were insane, and 2,153 vagrants. The decrease of persons receiving relief on 1st January, 1859, as compared with 1858 was 87,538, or 9 per cent. The decrease in the average number of paupers of all classes in receipt of relief at one time in 1858, as compared with 1849, is 16 per cent.; and as regards able-bodied paupers the decrease in 1858, as compared with 1849, is 32 per cent. The return shows the average number of children attending the workhouse schools during the half year ended March 25, 1858, to be 17,886 boys and 17,069 girls. During the same period 1,564 boys and 1,349 girls attended the district schools—making a total of 37,868 children attending the workhouse and district schools.

Hints.

TO RECOVER PERSONS WHO SEEM TO BE DROWNED.

Send quickly for medical assistance. *Cautions:* 1. Lose no time. 2. Avoid all rough usage. 3. Never hold up the body by the feet. 4. Nor roll the body on casks. 5. Nor rub the body with salts or spirits. 6. Nor inject infusion of tobacco.

I. Convey the body carefully, with the head and shoulders supported in a raised position, to the nearest house.

II. Strip the body, and rub it dry; then wrap it in hot blankets, and place it in a warm bed in a warm chamber free from smoke.

III. Wipe and cleanse the mouth and nostrils.

IV. In order to restore the warmth of the body, carefully move a heated covered warming-pan over the back and spine. Put bladders or bottles of hot water, or heated bricks, to the pit of the stomach, the armpits, and to the soles of the feet. Foment the body with hot flannels. Rub the body briskly with the hand; do not, however, suspend the use of the other means at the same time; but, if possible, immerse the body in a *warm bath*, at blood heat, or 100° of the thermometer.

V. Volatile salts or hartshorn to be passed occasionally to and fro under the nostrils.

VI. No more persons to be admitted into the room than are absolutely necessary.

These are only general directions for the prompt use of the most ready means, and which are usually close at hand. Other remedies might be tried by a surgeon, and therefore one of the first things done should be to send for one.

Gems.

YOU MAY SEE IN OTHERS what you are yourself, but you must look at Christ to see what you should be.

THERE ARE SOME WHO SEE the hook of the devil under tempting pleasures, and yet they will be nibbling at his bait.

TWO THINGS are indispensable in religion—a consciousness of our own weakness, and a conviction of the power of Christ to save us.

HEALTHY PIETY is not a sickly plant that hangs down its head, but lifts it up to take in the full rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

IT IS A HARD THING for some people to sit down in the lowest seat, and chiefly because they know it is their right place.

WHAT A MERCY it is that we have not only great need of a Saviour, but we have a great Saviour for our need.

WE MUST NOT EXPECT that we can be perfectly happy, so long as we have one spark of sin remaining in us.

IT IS DIFFICULT for a pardoned sinner to feel that God has forgiven him, and yet believe he is not quite as ready to forgive all men.

THERE CAN BE NO LOVE of man without the love of God, and no love of God without the love of Christ, for that is the source of all love in us.

FAITH IN CHRIST goes before salvation, and works follow after. Those who put works first reverse the order and miss their way.

FAITH GROWS OUT OF FAITH, as branches grow from the stem of a tree, continually putting forth more buds and branches and fruits.

VIRTUE is a noble quality, but except it spring from love to Christ it is imperfect, and always overrates itself.

FAITH IN CHRIST loves Christ, obeys Christ, serves Christ. Take faith away and there will be neither love, obedience, nor service.

Poetic Selections.

"COME!"

SINNER, come to Calvary,
Sit beneath the Saviour's cross;
Hear his dying groans for thee;
Count all things for Him but dross.
Love like His demands thy soul,
Spirit, body—give Him ALL!

THE GRATEFUL PENITENT.

SUBDUED by thy goodness,
I fall to the ground;
And weep to the praise
Of the mercy I've found!

LEAD ME ON!

LEAD me on, my Saviour lead me,
Through life's rough and rugged way.
In the hours of darkness cheer me,
Let my night be turn'd to day.

Lead me on when foes are round me;
Lead me on when troubles come;
And when doubts and fears surround me,
Gracious Saviour lead me on!

Should the storms of life grow rougher,
Bringing sorrow, grief, and pain;
Should it be my lot to suffer,
And no hope of life remain,

Never leave me, Saviour, never!
Let me still on Thee confide,
Lead me on through death's dark river,
Land me safe on Canaan's side!

Beeston, Notts. E. C.

TO-DAY.

TO-DAY is thine for act and thought,
Oh, trust not to the morrow!
Nor leave undone the purposed good!
Delay will bring thee sorrow.

Each moment, hour, and day are given
To lengthen thy probation;
Then work, and with the aid of Heaven
Accomplish thy vocation.

To-day is thine for prayer and praise,
For holy purpose given;
As though it were thy last of days,
Devote it unto Heaven.

LIFE.

LIFE is like a painted dream,
Like the rapid summer stream,
Like the flashing meteor's ray,
Like the shortest winter day,
Like the fitful breeze that sighs,
Like the wavering flame that dies,
arting—dazzling on the eye,
Fading in Eternity.

The Children's Corner.

AT SABBATH SCHOOL.

'Twas on the holy sabbath-day,
I first was taught to sing and pray,
And flee from every sinful way,
At Sabbath School.

There I was taught God's word to read,
How Christ once suffer'd in our stead,
That sinners might from sin be freed,
At Sabbath School.

'Twas there that I was led to see
My sinfulness and misery,
And how a sinner saved might be,
At Sabbath School.

'Twas there I learnt no hope had I,
Hell to escape when call'd to die,
Unless I did to Jesus fly,
At Sabbath School.

'Twas there that I was also taught
That Jesus Christ salvation brought,
For all who seek him as they ought,
At Sabbath School.

'Twas there I learnt for me he died,
And for my sins was crucified;
O may I on his grace confide,
At Sabbath School.

There I was taught to seek his face,
And found that Wisdom's ways are peace,
Therefore I love that blessed place,
The Sabbath School.

O, that all children would be wise,
And all the good instruction prize,
Which points to bliss beyond the skies,
At Sabbath School.

Newport, Isle of Wight. J. D.

REVIVAL NARRATIVES.

THE extraordinary awakenings and revivals that have taken place in America, and in Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and some parts of England, have excited universal attention. They have been so remarkable, that it seems as if the Most High had come forth from his glory to make a new revelation of his almighty power and goodness before all men, convincing the unbelieving and the wicked that he is able to subdue their pride and rebellion, and encouraging those who fear and love him to trust in his great Name. May these manifestations of his mercy and grace be continued with increasing power until all men shall be brought to bow before him, and seek with broken and contrite hearts for that forgiveness which he offers to all men, through Jesus Christ his Son, the Saviour of the world!

An English minister, who visited Ireland in 1859, says—

Such is the spirit of hearing in the whole province of Ulster, that every place, whether chapel or school-house, factory or store, barn or granary, as the case might be, every place was crowded, sometimes literally crammed, by the most attentive and orderly congregations I ever witnessed. The people hung upon one's lips; and their bright, full, intelligent eyes fixed upon one produced a peculiar sensation in one's mind. It appeared as though the whole body of people were combined and consolidated into *one living mind;* such was the breathless attention with which they listened to the tale of the cross, and "the fame of Jesus."

Amongst those who never failed to attend all the services I conducted, while in Coleraine and its neighbourhood, there was one who often refreshed my spirit with his humble and fervent prayers, whose career in iniquity had been of the most awful character; but whom God, in the superabounding of his grace, has rescued, and whose brief history I will relate as nearly as I possibly can, and the whole truth of which I can vouch for, both from his own lips, as well as from the testimony of many who knew him well.

In his early life he had many privileges. He was taught the Holy Scriptures from his youth. His parents both died while he was young; his mother when he was one year old, his father when he was eight years. His brother, who was a christian man, was placed over him as guardian. He was brought to the sabbath school, and was favoured at home with religious example. When arrived at the age to be apprenticed, he was apprenticed to learn a business some miles from home; this was the first time he left the home of his birth-place. After an absence of a short duration, he returned home; and on the sabbath morning instead of attending a place

of worship with his brother, as heretofore, he and twelve others, amongst whom were a brother and two cousins, went to the river Bann, hired a boat which would not fairly hold more than six, and into this boat the whole thirteen forced themselves. They had only pushed the boat a short distance from the shore, when it upset, and the whole thirteen were thrown into the water, nine of whom, including his own brother and two cousins, sank to rise no more. This made a deep and solemn impression on his mind. He considered he had been the wicked cause of their death. He felt it was a judgment from God upon him for sabbath-breaking. He says he strove to seek the Lord, and to mend his ways, attended church and prayer meetings, and was admitted to the fellowship of the church, and concluded he was a christian. But as time passed on those impressions wore away, and he became careless about his soul, and took more pleasure in sin than in religious things, and associated with sinners, and was now delighted with the company of the drunkard, profane swearer, and sabbath-breaker. He was made an "orangeman," and this, he says, "helped me faster on the road to hell." He was separated from the church, which, he remarked, "gave me full scope to show what was in me." He became a regular drunkard, and none but open avowed enemies to God were his companions. He left Ireland, and sailed for New York. Just before arriving at New York he had a severe fever, and was brought near to death. But strange to say, soon after he was restored to health, his heart became as hard as before, and he fell into all kinds of wickedness. He fought against God and his conscience; he had a hell in his own bosom, nothing was too bad for him to do. He had two dear sisters with him in America, whom he sorely grieved, though, he says, "I loved them as dearly as my own life." But he adds, "I had no power over my headlong course to destruction." He left New York, and wandered over eighteen States, trying to satisfy his heart's desire, but all was in vain.

He left America, and returned to his native land in November, 1858, after twelve years absence; his friends received him joyfully, but he soon took up with drinking again, and loose company. He says, "I drank and fought with man and God, though I have denied there was a God." At length, after visiting Scotland, he came again to his native place, with a wicked determination to commit suicide. Satan told him that he could not be more tormented than he now was, therefore it would be as well for him to be in hell at once. He consequently determined to give his christian brother all the pain he could: he intended to throw himself into the river in the same place where his own brother and two cousins were drowned some years before, and from whence he was saved. Satan at length urged him to accomplish his wicked purpose, by saying, "what thou doest do quickly." He went to Coleraine in the morning to write to his brother, to let him know where he

ould find his body. During the whole day he was drinking hisky, but he could not get drunk, as he hoped to do the deed hile drunk. As night approached he was still bent on his hellish solution, and after eleven o'clock at night he left Coleraine for e purpose; when about half a mile from the town, all of a sudden e was arrested in the road, as though he had been paralysed; e could go no further. His sins flashed before him, and as quick as e lightnings flash, sins upon sins, all his past wicked life, and od's wonderful interpositions, came suddenly to mind; and the ery earth beneath where he was standing seemed to open ready to wallow him up; he stepped aside as well as he could, to escape the wful precipice before him. Hell with all its horrors, was present his view; he fell to the ground in despair, and could not tell how ng he lay in that state. Some of the newly awakened converts, eturning from a meeting in Coleraine, found him, and carried him nto the town. The distress, anguish, and horror of his mind now, ere beyond all description. He could not pray, nothing could fford any relief to his anguished soul; God seemed now to laugh t his calamity, and to mock now his fears came upon him. He emained in this state for two days and nights. He says, "I was a dreadful state; no hope; to spend two days and nights without any gleam of light." He proceeded and said, "I thought there as a place to hide from God, yet I knew sin must be punished." is own conscience condemned him, God seemed to frown upon im, the thunders of the law burst as it were upon his soul; he ould find no promise in the word of God. He thought if there ere anything to recommend him to the favour of God, he might ave some hope; but there was nothing. At length there was a act put into his hand by a sister-in-law, "Jesus, Justice, and e Sinner." A ray of hope beamed upon his despairing soul; as he ad the light increased, until he read the following verse—

> "Cheer up, dear soul, redeem thy life in mine,
> My soul shall smart, my heart shall bleed for thine;
> Oh! groundless deeps, oh! love beyond degree;
> The offended dies to set the offender free."

hile reading this, God revealed himself to him, in a glow of light, a moment, that he was enabled to cry in extatic joy, "Jesus, I rrender; here I am, take me, do with me what thou wilt: if I erish, I will perish trusting only to thy blood." The invitations nd assurances of the Scriptures were then clear and plain to him, nd he was enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God. Words ere insufficient to give full vent to the feelings of his heart. He aped, he danced for very joy. Emerging from the blackness of arkness into the full and glorious light of gospel liberty, he burst rth in songs of holy joy, such as those only know who have been atched from the brink of hell, and made the subjects of God's eat salvation.

I have heard this man pray fervently, and when speaking of the deliverance which God had wrought for him, he said, "I have served my old master long and faithfully; he is a bad master, and gives bad wages; and still I did not wish to leave him—I am no runaway; I am no deserter from the devil. No, I had no notion of leaving him till I was *pressed*, yes, till I was *pressed*. The struggle was great. I fell between their hands. O, what misery on the one hand, what mercy on the other! At the very mouth of the pit—on the very brink of hell! But oh! the blessed Jesus had hold of me, and I got hold of him; and by his grace, I will never let him go: and I pray that he may never let me go. Oh that I may be as faithful a servant to my new Master, as I have been to my old one." What a miracle of grace is this! If salvation had depended upon what he could perform, what had become of this poor deluded soul. Aye, and what would become of any, and all of us, if our salvation depended upon our works or meritorious deeds?

Time would fail to tell you of all the great work which has been accomplished there: we may truly say, "The hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord."

From Cardiff, in South Wales, a lady writes—

"One man had been nominally a roman catholic, having been brought up in that faith—but in reality he was the willing servant of satan; for, according to his own account, he had lived a very dissipated life. Having given the reins to his appetites he indulged in all kinds of sin, thinking or caring nothing for his soul, until he had sunk to the lowest depths of depravity. Providentially met with by Mr. Edwards, our town missionary, he kindly invited him to a place of worship; he went, and the Holy Spirit brought the word home with power to his conscience. He soon afterwards renounced romanism, saying he had done for ever with the Virgin Mary and the priests, as intercessors for him, having now found free access to God by the only Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus. He may now be seen every sabbath afternoon at the theatre or coloseum (where special services are held for the working classes), busily engaged in accommodating those present with seats, or inviting others to enter and hear the Word of Life. I have great pleasure in mentioning the vast amount of good done among both romanists and nominal protestants, through the zealous and almost incessant labours of Mr. Edwards, who, in season and out of season, has held meetings in the most destitute and degraded parts of the town, where he has been the means of inducing some brothel-keepers to close their infamous houses, and live a decent life; while eighteen of the unfortunate females connected with them have been sent to a reformatory. His daily visits to that dark spot have been a blessing to many a poor sinner who was wallowing in the mire and filth of sin, regardless alike of its consequences for time or for eternity, but who now are not only

respectable members of society but members of christian churches. May he have grace and strength to persevere! I may state too, that, in answer to the prayers of his people the Lord has been doing a mighty work here. All classes of the community have, more or less, been affected by the Divine influence. Professing christians have been aroused to the consciousness that they were at ease in Zion while souls were perishing around them. The churches have been awakened to a sense of their responsibility, and new and increased efforts have been made, in order to win souls to Christ. The Lord has been graciously pleased to own and bless those efforts in a wonderful manner, for not only have the places of worship been crowded to excess, but hundreds have been added to the various churches. A general spirit of inquiry, and an anxiety for their soul's salvation, hitherto unfelt, has manifested itself among the people at large. Prayer meetings are held in every available place; the men employed on the different railroads in the neighbourhood hold a prayer meeting every day during their dinner hour, in a shed near the line; even little boys have meetings among themselves. One day some men accidentally discovered a few little fellows praying in a sawpit near the docks. The men were so conscience-stricken at the sight, that they began to pray too; others followed their example; the meetings were continued, but their numbers increased so rapidly that it became necessary, if possible, to obtain a more convenient place to meet in. Mr. Smart, a truly christian man, who has spent a large portion of his time, talents, and wealth in the service of his Lord, hearing of the circumstance, kindly erected a large tent for their accommodation; and now every day above two hundred coal-heavers, who are employed in loading vessels at the docks, may be seen assembling within its ample space to spend forty minutes of their dinner hour in prayer. At the united prayer meeting, which is held at the Town Hall every Saturday evening, those men came and gave a general invitation to all who loved the Lord Jesus to visit the tent, and they should receive a hearty welcome. What a glorious result from so small a beginning! I will just mention another pleasing instance of the good effected by those little boys; one day as a woman was walking along one of the streets of the town, she thought she heard the sound of a voice in pleading accents issuing from one of the houses she was passing. She stopped to listen, when she recognised the voice of her own little boy, who was praying with others very earnestly that his father and mother might be brought to Jesus. She was much affected, and went in and joined them. Now both she and her husband are members of a christian church. Thus this little boy, only nine years of age, was made instrumental in bringing his parents to the Saviour. I am happy to be able to say that the good work is still going on—silently, it may be, but not the less surely. Blessed be God for ever!

Poetry.

EXTENSION OF THE REDEEMER'S KINGDOM.

SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
  Through distant lands his triumph spread,
And sinners, free'd from endless pains,
  Own him their Saviour and their Head.

His sons and daughters from afar,
  Daily at Sion's gates arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
  By sovereign grace are made alive.

Oppressors bow beneath his feet,
  O'ercome by his victorious power,
Princes in humble posture wait,
  And proud blasphemers learn t' adore.

Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
  Nations remote their offerings bring,
And, unconstrain'd, their homage pay
  To our exalted God and King.

O may his conquests still increase,
  And while fresh wreaths adorn his brow,
Let angels celebrate his praise,
  And saints his growing glories show.

Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
  From all below and all above,
In lofty songs exalt his name,
  In songs as lasting as his love.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP MISSIONARIES.—At a Temperance meeting, Mr. Smithies said:—Of this he had been long convinced, that the weapon to be used must be kindness. Nothing could stand against that. But to blow a man up was only to arouse his feelings of prejudice and opposition. He had lately attended the most remarkable meeting that probably had ever been held. It consisted of two hundred chimney-sweeps and their wives. Two chimney-sweepers spoke, and he was never more moved in his life than he was by their speeches. They were both christian men and staunch teetotallers. One said, "Brother tradesmen," (there was tact for you) "just think of our privileges." (He thought, what can they be?)

"There are very few men who have the opportunities we have of doing good. We can carry tracts, and speak a good word for the Lord, where very few folks can. We can carry tracts into the drawing-rooms and parlours, as well as into the kitchens; and we can leave a word with the mistress as well as with the maid. Many a tract"—and this was said with much humility and deep feeling—"have I taken in my little tin box to keep them clean, and left them in the drawing-room." On hearing this statement he felt somewhat ashamed of his own want of zeal in the cause of temperance and truth. How many opportunities had all christian people left un-improved! He could earnestly desire that all present might be baptized into the spirit of the poor chimney-sweep, feel their responsibilities and privileges, and endeavour to carry their principles into quarters and families where at present they are comparatively unknown.

Fulness of Christ.—The blessedness we derive from the Saviour is single and complete. In him all fulness dwells. He is answerable to every condition. He is a Physician to heal; a Counsellor to plead; a King to govern; a Friend to sympathise; a Father to provide. He is a Foundation to sustain; a Root to enliven; a Fountain to refresh. He is the Shadow from the heat; the Bread of life; the Morning-star; the Sun of righteousness; all, and in all. No creature can be a substitute for him; but he can supply the place of every creature. He is all my salvation and all my desire; my hope, my peace, my life, my glory, and my joy. I cannot be exposed, I cannot be friendless, I cannot be fearful, I cannot be sorrowful, with Him.

The Death Clock.—In the courtyard of the Palace of Versailles, in France, is a clock with one hand, called the King's Death Clock. It contains no works, but consists merely of a face in the form of a sun, surrounded by rays. On the death of a king the hand is set to the moment of his decease, and remains unaltered till his successor has joined him in the grave. This custom originated under Louis the Thirteenth, and continued till the revolution. It was revived on the death of Louis the Eighteenth, and the hand still continues fixed on the precise moment of that monarch's death.

Heaven not merited.—He that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good estate, would be modest in his demand compared with those who think that they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world, are rather from God's goodness than our merit: how much more such happiness as heaven! Jesus bought the heavenly inheritance for us, and he only can give a title to it.

A MARTYR was asked whether he did not love his wife and children, who stood weeping by him. "Love them!" said he, "yes, if all the world were gold, and at my disposal, I would give it all for the satisfaction of living with them, though it were in prison: yet, in comparison with Christ, I love them not." He remembered the words of the Lord Jesus how he said, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me."

The Fireside.

WISHING AND WORKING.

THERE are some people of an idle disposition, who are always grumbling because they must work for their living. They would rather sit with one hand in the other doing nothing, or spend their time in gossip. They wish they had plenty of money, and then they think they should be quite happy. They are under a great mistake. The man who would be happy should always find something to do. For the man who is obliged to be constantly employed, to earn the necessaries of life and support his family, knows not what he wishes when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. It has often been noticed that persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, waste away and die in a very short time. Thousands would have been blessings to the world if they had continued to earn every mouthful of food that nourished their bodies. But, no; the desire of wealth took possession of them, and they were completely ruined. They ran away from content and pleasure, and embraced a lingering death. Ye who are sighing for the pomp and splendour of life, beware? Ye know not what ye wish. No situation, however exalted—no wealth, however great, can yield solid enjoyment while discontent lurks in the bosom. The secret of happiness lies in regarding what the good old book tells us, when it says—"Having food and raiment let us be therewith content." Mind, it does not say we are to be content if we have not got them; but it tells a man how to get them, by "working with his hands that which is good." So the Bible does not say that we must not try to get all the good we can, but it tells us how to get it, by working for it. And who does not enjoy what he eats and wears all the more when he knows that his own hands have worked for all he has? There is a satisfaction and a pleasure in such a honest feeling of richer value than all the

money which some people are wishing their old uncle or aunt would leave them. Depend upon it working and keeping at it will produce a better crop of happiness and contentment than all the wealth that an idle grumbling man wishes to get hold of, that he may sit down and spend the rest of his life in drowsy idleness or riotous living.

The Penny Post Box.

SERIOUS THOUGHTS.

I HAVE been for many years a reader of your *Pioneer*, and I feel much interested in it, for I consider it a cheap, interesting, and instructive little work, suitable for all classes, both old and young. I saw your invitation to working people to write down their thoughts for your Penny Post Box, and so I venture to send mine. I have a sick mother to wait upon, who has been confined to her room and her bed for many years, and my spare time is spent in plain sewing; and while at my work various thoughts pass through my mind—thoughts of death and judgment, heaven and hell, eternal happiness or eternal woe. I often think of the love of Jesus, of his suffering, bleeding, and dying, to save a guilty world. Then I think of that world of bliss and glory, those pearly gates, those golden streets, those palms of victory, those crowns of life, those robes of righteousness, that river of life which proceedeth out of the throne of God. I humbly trust that I, and all the readers of the *Pioneer*, may bear some part in that immortal song, which is sung by all the blood-bought and blood-washed throng around the throne of God. I often think, too, what a blessing is the christian sabbath. I have tried to write these few verses, if you think they are worthy to follow these few remarks.

I LOVE the day of rest;
I love the house of prayer;
I love to mingle with the saints,
And join in worship there.

But there's a rest above,
A holy happy home;
And sinners wash'd in Jesus' blood,
To that bright world will come.

O may this rest be ours,
Through our Redeemer's grace,
That when we quit this vale of tears,
We there may see his face.

M. H.—R.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

Scotch Granite Quarries.—The working of the quarries near Aberdeen commenced 250 years ago; but little progress was made for 100 years. The houses in Aberdeen were constructed principally of wood till 1741, when, a fire taking place, the town council ordained that the fronts of the houses should be of stone or brick. In 1764 granite was recommended for paving the streets of London, and was used for Waterloo Bridge in 1817, and subsequently for the docks at Sheerness and London Bridge. There are upwards of twenty quarries supplying the different varieties of granite: the blue, the red or Peterhead granite, the light red, soft grey, and white. The granite, for the most part, lies in irregular masses in the quarries, and generally of a columnar structure. The quarrying is principally carried on by blasting. The drainage of the quarries is principally accomplished by means of siphons of lead pipe from one to two or three inches in diameter. The quarries are not worked to any great depth, though the best and largest masses are found at the lower depths; and proper mechanical contrivances for working deeper might be used with advantage. With reference to the durability of the granite, there appears no appreciable decay; on the oldest specimens of several hundred years the tool-marks are as sharp and fresh as at first. The tools used in dressing the granite for a long period were hammers, picks, and axes only; but in 1820 steel chisels were introduced, which effected a considerable improvement. Machinery was tried for dressing, but being in the form of a planing machine it failed, the granite requiring a distinct blow to separate the parts. The number of workmen employed in the quarries is about 500 daily, and the number of horses about 50. About 50,000 tons are quarried annually, of which about 30,000 are exported; and the export is increasing at the rate of 500 tons annually.

Hints.

Men will love war, with all its horrors, so long as we build monuments to the *destroyers* of mankind sooner than its *benefactors*.

A Covetous Man does not really possess the wealth he has, for his wealth possesses him.

Time never sits heavily upon a man except he is idle or badly employed. It is no burden to an active and good man.

Beer shops.—Instead of "Licensed to be drunk on the premises," the notice ought to be "Beggars made here."

A good character is of itself a fortune to any man; and he is poor, though rich in money, who is destitute of it.

Passions and principles.—Never let your passions get the mastery of your principles. If you do, it will be like taking off the bolts and bars of your house to let in thieves.

In conversation think first *of what* you will speak, *of where* you are speaking, *of whom* you are to speak, and *to whom* you speak.

Education.—Every man may be said to have had a good education who has learned how to govern himself and his own house.

NEVER GIVE UP HOPE.—It will never forsake you if you do not forsake it. Hope will remain with you if you will let it when all other things are gone.

PRESUMPTION AND CONFIDENCE are not the same. Presumption is thoughtless and rash—Confidence is considerate and careful. Presumption is blind and agitated—Confidence sees clearly, and acts decidedly.

Gems.

AFFLICTIONS are blessings to us when we can bless God for sending them. We should never fear them but welcome them if we only knew God's reasons for sending them.

FAITH is to the soul what the pulse is to the body. By its strength or weakness we may tell the state of our spiritual health.

BAD TEMPERS. If our religion has not cured these it may be feared that it has not done us much, if any, good.

DEATH IS TERRIBLE to the eye of nature, but far more terrible to the eye of conscience. It has no terror to those who trust in Him who conquered it.

THE BIBLE has been described as a river, in which a lamb may wade or an elephant may swim. That is, a child may understand it, but a philosopher cannot fathom it.

PROCRASTINATION is one of the most successful kidnappers of souls, and a busy recruiting officer for the devil. Beware of it!

THE SAINT AND THE HYPOCRITE stand wide apart. The saint feels the grace he cannot express; the hypocrite expresses the grace he does not feel.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE is a great comfort to a man. But some men's consciences are blind, and see nothing; dumb, and say nothing; dead, and feel nothing. Such men must be miserable.

Poetic Selections.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

MY God and Father! while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O! teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me "be still" and murmur not;
And ever pray, as Thou hast taught,
"Thy will be done!"

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would be my cry,
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day!
Blend it with thine! and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Though thou hast call'd me to resign
What most I prized (it ne'er was mine),
I have but yielded what was thine:
"Thy will be done!"

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay;
Through Christ my Saviour still I'd say,
"Thy will be done!"

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest;
To Thee, O Lord, I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done!"

Then when to Heaven's bright realms I soar,
These words, so mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing triumphant evermore:
"Thy will be done!"

MEETING FOR PRAYER AND PRAISE.

OFT have we felt it sweet,
When overwhelm'd with care,
Within this sacred place to meet,
And seek for help in prayer.

And when refresh'd by grace
And mercy from above,
Our hearts have joined in thankful praise,
With gratitude and love.

If others choose the ways
That lead to sin and death,
We in the work of prayer and praise
Would spend our latest breath.

E. C.—B.

The Children's Corner.

EARLY SPRING MORNING.

At early morn how sweet it is to rove,
Where smiling nature looks all fresh and gay;
The sun its radiance o'er the landscape throws,
And song-birds tune their notes from branch and spray.

The labourer onward wends his cheerful way,
Across the plain or up the rising hill;
The plough-boy whistles as he drives his team,
Along the lane or o'er the rippling rill.

Yon milk-maid with a light elastic step,
Trips o'er the lawn to milk the cows all round;
The shepherd and his dog are on their way
To see that all the sheep are safe and sound.

The little lambs skip o'er the verdant grass;
The busy bee roams on from flower to flower;
And every living thing seems full of joy
At this reviving and refreshing hour.

Who would not leave his bed at dawn of day,
To look on scenes so bright and fair as these?
To see the sun begin his glorious way,
And feel the freshness of the morning breeze?

Or e'er forget to let his thanks arise
To Him who gives us all things to enjoy;
Whose glory fills the earth, and air, and skies,
And whose high praise should all our tongues employ.

One crowning gift beyond all these he gave,
When his own Son belov'd from heaven he sent;
Who from all sin our guilty souls to save,
His life on earth in homeless suffering spent,

And died, that by his death our souls might live
With Him in glory near his Father's throne.
Oh, may we all our hearts to Jesus give,
Our light, our life, our everlasting Sun!

Birmingham. G. B.

BY COMMAND OF THE KING OF KINGS, *(a)*

And at the Desire of all who love his appearing. (b)

AT THE

THEATRE OF THE UNIVERSE,

ON THE EVE OF TIME, *(c) (d)*

WILL BE PERFORMED,

THE GREAT ASSIZE;

OR, DAY OF JUDGMENT. *(e)*

THE SCENERY,

Which is now actually preparing, will not only surpass everything that has yet been seen, but will infinitely exceed the utmost stretch of human conception. *(f)* There will be a just representation of the Inhabitants of the World, in their various and proper colours; and their customs and manners will be so exactly and minutely delineated, that the most secret thought will be discovered. *(g)*

"For God shall bring every Work into Judgment, with every secret Thing, whether it be Good, or whether it be Evil." Eccles. xii. 14.

THIS THEATRE will be laid out after a new Plan, and will consist of PIT and GALLERY only; and, contrary to all others, the GALLERY is fitted up for the reception of persons of high (or heavenly) birth. *(h)* And the pit for those of low (or earthly) rank. *(i)*

N.B. The Gallery is very spacious, (k) and the Pit without bottom. (l)

To prevent inconvenience, there are separate doors for admitting the Company; and they are so different, that none can mistake that

(*a*) Rev. xix. 16; 1 Tim. vi. 15. (*b*) 2 Tim. iv. 8; Titus ii. 13. (*c*) Rev. xx. 11; Matt. xxiv. 27. (*d*) Rev. x. 6, 7; 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52. (*e*) Heb. ix. 27; Jude xv.; Ps. ix. 7, 8; Rev. vi. 17; 2 Cor. v. 10. (*f*) 1 Cor. ii. 9. (*g*) Matt. xii. 36; 1 Cor. iv. 5; Rom. ii. 12, 16. (*h*) John iii. 3, 5; 1 Peter i. 23; Romans viii. 14. (*i*) James iii. 14, 15; Romans iii. 8. (*k*) Luke xiv. 22; John xiv. 2. (*l*) Rev. ix. 1, 2—xix. 20.

are not wilfully blind. The Door which opens into the GALLERY is very narrow, and the Steps up to it somewhat difficult; for which reason there are seldom many people about it. (*a*) But the Door that gives entrance into the PIT is very wide and very commodious, which causes such numbers to flock to it, that it is generally crowded. (*b*)

N.B. The strait Door leads towards the right hand, and the broad one to the left. (*c*)

It will be in vain for one in a tinselled coat and borrowed language, to personate one of high birth, in order to get admittance into the upper places, (*d*) for there is ONE of wonderful and deep penetration, who will search and examine every individual; (*e*) and all who cannot pronounce Shibboleth (*f*) in the language of Canaan, (*g*) or has not received a white Stone and new Name; (*h*) or cannot prove a clear Title to a certain portion of the Land of Promise; (*i*) must be turned in at the left hand Door. (*k*)

The PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS are described in 1 Thes. iv. 16. 2 Thes. i. 7, 8, 9. Matt. xxiv. 30, 31; and xxv. 31, 32. Daniel vii. 9, 10. Jude 14, 15. Rev. xx. 12—15, &c. But as there are some people much better acquainted with the contents of a Play-bill than the Word of God, it may not be amiss to transcribe a verse or two for their perusal.

"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the Gospel." (*l*) "A fiery stream issued, and came forth from before him: a thousand thousand ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: The Judgment was set, and the Books were opened. And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life, was cast into the Lake of Fire." (*m*)

ACT FIRST,

OF THIS

GRAND AND SOLEMN PIECE

WILL BE OPENED BY AN

ARCHANGEL, WITH THE TRUMP OF GOD.

"FOR THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND, AND THE DEAD SHALL BE RAISED." 1 Cor. xv. 52.

(*a*) Matt. vii. 13. (*b*) Matt. vii. 13. (*c*) Matt. xxv. 33. (*d*) Matthew vii. 21—23. (*e*) Psalm cxxxix.; Jer. xxiii. 24; 2 Timothy ii. 19; John x 14. (*f*) Judges xii 6. (*g*) Isaiah xix. 18; Zep. iii. 9. (*h*) Rev. ii. 17. (*i*) 2 Cor. xiii. 5; Galatians iii. 29; Heb. xi. 1, 8, 9. (*k*) Heb. iii. 17—19; Psalm ix. 17. (*l*) 2 Thess. i. 7; Matt. xxiv. 31. (*m*) Daniel vii. 10; Revelations xx. 15.

ACT SECOND,

WILL BE A

PROCESSION OF SAINTS,

In White, with Golden Harps, accompanied with Shouts of Joy and Songs of Praise. (*a*)

ACT THIRD,

WILL BE AN

ASSEMBLAGE OF ALL THE UNREGENERATE; (*b*)

Whose Music will chiefly consist of Cries, (b) accompanied with Weeping, Wailing, Mourning, Lamentation, and Woe. (*c*)

TO CONCLUDE WITH AN

ORATION BY THE SON OF GOD.

It is written in the 25th of Matt. from the 31st verse to the end of the chapter; but for the sake of those who seldom read the Scriptures, I shall here transcribe two verses. "Then shall the King say to them on his right-hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: Then shall he say also to them on his left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

AFTER WHICH, THE CURTAIN WILL DROP.

——————— Then! O to tell!

Some rais'd on high, and others doom'd to hell!	John v. 28, 29.
These praise the Lamb, and sing redeeming love,	Rev. v. 8, 9; xiv. 3, 4.
Lodg'd in his bosom, all his goodness prove;	Luke xvi. 22, 23.
While those who trampled under foot his grace,	Luke xix. 14, 27.
Are banished now, for ever from his face.	Matt. xxv. 30. 2 Thess. i. 9.
Divided thus, a gulf is fixed between,	Luke xvi. 26.
And "*Everlasting*," closes up the scene.	Matt. xxv. 46.

"Thus will I do unto thee,—and because I will do thus unto thee, PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD." Amos. iv. 12.

(*a*) Rev. xiv. 2, 3—xv. 2—4. (*b*) 1 Cor. vi 9, 10. (*c*) Luke xxiii. 30; Rev. vi. 16, 17. (*d*) Luke xiii. 28; Matt. xiii. 49, 50; Rev. i. 7; Ezeklel ii. 10.

TICKETS for the PIT at the easy purchase of following the vain pomps and vanities of the world, and the desires and amusements of the flesh: (*a*) to be had at every flesh-pleasing assembly.

"If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die." Rom. viii. 13.

TICKETS for the GALLERY, at no less rate than being converted, (*b*) forsaking all, (*c*) denying self, taking up the cross, (*d*) and following Christ in the Regeneration. (*e*) To be had no where but in the Word of God, and where that word appoints.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. Be not deceived;
God is not mocked:
For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."
Matt. xi. 15; Gal. vi. 7.

N.B. No money will be taken at the door; (*f*) nor will any Tickets give admittance into the GALLERY, but those sealed by the Holy Ghost (*h*) with Immanuel's Signet. (*g*)

"Watch;—therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." Matt. xxiv. 42, 44.

This singular composition is said to have been first stuck up at Richmond, on the 4th of June, 1774, close to the play-bill for that day. The design of this was to divert the minds of the gay and dissipated from the vain amusements of the Theatre, and to fix their attention on the awful circumstances which shall usher in and succeed the GREAT AND TERRIBLE DAY OF THE LORD.

It is very possible that some may object that the proceedings of the great day should be set forth after this manner. But there can be no doubt that the pious and ingenious compiler of this singular bill conceived that it would attract the notice and arrest the attention of many thoughtless persons, and thus lead them to consider their ways and be wise. The lovers of this world's pleasures are generally so infatuated and reckless, that frequently nothing but an extraordinary effort can awaken them to a sense of their folly and sin. The passages of scripture here presented to their view may possibly lead some to consider their latter end, and the awful judgment that will assuredly follow.

(*a*) James iv. 4; 1 John ii. 15—17; 1 Tim. v. 6; Eph. ii. 2, 3. (*b*) Matt. xviii. 3; Acts iii. 19. (*c*) Luke xiv. 33—xviii. 28, 29. (*d*) Luke ix. 23—26; xiv. 27. (*e*) Matt. xix. 28, 29. (*f*) Acts viii. 20—23. (*g*) 2 Cor. i. 22; Ephesians i. 13, 14; iv. 30. (*h*) Rev. vii. 3; xiv. 1.

Poetry.

THE LAST GREAT DAY.

BY MARTIN LUTHER.

GREAT GOD! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling, they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created;
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated:
Low at his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

"THE GREAT DAY OF HIS WRATH."

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead:—

O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
JESUS! be thou our strength and stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE GENERAL JUDGMENT.

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God."

WHAT a vast assembly! What an august convocation is here! Adam now beholds the long line of his posterity; and they behold their common father. Europeans and Asiatics, the swarthy sons of Africa, and the savage tribes of America, here mingle together. The Jew and the Samaritan, the Christian, the Pagan, and the Turk, meet here, alike forgetful of their ancient disputations. The infant and the aged, the oppressor and the oppressed, the slave and his lord, the rich and the poor, form one promiscuous crowd. In that prodigious assembly, you and I must join: for "every eye shall see him." Willing or unwilling, prepared or not prepared, we must each stand before that bar, we must each appear before that Judge. For the day is come—the day of vengeance and of recompense, the day of terror and of triumph—the day which is to manifest the character and determine the everlasting destiny of every child of Adam.

"Great day of dread decision and despair!"

ONE SOUL, SAVED, OR LOST!

GOD hath, in the frame of man's body, given him two eyes, two hands, and two feet, that the failing of one, might be supplied by the other; but he has only given him one soul, so that if that be lost, there is no supply. Nebuchadnezzar may lose his kingdom, and it may be restored; Job his health and wealth, and they may be restored; Lazarus his life, and yet he may be revived; but for the loss of the soul, no means can repair it; all the world cannot recompense it; but being once lost by impenitence, it is lost for ever.

The eternal salvation of one soul, is of greater importance, and big with greater events, than the temporal salvation of a whole kingdom, though it were for the space of ten thousand ages; because there will come up a point—an instant, in eternity, when that one soul shall have existed as many ages as all the individuals of a whole kingdom, ranged in close succession, will, in the whole, have existed in the space of ten thousand ages; therefore, one soul is capable of a larger share of happiness or misery, throughout an endless eternity: for there will still be before it more than a whole kingdom is capable of in ten thousand ages.

What, if it be lawful to indulge such a thought, what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? where shall we find the tears

fit to be wept at such a spectacle; or, could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness; to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth; or were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe?

Shall we all get to Heaven.—A number of friends were dining together. To prevent the introduction of sinful, or at least of idle conversation, one of them said: "Let us discuss the question, whether we shall, one and all, without exception, get to heaven?" This unexpected motion induced all that were present to cherish serious thoughts, and so thoroughly examine themselves. One thought: "If one of our number be lost, I shall be the one!" So thought another, thus a third, and so every one of the company. Even the waiters at the table became serious and thoughtful. It subsequently appeared, that this word gave the first start to the conversion of all who were met together on that occasion.

The Priceless Gift.—The Chinese are exceedingly mercenary. They will do almost anything for money. They have no notion of any man taking a course which does not tend to profit. Many of them think we pay people to become christians: that we hire men and women to receive baptism, and profess faith in the doctrine of Jesus. One of our new converts recently held the following dialogue with a neighbour who attempted to catechise him on the subject:—"How much did these foreigners give you to join their church?—twenty dollars?" "More than that." "A thousand dollars?" "More than that." "How much pray?" "More than the value of the weight of yon mountain in silver and gold." "In the name of Buddha! what?" cried the astonished interrogater. "This precious book," said the christian, holding up to view the New Testament.

On Christ Dying for all.—An aged female in Leicestershire, returning from the place of worship with a neighbour, their conversation turned to the subject of the death of Christ for all men. "Well," said the old lady, "if he did not die for all, it must be *women* he did not die for, for the Scripture says he tasted death for *every man*."

Converting the Non-elect.—The late Dr. Ryland, is said to have told his students, on the morning of the sabbath, to be sure to preach the Gospel to every creature. "And," said he, "should you happen to convert one of the non-elect, God Almighty will forgive you."

A HINT WORH TAKING.—A Minister one day called upon two poor and aged but pious women, and after conversation with them on the good things of the gospel, said, "come, we will have a few words in prayer before I go." One of them, handing him her New Testament, said, "Let our Father speak first." This was a good hint. The word of God and prayer should always go together.

"Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look,
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me."

The Fireside.

HOW TO MAKE EVERY HOUSE HAPPY.

PERHAPS you think this is a secret worth knowing, and so it is. But I dont know whether you will agree with me when I have told you what I believe would do this. But, however, let me tell you, and then you can think of it, and try it, if you think well. I believe it would make every house as happy as it can be made in a world like this, if one thing were done, which everybody, rich or poor, now-a-days, may do if they will. There was a time when they could not—they dare not. But now they can, and none can hinder them. Perhaps you are ready to say, well, what is it? It is this. Every morning at breakfast time read a chapter, or part of a chapter, from the Bible. Indeed, you may be ready to say, is that all? Yes, that is all. If you feel you can do one more thing, all the better. If, after you have read, you can kneel down and thank God for keeping you safe during the past night, and pray him to keep and help you that day, all the better. But if you feel as if you could not manage to do that, you can do the other. And if you only read from the Bible every morning, it would soon teach you how to give thanks and pray too.

Now let me tell you how reading from the Bible every morning would make your house a happy house. It would draw off your thoughts from many things which trouble you. It would teach you to look up to God, your great Father in heaven, for all you want. It would check all bad tempers, and silence angry words. It would make you wish to be more like Jesus Christ, who loved you and died for you. It would help you to love your children more, and teach them to love you more. If sickness or death should come, it would give you more comfort than any neighbour could. It would often be to you as a bright sun shining after dark clouds. God gave the Bible that it might do all this for us; and if we neglect it, we

neglect our best friend on earth. Now, first try my plan. It is worth trying. It will cost no money, and only little time. I have tried it many years, and have always found it a good plan for making the house happy, and so I recommend it to you.

The Penny Post Box.

THE ENGLISH SOLDIER IN INDIA.

A YOUNG man, who was once a scholar in our sabbath school, went for a soldier. His regiment was sent to India, and there, in that "far country," like many more English lads, he "came to himself" as the prodigal did in the gospel. His father has lately received a letter from him, of which he has permitted me to send you a copy.

Burnley.

DEAR FATHER,—I am very glad to hear that you are recovered from your affliction. Yesterday was Christmas-day, and I could not help thinking I was better here thinking of my Saviour, than spending this season of the year as I used to do in England "in riotous living." Oh! how precious Christ is to me now! How sweet his very name sounds. He alone can give eternal life. But he had to buy it for us with his blood. You, my dear father, would not have liked to give up me, your unworthy son, to such sufferings. But our heavenly father spared not his own, his only son. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." When I think of my Saviour patiently bearing pains and death for me, then, with Thomas, I exclaim, "My Lord, and my God!" I wish all my brothers and sisters knew the preciousness of Christ's love. He is as able and as willing to save them in England as to save me in India. For he will save all who come to him, and cast out none. How kind are those words of his "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." And then to think that if we are faithful unto death he will give us a crown of life, and that we are to sit with him in his throne. Yes, we are to sit down in the throne of the Maker and Ruler of the universe—the KING of KINGS and LORD of LORDS. What high honour this will be! Well: when we have finished our course here, may we have victory over death, and having washed our robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, may we all be found at last where we shall be separated no more for ever! This is the sincere prayer of your loving son,

Madras, India. T. C.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

WHAT WAR HAS COST EUROPE.

HAD it not been for war, the nations of Europe would not have owed one penny of National debt. But what do they owe now? As near as can be known their debts are now:—

Great Britain	£868,000,000
France	376,956,650
Austria	239,154,117
Russia	125,857,409
Spain	153,245,394
Holland	90,528,652
Prussia	40,000,000
Sardinia	27,080,809
Belgium	26,145,214
Naples	20,210,945
Portugal	19,122,800
Roman Ststes	17,152,000
Bavaria	14,147,000
Denmark	13,541,666
Greece	8,250,000
Baden	7,000,000
Saxony	6,417,228
Hanover	5,705,011
Turkey	5,000,000
Wurtemburg	4,035,809
Hamburg	3,988,036
Brunswick	966,652
Saxe-Weimar	881,000
Nassau.....	850,000
Parma	592,000
Saxe-Meiningen ..	546,269
Francfort.....	494,583
Sweden	450,000
Saxe-Altenburg ..	354,724
Saxe-Coburg Gotha	289,657
Oldenburg	240,000
Switzerland	160,000
	2,077,326,125

Now, these war-debts of Europe, amounting to more than *two thousand millions sterling*, entail an annual charge in interest and cost of management of at least £80,000,000. If we add this to the sum already computed for military establishments and loss of labour, it will give a total of £240,000,000, as the oblation which European nations have to offer *every year* on the altar of Moloch.

Hints.

ON PAYING YOUR DEBTS.

1. If you wish to secure the reputation of being an honest man, pay your debts.

2. If you would avoid bringing disgrace upon the religious party you belong to, pay your debts.

3. If you are anxious to get a good article, charged at the lowest price, pay your debts.

4. If you wish to obtain such credit as your business may require, be sure to pay your debts.

5. If you would remain on terms of friendship with those you trade with, pay your debts.

6. If you would avoid embarrassing others who are depending upon the settlement of your account, pay your debts.

7. If you wish to prevent mistakes and going to law, keep your accounts right, and pay your debts.

8. If you wish to stand clear of the charge of lying, and making false excuses, pay your debts.

9. If you desire to pursue your business with peace of mind, pay your debts.

10. If, in the expectation of death, you would like to leave your affairs in order, pay your debts.

11. Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have got the money in your pocket.

12. If you wish to do what is right in the sight of God and man, you must pay your debts.

Gems.

My Sins are many and great, but the Lamb of God died to secure pardon for all my sins. O sin, what hast thou done to ruin me! O Jesus, what hast thou not done to save me!

My Saviour offers to blot out all my sins. For doing this for me, what can I do less than give myself to him.

The only hindrance to a man being happy is the conviction that he is an unpardoned sinner. Christ has removed this hindrance. Let him believe this, and he will be happy.

Do you feel doubts as whether Christ died for you? Dont indulge them; for they are not of God; they are of the devil, who is a general dealer in doubts. He first taught man to doubt and then to sin.

For a man to doubt whether God, for Christ's sake, will forgive his sins or not, is neither more nor less than to doubt that God is true, for he has said he will.

It is no presumption in any man, however great a sinner, to believe that Christ is both able and willing to save him from all his sins. But it is worse than presumption not to believe it.

Put the whole matter of your own interest in salvation by Christ in this way. He came to save sinners—I am a sinner—so he came to save me. Stand fast by that, and the devil cannot move you.

Dont give up seeking for assurance that God for Christ's sake will, nay that he has, forgiven you. This assurance is promised. Dont give up asking and seeking until you find it.

The highest happiness any man can enjoy in this life is the assuring witness of the Holy Spirit in his heart that he is a child of God, reconciled to his heavenly Father by Jesus Christ.

Poetic Selections.

LIFE.

How swiftly do the minutes run
  Which mark life's narrow span below;
And days and years as quickly come,
  As quickly come, as quickly go:
Such are the fleeting joys of life,
At best but sorrow, pain, and strife.

The happiest hours which we enjoy
  Are those which we in childhood see,
When we have joy without alloy:
  But these, like all, as quickly flee—
Flee to Eternity's domain—
Flee never to return again.

Then youth comes on, with passions warm,
  And hope attendant fresh and strong;
But sorrows rise and do it harm,
  Though perhaps it may linger long.
Thus early on life's stormy way
We pass full many a weary day.

But riper years draw nigh, and bring
  Good books and learning to our aid,
When soaring high, on wisdom's wing,
  We trace the path the wise have made.
But even here, there's danger near—
'Tis not without a cause for fear.

Then last of all comes tottering age;
  Disease and death its mortal foes;
'Tis written upon time's last page,
  And soon the volume will be closed;
For we, like all things here below,
Have stated times to come and go.

Since then life's joys elude our grasp;
  Since life itself is but a dream:
'Twere wise for surer joys to ask,
  The joys of heaven as yet unseen:
Though all below is pain and strife,
Christ gives us everlasting life.

Look, then, for joys above the sky,
  And glory in thy Saviour's love;
Despise the world's alluring eye,
  For fairer, brighter, things above:
He who does this need never fear
The worldling's laugh, or satan's sneer.

And when thy little term of life
  By thee is passed, by thee forgot,
Oh! may you be set free from strife,
  From all on earth which marks man's lot,
And pleasures find in yon bright land
For evermore, at God's right hand.

South Lambeth. W. C.

The Children's Corner.

TO MY INFANT SON.

LITTLE prattler, darling boy,
Oft we look on thee with joy,
  Just starting now to walk;
Thy toddling feet we love to see,
We love to hear thy cheerful glee,
  And all thy childish talk.

But ah! my son, as years increase,
Say, wilt thou choose the paths of peace,
  And mingle with the wise?
As to a throne of grace we go,
Child, that it even may be so,
  Thy parents' prayers arise.

Now launched into a world of care,
And set about with many a snare,
  To lure thy feet astray;
Oh! choose, my son, that better part;
Cleave to the Lord with willing heart,
  And tread in wisdom's way.

Remember, my beloved son,
All bad companions ever shun,
  And all their pleadings spurn;
Whate'er in life may be thy lot,
If sinners tempt, consent thou not,
  But from all evil turn.

Cleave to the Lord whate'er betide;
And be His holy Book thy guide,
  Through all thy earthly strife;
Then when you cross cold Jordan's foam,
Dying will be but going home,
  To gain eternal life.

In works of love improve thy time,
And follow after things Divine,
  While here thy feet shall rove;
And when life's race we shall have run,
May both thy parents and their son,
  All meet in heaven above.

Birmingham. R. C.

THE BIG-DRUMMER OF ST. HELENA.

GEORGE M'NOUGHT was born, in the north of Ireland, of Presbyterian parents, and was therefore, to a considerable degree, brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." He had but an imperfect education, could read not very well, and write not much better. He was a weaver, and for a time supported himself by his trade; but being addicted to profanity and dissipation, he at length enlisted as a soldier in her majesty's service, and was sent to St. Helena. He had a fondness for music, and was, in consequence, put in training for the band, into which, after a suitable drilling, he was introduced as a proficient in the art. He was thus elevated above the ranks, and a dress was given him much superior to that of a private. His personal appearance was very attractive; and, by a strict attention to his regimental duties, he won the respect, and secured the approbation, of his officers. But his life, when out of the ranks and the barracks, was very irregular and profane. For two years he continued to pursue a course of high-handed-wickedness.

The soldiers who had been converted during a revival, were wont to meet at stated times for prayer and conference in what was called "the soldiers' room," attached to the mission premises. This meeting was conducted by Sergeant Brook, a very devoted servant of Christ. These soldiers were animated with an ardent desire for the conversion of their comrades, and frequently singled out one and another as special objects of prayer. At the same time they endeavoured to persuade them to attend upon the preaching of the word.

Among others, George M'Nought shared in their christian solicitude, and was at length prevailed upon to enter the house of God, and hear his word. Presently he was awakened to a sense of his guilt, wretchedness, and danger. He was brought to see into what depths of iniquity he had plunged, and how dreadfully wicked and abandoned his life had been. A letter came, just then, from home, in which his godly parents poured forth their affection, in pious counsels and entreaties, urging him to forsake the ways of sin, and turn to the Lord. This timely epistle deepened his conviction, and soon he was led firmly and penitently to resolve, in the strength of the Lord, to seek the mercy of his God, if there was any mercy for such

a wretch. Encouraged by his comrades who were pious, who took him by the hand, prayed for and instructed him, he was brought, under the preaching of the word, to believe with his heart unto righteousness, and to cast the burden of his sins upon the Saviour. His soul was now filled with joy, as one alive from the dead, as a new creature in Christ Jesus. To his anxious parents he sent, in reply, the joyful tidings of the restoration of their prodigal son, and of his reconciliation to his offended God and Father.

He cast in his lot fully with the people of God, and, like Caleb and Joshua, followed the Lord with his whole heart. He was neither a Demas, clinging to this present evil world, nor a Diotrephes, loving the pre-eminence. His was not the Laodicean lukewarmness, nor the Galatian unsteadiness. He counted "all things but loss" for Christ, set his eyes on the goal, and pressed "toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." His motto was, "This one thing I do." So remarkably did he grow in grace, that all his acquaintances "took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus."

He abounded and delighted in prayer, spending hours daily with God in the "soldiers' room" of the mission premises. He shrunk not from the exercise of his gifts in public, and most fervently, as well as effectually, did he pray. It was a great pleasure to all the church to hear him; and rich was the blessing, which seemed always to flow upon them from above, when George prayed.

He loved the sanctuary, and drank in, with awe and holy reverence, the instructions of God's word, relishing most the strong meat, on which his soul fed and grew apace. He was an example to the believers in the regularity and punctuality of his attendance at prayer and conference meetings, whenever not on regimental duty, as well as on the sabbath-day, to hear the word. His spirituality appeared in his whole deportment, as well as in his speech and devotions. He adored the free, rich, and abounding grace of God, and greatly delighted in the contemplation of the infinite riches of grace and wisdom that are treasured up in Christ, ever seeking to magnify and exalt the wonders of redeeming love, and to lead his comrades to Jesus. His faith and courage was such, that he could go through fire and water for his beloved Lord. Such, too, was

his remarkable proficiency in the knowledge of the truth, as to give undoubted confirmation to the promise, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord."

Nor was he less distinguished for his humility. Of himself he never spoke but as "less than the least" of the saints, and as not worthy to be called a disciple, or to receive even a crumb from the Master's table, or a cup of water from the Lord. If at any time he was troubled with remaining infirmity, he mourned over his corruption, and, with deep contrition

"At the foot of the cross,
He would weep for his loss,
Till the blood made him holy again."

His exertions to lead his comrades to the Saviour were not only unremitting, but patient and long-continued. He wearied not, nor was he discouraged under rebuke and reproach. He sought them out, entreated and besought them; and not in vain. Many of them were persuaded to accompany him to the sanctuary and the place of prayer, of whom several became happy subjects of divine grace.

He delighted, also, in conversing with his fellow christians on the things pertaining to the kingdom. Often they would gather round him in groups, on the mission premises, and stand, with open ears, drinking in his homely, yet savoury and heavenly talk, by which the sleepy professor was roused, the conscience of the unfaithful stung, the timid encouraged, the feeble strengthened, and the wandering reclaimed. Yet he attempted not to preach or lecture.

George had been chosen, by reason of his fine person, to be the bass-drummer. The carrying of the large drum is very injurious to the chest, and but few persons have been known in the British army who could long sustain the burden. George sank under it, and was under the necessity of leaving the ranks for the hospital. He may have been pre-disposed to consumption; but the climate of St. Helena had not aggravated the disease, as it is well known to be highly favourable to the removal of such disorders.

In the hospital he was treated with kindness and skill; so that after some weeks he began to amend, and was permitted to leave the sick room and resume his place in the ranks. During his sickness, he was enabled, by his fervent prayers, pious instructions, and holy conversation, to prove himself a blessing to his fellow patients, some of whom will, through

eternity, have occasion to bless God for their acquaintance with him in the hospital.

Grateful as were his brethren in the church to see him once more among them, it was but for a short season only. His disorder soon became more alarming, and he was obliged to return to the hospital to leave it no more alive. For the space of three months he was gradually sinking and wasting away; but not a murmuring word escaped his lips. With the utmost patience and resignation he awaited the will of God.

Poetry.

PEACE, LOVE, AND JOY.

SWEET is the whisper of His love,
  When conscience sinks beneath its load,
That bids our guilty fears remove,
  And points to Christ's atoning blood.
Oh, then, 'tis sweet indeed to know
God can be just and gracious too.

Sweet is the peace that Jesus gives,
  When all aroumd is clad in gloom;
Sweet 'tis to know the Saviour lives,
  When friends are hurried to the tomb,
And those we love are snatched away,
Like flowers that wither in a day.

And, oh, 'tis sweet, when we begin
  To find this earthly house give way,
To feel a cheerful hope within
  Rising superior to decay,—
A hope implanted in the breast,
Bright foretaste of eternal rest!

But to behold Immanuel's face,
  From sin and sorrow to be freed,
To dwell in his divine embrace,—
  This will be sweeter far indeed!
The fairest form of earthly bliss,
Is less than nought, compared with this.

And yet, through Jesus' love and grace,
  I hope ere long those joys to share;
Before the throne to find a place,
  That bright unfading crown to wear,
And join the ransomed choir above,
To celebrate redeeming love!

Anecdotes and Selections.

My Mother's Prayer.—Every one who has thought on this subject, must know how great is the influence of the female character, especially in the sacred relations of wife and mother. My honoured mother was a religious woman, and she watched over and instructed me as pious mothers are accustomed to do. Alas, I often forgot her admonitions; but, in my most thoughtless days, I never lost the impressions which her holy example had made on my mind. After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before. But my busy thoughts would not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught a sight of the spot where my dear mother, forty years before, took my hand and said, "Come, my dear, kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer." This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed, and fell upon my knees just on the spot where my mother kneeled, and thanked God that I had once a praying mother. And, oh, if every parent could feel what I felt then, I am sure they would pray with their children, as well as pray for them.

Power of Holy Conduct.—The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow-creatures; but none so good, so efficacious, as leading a virtuous, upright, and well-ordered life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men or angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend is more effectual to strengthen such as stand in virtue's way, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty, or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes by far the greatest part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in

the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more, to regenerate the world, and bring it to an everlasting righteousness, than all other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of christianity.

Dr. Chalmers.

Know Thyself.—O what a change it would make in the world, if men were brought to the knowledge of themselves! How many would weep that now laugh and live in mirth and pleasure! How many would lament their sins and misery, that now are pharisaically confident of their integrity! How many would seek to faithful ministers for advice, and inquire what they should do to be saved, that now deride them, and scorn their counsel, and cannot bear their plain reproof, or come not near them! How many would ask directions for the cure of their unbelief, and pride, and sensuality, that now take little notice of any such sins within them. How many would cry day and night for mercy, and beg importunately for the life of their immortal souls, that now take up with a few words of course, instead of serious, fervent prayer. Do but once know yourselves aright, know what you are, and what you have done, and what is your danger, and then be prayerless and careless if you can; then but trifle out your time, and make a jest of holy diligence, and put God off with lifeless words and compliments, if you can. Men could not think so lightly and contemptuously of Christ, so unworthily and falsely of a holy life, so delightfully of sin, so carelessly of duty, so fearlessly of hell, so senselessly and atheistically of God, and so disregardfully of heaven as they do, if they did but thoroughly know themselves.—*Baxter.*

The Devil's Angling.—The devil knows well enough that if he cannot keep men from trying their states, and knowing their misery, he shall hardly be able to keep them from repentance and salvation; and therefore he deals with them as Jael with Sisera: she gives him fair words, and food, and layeth him to sleep, and covereth his face, and then she comes upon him softly, and strikes the nail into his temples; and as the Philistines with Samson, who first put out his eyes, and then made him grind in their mills. If the pit be not covered, who but the blind will fall into it? If the snare be not hid, the bird will escape it. Satan knows how to angle for souls better than to show them the hook or line, and to fright them away with a noise, or with his own appearance. *Baxter.*

A Naval Officer's Bible.—On the fly-leaf of his bible were these words:—"This Bible was presented to me by Mr. Raikes, at the town of Hertford, January, 1781, as a reward for my punctual attendance at the Sunday school, and good behaviour when there.

And after being my companion fifty-three years, forty-one of which I spent in the sea service, during which time I was in forty-five engagements, received thirteen wounds, was three times shipwrecked, once burnt out, twice capsized in a boat, and had fevers of different sorts fifteen times, this Bible was my consolation; and was newly bound for me by James Bishop, of Edinburgh, on the 26th of October, 1834, the day I completed the sixtieth year of my age, as witness my hand."

A Deserved Reproof.—A young man entered a grand place of worship patronised by the nobility and wealthy, and walked up the broad aisle without a pew being opened to him. Having gone to the furthest extent of the aisle, he turned round, and walking back again to the door, disappeared. In a few minutes he reappeared, bearing on his shoulders a butcher's block, under the weight of which he staggered. All the time his countenance was immoveable. The people stared, and some in fright started from their seats, with bibles and prayer books in hand. At length he placed the block in the middle of the asile, and sat upon it. The reproach was felt—several pew-doors flew open to him. But no—the stranger neither moved nor smiled, but preserved the utmost decorum until the conclusion of the service, when he shouldered his block, and slowly marched out of the church.

A King's Daughter.—A poor, but pious woman called upon two elegant young ladies, who, regardless of her poverty, sat down in the drawing room, and entered into conversation with her upon religious subjects. While thus employed, a brother, a dashing youth, by chance entered, and appeared astonished to see his sisters thus engaged. One of them instantly exclaimed, "Brother, don't be surprised; this is a king's daughter, though she has not yet got on her fine clothes."

An Acrostic on the Word "Drunkard," with appropriate texts of scripture affixed.

Drunkenness is the
D estroyer of the constitution. Prov. xxiii. 29—32.
R obber of the pocket. Prov. xxiii. 21.
U nerring pathway to a premature grave. Nahum i. 10.
N everfailing producer of misery. Isaiah xxiv. 7—12.
K indler of strife. James iv. i.
A ssassinator of the human race. Prov. vii. 25—27.
R eproach of the character. 1 Cor. v. 11.
D estroyer of the soul. 1 Cor. vi. 9—10.

The Fireside.

BAD NEIGHBOURHOOD.

There is a spiteful, resentful spirit, quite inconsistent with good neighbourhood, which nevertheless prevails to a sad extent in some places. Persons have been known to lay poison for a neighbour's cat or dog, to turn the pigs into his garden during his absence, or, at least, to see them destroying the fruits of his labour without attempting to drive them out; in a word, to take pleasure in any mischief befalling him, and rather promoting than preventing it; and encouraging children in hatred, malice, and spite, against neighbours' children. How miserable, as well as detestable, must the person be who can indulge such wicked dispositions! And how painful must be the feeling, when trouble and affliction come, of having forfeited every claim to the sympathy and kindness of neighbours. Even if a better disposition should prevail with them to render undeserved pity and assistance, their kindness must be felt as the keenest reproach, and indeed heap coals of fire on their head, Rom. xii. 20. On the contrary, how pleasant it is to establish a character for kindness and good-will, for no one to be able to charge us with an illnatured speech or action; for every one to be ready to attest to acts of prompt and considerate kindness; and, in time of affliction, to be surrounded with kind, willing, grateful friends, anxious to return the succour they have in past time received. Even, if removed from the circle of those on whom past kindness has given a claim, those who have, to their utmost ability, helped others in time of need, often find that Providence most unexpectedly raises up for them friends among strangers.

We were speaking of things that do not belong to good neighbourhood. Among these may be reckoned waste of time and neglect of family duties. Some women often run in to ask a neighbour how she does, intending not to stay a minute; but they get into a gossip about one thing and another—very likely a mischievous gossip about affairs which do not belong to them, and by which neither party is benefited—and the time slips away faster than they are aware; and the fire goes out, and when the husband comes home his meal is not ready, and domestic strife ensues; or the children are crying, neglected, and getting into mischief and danger during the mother's absence. All these evils the prudent wife will avoid; and, as real duties never clash, she will never be induced to believe that good neighbourhood can require from her any such sacrifice of time as will interfere with the claims of the scriptural injunction on her, to be "a keeper at home." Titus, ii. 5.

The Penny Post Box.

TWO OLD WORKERS.

PROVERBS do not always run on four legs. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is one of these, for it is often made use of by an idle young fellow, who would play half his time if he could. No doubt rest from work is needful, and hence a rest-day was appointed by our Maker, at the end of every six days; and recreation is also pleasant, both for our bodies and our minds, when used in moderation. But yet as a rule, all grown-up people feel more satisfied to be at work, when work has to be done, for they then enjoy rest and recreation all the more. None are so miserable as those who have nothing to do. Then again it is very natural that an aged person should seek rest at the end of his days; and it may be that some must have it because of their infirmities. But when an aged man has health and strength, though he may have been working all his days, he dont like to sit still and do nothing.

We have two of these "old workers" in England now, and they were both made Lords for their hard working. There is LYNDHURST, who, on his 88th birth day, in May, 1860, made a long and learned speech in the House of Lords. I remember hearing him plead fifty-two years ago, when a barrister, at the quarter-sessions at Kirton-in-Lindsey, Lincolnshire. Then there is BROUGHAM, only a few years younger, who, in the same month, made a speech several hours long on all manner of subjects, when installed into the new dignity of Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh. A few words which then dropped from his lips caused me to write the above—

"I might perhaps claim the benefit of rest after so long a life of labour; but the real truth is—and I venture to utter it in the presence of many younger friends, as it imparts a useful practical lesson—as expressed by the great Christian poet, Cowper,

> 'A want of occupation is not rest,
> A mind quite vacant is a mind distrest.'"

This was noble in the "old man eloquent." I am getting an old man myself, and have worked hard in my way all my life, and I will as long as God gives me health and strength. The time will come, however, when, like Jacob, we *must* die. Well: for those who have feared and served God a rest remaineth—"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, blessed *are* the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

My Workshop. AN OLD WORKER.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ABOUT STORMS AND SHIPWRECKS.

THE storms which swept over England in October, 1859, and in Feb. and May, 1860, will not soon be forgotten.

Nearly entirely surrounded as England is by the sea, with rocky shores, or more dangerous sand-banks, our seamen are exposed to many perils.

About 100 life-boats are stationed round our coasts ready to afford help either by night or day.

These life-boats are manned by 4000 men, who in 1859 saved the lives of 227 persons.

In 1859, as many as 1646 lives were lost off our shores by shipwreck. Eight hundred of these were lost in two vessels—the *Royal Charter* and the *Pomona*.

One gold medal, twenty silver medals, and above £1000 were given during the year as rewards for saving lives.

The gold medal for 1859 was given to Joseph Rodgers, the Maltese sailor, who swam on shore through the breakers with a rope from the *Royal Charter*, Oct. 25, by which twenty-five were saved, and all might have been had not the ship, broken by a heavy wave, gone down.

The Life-boat Institution is an honour to the nation. It was formed thirty-five years ago, has expended £37,000, and saved the lives of 11,401 persons.

Twelve new life-boats, with carriages, have been placed upon our coasts during 1859, and more are preparing.

Hints.

FASHION IS A TYRANT.—Her victims have lately been young ladies in muslin dresses, which, distended by crinoline, readily take fire. Never be her slave.

A PRODIGAL can never be rich long. He always outruns his purse, soon empties it, and seldom is known to fill it again, for he does not know how.

DO YOU SEE A MAN who sets a very high value on himself; he does so at the expense of others whom he knocks down, and standing on them, says, "See what a big man I am."

NEVER BE TROUBLED because a proud man keeps you at a distance, for by so doing he keeps as far off himself.

KIND WORDS are excellent capital to trade with in a world like this. They cost nothing, but they often return a good profit.

AN ILLNATURED MAN can never be a friend of the public, for how can he love a thousand men who never loved one?

THE HEAD OF A VAIN MAN is like some of the pots in a doctor's shop, labelled with grand words outside but empty within.

A QUARRELSOME MAN is as much to be avoided as a loaded gun, which by accident may go off and shoot you. Nay he is worse, for his temper may go off at any time.

NEVER BE A JESTER.—Wit is a dangerous thing to play with. A man who is always trying to make others laugh, does so at the expense of his own reputation. A mere buffoon or punster is a contemptible character.

NOTHING IS MORE EASY than to do mischief, and this is why there is so much of it in the world.

Gems.

FAITH IS NOT PRESUMPTION.—I may believe that God will forgive me if I truly repent of all sin and trust in Christ alone. But I must not presume that he will if I do not.

THE HOLY SPIRIT is given to them that believe, to show them the perfect righteousness and glorious excellence of Christ, assuring them that all he has is theirs.

GODLY SORROW FOR SIN is the first sign of genuine religion in a man's heart. Only let this be felt, and he will readily listen to the glad tidings of salvation by Christ.

WE OFTEN WONDER where heaven is, and what it will be. Let us not be anxious about either the one or the other. Jesus, the Saviour, will be there. That is enough.

BANISHMENT FROM GOD will make the hell of the wicked. "Depart from *me*" is the most dreadful curse that can fall on any created intelligent being.

IT IS AN AWFUL FACT that many know and approve the doctrine of salvation by the atonement of Christ alone, who never felt its saving power in their own hearts.

AFFLICTIONS AND BEREAVEMENTS come like stormy winds on the trees. They loosen our roots from the earth, and reminding us of our frailty, teach us to look for the land 'Where winds and waves disturb no more.'

HAST THOU HOPE—a good hope of eternal life by Christ. Hold fast by it, for it will be an anchor to thy soul by which thou will be able to outride all the storms of time.

INWARD EVIDENCE.—If I feel that I fear God, that I reverence his word, delight in his worship, enjoy the communion of saints, and love the blessed Saviour, hoping I shall at last be with him for ever, then I may as much believe that I am born of God as that I did not make myself.

Poetic Selections.

THE RICH MAN AND HIS JESTER.

IN former times some rich men kept
A jester, to afford
Amusement in their idle hours,
Around the festive board.

I've heard of one, of great renown,
And when at length he died,
His jester said, "Where's master gone?
He does not here abide."

A servant answer'd, "Master's dead,
And he is gone, I'm sure,
To heaven above, there to enjoy
It's bliss for evermore."

The fool replied, "When master did
A journey undertake,
He always would, you know quite well,
Great preparation make.

Heaven is, they say, a long way off,
He cannot be gone there,
For while he lived he never did
For that far place prepare."

Although this man was called a fool,
This was no silly joke;
For there was much of solemn truth
In what the jester spoke.

He is the "fool" who in this world
Lays up his worldly store,
And never seeks by Christ the joys
That last for evermore!

Newport, I. W. J. D.

OLD EPITAPHS.

THE following epitaph will be found on a tomb at St. Saviour's, Southwark, which bears no name:—

Not twice ten yeeres of age,
A weary breath
Have I exchanged
For a happy death;
My course so short,
The longer is my rest:
God takes them soonest
Whom he loveth best:
For he that's borne to-day,
And dies to-morrow,
Loseth some days of rest,
But more of sorrow.

A carpenter who had gone through "a great deal" in the way of business was made the subject, when dead, of the following epitaph:—

Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a place could get;
And lived by *railing*, though he was no wit;
Old saws he had, although no antiquarian;
And *stiles* corrected, yet was no grammarian.

The Children's Corner.

THE POOR CHILD'S PRAYER.

Our Mary lived beside a brook,
  A little untaught child;
For never had a single book
  Been in that forest wild.
She could not say her A, B, C,
  Nor spell the simplest word;
Yet she, beneath the forest tree,
  Was happy as a bird.

She gathered wild flowers all the day,
  And pebbles in the brook,
The flowers that come before the May,
  Beneath their sheltered nook;
She gathered nuts upon the hill,
  The mushrooms in the grass,
And loved to hear the whip-poor-will,
  Like any country lass.

At night, when Mary went to bed,
  She knelt her down to pray;
"Our Father, bless me," Mary said,
  "Take care of me alway."
And when her mother sometimes said,
  "Dear Mary, do not cry;
I know not how to get more bread,
  Since corn has grown so high;"

Then Mary said, "Our Father dear,
  Give us our daily bread;"
And thought that he her prayer would hear,
  And yet their table spread,
For robin sits within his nest,
  The fox lies in the wood;
God gives his creatures what is best,
  And all their daily food.

E. O. S.

DEATH OF THE BIG-DRUMMER.

GEORGE M'NOUGHT, the big-drummer of St. Helena, having been brought, through Divine mercy, to see and feel his own sinful and guilty state, and having been led by the Holy Spirit to Jesus for salvation, had now been for several weeks in the hospital.

He enjoyed a sweet and serene composure of soul throughout his illness. Though the "outward man" was perishing, "the inward man" was "renewed day by day." He rejoiced to do what his wasting strength would allow for the spiritual welfare of his comrades in affliction. He was visited by many of his fellow christians, and others also, to all of whom he spake, as he was able, of the worth of the soul, of the necessity of experimental religion, of the willingness of God to save, of the efficacy of the Saviour's blood, of the unspeakable comforts of grace, and the wonderful support of the Spirit. To those who were unconverted, he would speak particularly of the vanities of the world, and the awful danger of dying in sin. "Ah!" he would say, "What a miserable, guilty, lost wretch should I be now, had I all the world with me, and no Jesus! How much better am I off, having Christ with me, and but little or nothing of the world. Every day he strengthens me, sustains me, and is preparing me for heaven." Then he would tell of the bright prospect of glory that was spread out before him, and say, "All this for poor George, unworthy George; not the merited purchase of my own good works; oh! no, but the merited purchase of Jesus' sufferings, precious blood, and death." He seemed to be completely captivated with the charms of the Saviour's love, and would often repeat those sweet words of Dr. Watts':—

> "Were the whole realm of nature mine,
> That were a present far too small;
> Love, so amazing, so divine,
> Demands my soul, my life, my all."

His christian brethren, with great modesty, yet with great faithfulness, he would exhort to live near to God, and to fight manfully against the world, the flesh, and the devil. To do this, he told them, they must be stronger in soul than in body —must be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. To obtain this spiritual "might in the inner man," they must give themselves much to private prayer, spend much time with God, and as little as possible with the world. "Brethren!" he would say, "Walk with God, and dont go away from him;

cleave to him with full purpose of heart, and he will never leave you, never forsake you. I am sure of this. I have tried God for myself; and, notwithstanding all my unworthiness, he has been a God of faithfulness, a promise-keeping God to me. Only see how he is supporting me now! See how he holds me up while heart and flesh are failing me! 'The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I trust in Him.' Oh! when I think of the long-suffering of God to me, and that he spared me, and did not cut me down in my sins; that he sent his servants and his gospel after me, his spirit to quicken, and enlighten, and convert my poor, dead, dark, and guilty soul—oh! the goodness of God to me! 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?' 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' Oh! brethren, if I get to heaven, I'll praise him there as I cannot praise him here."

Thus he would talk to those who visited him day by day—who felt as if they had spent some time on the very suburbs of heaven; and, on meeting some one or another of their friends on the street, after a visit to George, they might be often heard to say, "Oh! you ought to have heard George to-day; such heavenly blessed things he did say! What a happy state of soul he is in! What a heavenly frame of mind! His heart is full of God. I'll tell you what it is, the religion that George has is worth more to him now than all the world. Oh! that I may have such religion as George's, when I come to die.' The unconverted who visited him all confessed that they saw in him, and heard from him, what they never saw or heard before. He was a subject of discourse all through the town, and all over the island.

But it became every day more and more apparent, that the day of his departure was at hand—that he was fast ripening for the heavenly kingdom. It was on a dark and drizzly night, and at a late hour of that night, that it came into my mind to visit him. I knew not how, but so it was—the conviction was fastened on my mind, that there would be a change with George before the morning. My family would fain have dissuaded me from visiting the hospital that night, as it was late, wet, and dark. But something said, "Go, and tarry not." I left the mission house, and proceeded up the valley, toward the house of mourning. The hospital stands about half a mile above the mission house. It was between the hours of ten and eleven when I entered the ward. I found George sitting up, seated

in a large easy chair, that had been given to me by an American missionary on his visit to the island, who had received it from a governor in India. When poor George was taken sick, I sent it up to the hospital for his use.

He was surrounded by a number of his christian fellow soldiers, and two or three civilians; Sergeants Wright, Noble, M'Calley, and, as I think, Cooper, were there, and brother James Buchanan—all brought to God through the opening of the mission on that island. As I approached, George held out his hand, caught mine with eager grasp, held it for some time, and, gazing upon me, said, "Mr. Bertram, I'm glad that you have come; you are my father in the gospel; but for your preaching, I might have lost my soul." I said, "George, how do you feel to-night?' His answer was, "Oh! sir, very poorly;" and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "I thought my Heavenly Father would have sent his chariot of love for me before this time; it has not come yet, but I am waiting for it. I am prepared for it, and all ready to go." I sat down beside him, and supported his head for some time with my right hand, holding sweet and delightful conversation with him. "George," said I, "Do you feel the Saviour still precious to your soul? Do you still feel that you love him much?" "Yes," said he, "and I long to be with him."

We then all knelt together at the throne of grace, one of the christian brethren supporting George in the chair, while I commended his soul, for the last time, to the protecting and everlasting arms of the Redeemer. The earnest spirit of George accompanied us, in his fervent breathings to the throne of grace, and while beseeching the Saviour to be with him in passing through the valley.

When prayer was over, I sat down at the foot of one of the beds of the hospital, and, being wearied with the exercises of the day, I fell asleep. I slept, perhaps, the greater part of an hour. The conversation that passed while I slept, was related to me by one of the christian brethren. He said that it was of the most heavenly and sublime character, which he was altogether inadequate to represent.

He was not permitted, however, to enter the New Jerusalem without a vigorous assault from the last enemy. During the first part of the time his conversation with the brethren bespoke his full assurance of hope, and a soul filled with the joys of the great salvation; but during the latter part of the time, a dark

cloud seemed to steal over his soul, and envelop his spirit in darkness, as if the light of the Divine countenance was withdrawn. In dismal distress and horror he began to sink in deep waters where there was no standing; and in the disquietude of his spirit, to cry out to his christian brethren, "Oh! what shall I do? oh! what shall I do?" The brethren replied, "Why, George, what is the matter with you? What has come over you know? Are you not happy now, George?" "No," said he, "I'm wretched; I'm miserable; I'm undone for ever; I've lost my Christ; he has gone away from me; oh! what shall I do for my Christ? Oh! where shall I find my precious Christ? Oh! dear! dear! I have lost my Christ! He has gone away and left me. Oh! what shall I do for my Christ?" The brethren reminded him of the precious promises of the gospel, and betook themselves to the throne of grace in prayer, that the enemy might not be permitted to exact upon him, nor the son of the wicked one to afflict him.

Prayer prevailed; the enemy was driven back; the snare of hell was broken; the darkness was scattered; the light of God's countenance burst upon him again like the noonday sun through an ocean of storms. His soul was radiant with the Divine glory; his very eyes sparkled with heavenly joys; "the peace, that passeth all understanding," beamed in his very countenance, and again he cried out aloud, "I've found my Christ; I've got my Christ; I have my Christ;" clasping his arms across his breast, with his eyes raised to heaven, he continued to exclaim, over and over again, "Oh! my precious Christ! What a sweet, lovely Christ! I will keep my Christ. Oh! I shall never part with my Christ. I'm safe now—I'm happy now; and I'm all right with my Christ." Turning to the brethren, he said, "I was miserable when I lost my Christ. Oh! I could not live without my Christ. I should be lost but for Christ. But now I am happy with my Christ." He said, "Brethren, are you all happy? I am so happy, I think I could spare some of my happiness. Am I dying, brethren? Is this dying? Why, I feel as if I were in heaven." While he thus spoke, the cough seized him, and convulsed him for a length of time. It was evident to all that it was death, storming, and shaking, and demolishing the earthly tabernacle; it was his last struggle with the last enemy. When the coughing fit was over, he was only able to say, "Brethren, lay me down on that couch there, on the floor." Four of his christian fellow soldiers removed

him from the chair on which he sat, and laid him on the mat. All now gathered around him, kneeling and stooping over him.

Such a sight my eyes never beheld. Soldiers, with their red coats, and epaulets, bending over this christian hero, in his last great conflict with the king of terrors! He opened his eyes once more, and his last words were, "Victory! Sweet Jesus! Precious Jesus!" His head fell over, and the soul of the victorious warrior, shouting from the battle-field, had fled!

Poetry.

SONG OF PRAISE FOR CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

To God, the great Eternal King,
Let us the best of praises sing;
To him, the sovereign Lord of all,
Let praise ascend from great and small.
He made the earth, the sea and sky,
And fish to swim, and birds to fly;
Made beasts and fowls of every size,
Insects and worms, and gnats and flies.
And he made man, the best of all
The works he made before the fall,
Endow'd with powers above the rest,
That he might praise his Maker best,
And glorify his holy name,
And all his wond'rous works proclaim.
But man rebell'd, and brought disgrace,
Ruin, and death, on all his race,
And forfeited both life and breath—
Exposed to everlasting death.
But God, in mercy, sent his Son
To die for crimes that man had done:
He came, and in a wondrous way
Did all his Father's will obey;
And then resigned his holy breath,
To save us from eternal death;
Appeas'd his Father's righteous frown,
And for our lives gave up his own.
O! this was wond'rous love indeed,
That we from bondage should be freed;
Delivered from eternal pain,
And with our great Redeemer reign.
Shall man refuse to taste the grace;
Neglect to seek the Saviour's face;
And slight the joys of heaven above,
So dearly purchased by his love?

Romford. W. C.

Anecdotes and Selections.

Self-Confidence and Holy Fear.—In the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, the Rev. Lawrence Saunders, a faithful minister, and Dr. Pendleton, a man of learning and seeming zeal in preaching the Gospel, were conversing on the times, and the probability of a very severe persecution. Mr. Saunders appeared weak in faith, and very fearful he should not remain steadfast; but Pendleton, with an air of courage and zeal, said, "Why, there is much more cause for me to fear than you; yet I will see the last drop of my blood melt away before I will forsake Jesus Christ and his truth, which I have professed." It was not long after that they were both put to the trial, when poor, feeble, faint-hearted Saunders, always jealous of himself, by the power of divine grace, sealed the truth with his blood, and endured his torments with the utmost fortitude; but proud, self-sufficient Pendleton, fell away, and turned papist. So true it is that the most confident in themselves are the nearest to apostacy; and that nothing can support the soul in trials, and carry it happily through them, but the omnipotent grace of an Almighty Redeemer.

Voltaire, the French Infidel, once dared to attempt versifying that spirit-moving hymn of the crowned singer, Psalm li. All went well enough till he got to the 10th verse, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." His pride, however, his truly infernal hatred towards God and his worshippers, did not allow him to pray to God with the royal penitent for a clean, upright heart: still he essayed to throw the verse into a poetic form; but suddenly the terrors of hell fell upon him; the pen stiffened in the hand of him who had penned so many blasphemies and satires, to the ruin of innocence and godliness. He wanted to fly, but could not. He nearly swooned away, as he sunk upon his sofa; and in after times, he repeatedly confessed to his friends, that he could never think of this awful incident without renewed feelings of terror.

A Rich Man.—The late Mr. John Kingsland recorded in his journal a remarkable fact. An English gentleman, of large property, was passing through a wood in his carriage, when some person exclaimed, "The richest man in the parish will die to-night!" He went home and took to his bed, and sent for his physician, saying, "I am the richest man in the parish, certainly." In the morning, however, he heard that the *poorest* man in the parish had died." When told that the pauper was eminently pious, he said, "Then he is gone to heaven, and, as an heir of glory, was really the richest man!" The gentleman became from that time serious, and soon introduced into the town the gospel which his neighbour loved, with much success.

FATHER AND SON.—In the year 1788, two desperate characters, named Winter, father and son, were hanged at Morpeth in the county of Northumberland. When they were leaving the gaol, to proceed to the place of execution, the father expressed a desire that his son would shake hands with him. But the son positively refused. "No! father," said he, "I shall not shake hands with you: it is all owing to your bad bringing of me up, that I am come to this; it is all your doing; you've been no friend to me, and I shall not shake hands with you." They were soon after carried to the gallows and both hanged together. Reader, are you a parent? Remember the hour is coming when you and your children must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ to receive the things done in the body. Are you so bringing up your children that they may bless you at that day? Alas! many a wicked child, of careless, worldly parents, will depart to their own place, accusing them as the occasion of their ruin. "Its all your doing," they will say, "'tis you who have brought me to this; you have been no friend to me."

THE WELSH GOAT AND THE PARSON.—The Rev. Rees Pritchard, Vicar of Llandovery, in the county of Carmarthen, in the sixteenth century, when he entered on his living, was extremely gay, and much addicted to drinking; but was reformed and converted to God by the following singular occurrence. He had a favourite goat, which used to ramble about the town, and was once enticed into a public-house by some loose fellows, who made it drunk with ale. After this, the animal seemed more disposed than its owner to learn wisdom from past misfortune. It would never go near the tavern, and always retained a strong aversion to that intoxicating liquor of which it had been made to drink. It would never taste the deceitful draught, nor even endure the smell of it. This sagacious conduct of his goat so powerfully arrested the mind of Mr. Pritchard, as to render him ashamed of the odious sin of drunkenness, while it led to a train of reflections which became the means of his conversion; and he lived afterwards to be eminently pious and useful.

THE TOWER OF REPENTANCE.—Upon the top of a hill near Hoddam Castle, in Scotland, there is a square tower, over the door of which is carved the figure of a dove and a serpent, and between them the word "Repentance," whence the building is called "The Tower of Repentance." It is said, that Sir Richard Steele, while riding near this place, saw a shepherd-boy reading his Bible, and asked him what he learned from it? "The way to heaven," answered the boy. "And can you show it to me?" said Sir Richard in scorn. "You must go by that tower," said the shepherd, and he pointed to the "Tower of Repentance." As Sir Richard is said to have been addicted to intoxication and the criminal indulgence of his passions, this direction was ve y suitable and quite seasonable.

The Fireside.

GREAT THINGS FROM LITTLE THINGS.

How common it is to hear people say in reference to matters of habit and life, "it is of little importance," "it is only a trifle," "it cannot be of any consequence." This is a great mistake. Everything is of consequence. There is not a thought, there is not a word, there is not a single thing done, however mean and private, but has power in shaping the next thought we may think, or the next action we may perform. Why man! thy thoughts, thy words, thy acts, are all pregnant with power, which not only go to build up thy own nature, shape thy own mind, and colour thy own life; but have an effect also in the education of thy children, and the formation of their characters. Contained in a thought, there often lies an issue of vast results.

Thus the future lives in the present. The minds of the next generation are the creations of the minds of this. To a great extent it is for you to determine what they shall *be* and *do*. *Hereafter* receives its complexion from *now*.

And so, if we be faithful, we may be the almoners of blessing, truth, and freedom, to peoples yet unborn. As a first step we must faithfully attend to "little things." The man who attains to greatness, does not do so by one convulsive struggle, but by a series of conflicts, by successive victories and defeats. He proves his qualification for great enterprises by fulfilling duties improperly denominated *mean*. The man who waits for an *occasion* of greatness, never will be great at all. Your great man is he who does the duty of the day; that which is nearest to him, however insignificant to others it may appear. Little things are the seed of things that are great, whether good or evil. Vast consequences result from trifles. A little folly has often created wretchedness, disease, and beggary. A little resolution has won victories more sublime and imperishable than those of Trafalgar or Waterloo.

A *little* fire may produce much ruin, a little word may break up old friendships. A little event has changed the condition of a people. Little things are mighty agents. As in nature the acorn produces the oak, so in mind, a thought or an act may decide the quality of a life.

> "The small continual creeping of the silent footsteps of the sea
> Mineth the wall of adamant, and stealthily compasseth its ruin.
> The weakness of accident is strong, where the strength of design is weak.
> The world in its boyhood was credulous, and dreaded the vengeance of the stars;
> The world in its dotage is not wiser, fearing not the influence of small things:
> For trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building up of character."

The Penny Post Box.

THE PAPIST AND PUSEYITE.

A BALLAD FOR THE TIMES.

THE papist and the puseyite
Would take away from us the light—
  The scriptures that we handle:
Like those who would put out the sun,
Or stop him in his course to run,
  And light us with a candle.

Tractarians send their agents round,
And truth with error now confound,
  Throughout the British nation.
A little water on the head,
With certain prayers by parsons read,
  They call regeneration.

But God has open'd now our eyes;
His Holy Scriptures make us wise,
  His will and revelation.
No papist nor a puseyite
Shall take away from us the light
  We hold in estimation.

The blood of Christ, and that alone,
For our offences must atone,
  And purchase our salvation;
His Spirit must our lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew,
  And work our renovation.

No works nor duties we have done,
Can for the smallest sin atone,
  Nor yet the best behaviour:
Faith in the blood on Calvary spilt,
Alone can cleanse the soul from guilt,
  And purchase heavenly favour.

God loved the world and gave his Son,
And he for us the work has done,
  Exceeding great and glorious:
And all who in his name believe,
The greatest blessings shall receive,
  And reign with him victorious.

Oh! that the sinners all around,
Would seek for pardon whilst 'tis found,
  Through Jesus' mediation.
Seek, through his blood, to be forgiven,
The only way that leads to heaven,
  The Gospel of salvation.

Romford. W. C.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

HOW LONG CAN OUR COALS LAST?

We find, on the authority of Dr. Buckland, that 400 years is the period computed as necessary to exhaust our coal-fields; while another informs us, "on scientific authority," that these coal-fields will continue to supply us for 1200 years. These statements are founded upon certain published documents; but they have been adopted without fully considering the changes which have taken place in our consumption since these computations were made. In 1829, Mr. Hugh Taylor, after carefully examining the areas of our coal-fields, and computing the quantity of workable coal in each, named 1,727 years as the possible period requisite to exhaust the coal-fields of Durham and Northumberland. Dr. Buckland regarded Mr. Hugh Taylor's estimate as a very exaggerated one. The area of the "coal-measures" of the United Kingdom has been assumed, with a fair approach to correctness, to be 11,859 square miles, or 7,589,660 acres. The area of the "coal-beds" is considerably less than this. We may, however, regard the Durham and Northumberland coal-fields as being about one-eighth of the entire area from which we draw our fossil fuel. The "Mineral Statistics," show the total produce of the United Kingdom, in 1858, was 65,008,649 tons of coal. We derive nearly one-fourth of our coals from the Newcastle district; three-fourths are, and will continue to be, obtained from the remaining seven-eighths of the British coal-fields. Now, after a careful examination of the whole question,—considering the rapid exhaustion of the South Staffordshire coal-basin, and the enormous drain upon the Yorkshire and Lancashire fields,—we are convinced that there exists in the United Kingdom, unworked, but workable, coal sufficient to meet a demand of 70,000,000 tons per annum for 700 years.—*The Mining Journal.*

Hints.

Three Things are difficult to do. 1. To keep a secret. 2. To forget an injury. 3. To make good use of spare time.

Be regular.—He seldom thrives who lets things take their chance. Try to subdue them to your purpose, and they will bend to your will.

Command yourself, and you will be more able to command others.

Controul your Passions, or, depend upon it, your passions will controul you.

Impatience is a dangerous ally. It will either paralyse your power, or drive you into danger.

Have you Children? Teach them what is good yourself. If you dont others will teach them evil. For they will learn something.

There must be more fools than knaves in the world, or the knaves would not get a living.

He who lives reckless of the future, gives the strongest proof that he has been reckless in the past.

Proud Ambition is a wild horse that never rests until it has thrown its rider. Rarey himself could not tame it.

Wisdom and Decision should always keep company. Let wisdom direct you in laying down your plans first, and then carry them out with decision.

Gems.

WHEN GOD SEES PENITENCE, sitting weeping for her sins, he sends the angel Mercy to dry her tears, and Hope to bid her be of good cheer.

TRUST IN GOD.—None ever trusted in God without feeling he had gained more strength, more wisdom, more safety, and more happiness.

RELIGION IS LIKE ARITHMETIC, very hard to work if you dont master its rules at first; but very easy when once understood. "I am a sinner, Christ is my Saviour," is the sum of the whole.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.—When by prayer we obtain favours from God, we must hem them in with praise, or they will ravel out and waste away.

THE CHARIOT WHEELS of God's providence will not move faster for our hasty impatience. He has eternity to work in, and is not measured in his movements by time. Be still and know that he is God.

THE LOVE OF GOD.—Only let me have the consciousness of this in my heart, and if all the world hate me I shall yet be happy. This is heaven brought down to earth—*to me.*

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.—This cannot be a doctrine of man. It must be from God. Man would never have dreamed of such a thing. And to this day he laughs at it and despises it.

WHAT SHALL WE DO IN HEAVEN but admire for ever Infinite Wisdom carrying out the designs of Infinite Benevolence.

ONE DEBT we shall always owe on earth to every man—to love him. And one debt we shall ever owe in heaven—to love the Saviour. These debts can never be fully paid in earth or heaven.

Poetic Selections.

SWEET SECLUSION.

BY the side of a growing plantation,
  Away from the haunts of mankind,
Absorbed in devout meditation,
  The sweetest of pleasures I find.
And oh! how delightful the pleasures I feel,
When myself in such rural retreats I conceal.

When the sun is arising at morning,
  And gilding the hills in the west,
And the beauties of nature adorning,
  And clothing creation at best—
Oh! where is a scene so delightsome as this,
Affording sweet pleasure and natural bliss.

The dew drops transparent and pearly,
  Hang thick on the grass and the spray;
How much do they gain who rise early,
  These beautiful scenes to survey.
Oh! let me rise early while strength shall remain,
To gaze on their beauties again and again.

The birds on the bushes are singing;
  The heifers and flocks spread abroad;
The plants from the earth are here springing,
  All showing the wisdom of God.
What infinite wisdom and skill is displayed,
Perfection of beauty in glory arrayed.

How much do they lose who lie sleeping,
  Or lounging on couches and beds,
While providence kindly is heaping
  Munificent gifts on our heads:
To him should our gratitude cheerfully flow,
Who gives us so many sweet pleasures below.

Here nature array'd in full beauty,
  Her splendid perfections display,
While the labouring man in his duty,
  Is plodding along for the day—
And where is the man that's so happy as he,
From business, strife, and anxiety, free?

How thankful am I for seclusion,
  Where I from the world can retire,
Away from all strife and confusion,
  The beauties of natnre admire.
And from beauties of nature my thoughts rise above,
Adoring with wonder my God and his love.

Romford. W. C.

[The above lines, and other poetic pieces with the same signature in this number, are by a "Labouring Man"

The Children's Corner.

EDMUND PALMER AND THE OLD CRIPPLE.

"ONLY look, Mary, at that old cripple going down on the other side of the street," said Edmund Palmer to his sister, as she sat sewing at the table, and he was gazing out of the window at the persons who were passing by. Mary went to the window and said, "Oh, Edmund, do not talk in that way! that poor man cannot help being so; he was born so, and cannot help it." Edmund burst into a loud laugh, and said to his sister, "What a soft old fellow he is; I would not be so if I could help it; I would soon get a cure for it; and never be laughed at by people as he is." "My dear," said his sister, "I am grieved to hear that you have so little pity in you for that poor man, who, you know, cannot help being so, and he cannot get a cure for it. I am sure if you were to be so you would feel very much hurt if any one were to say of you what you have said of that poor man. Never again say so, my dear." Edmund only laughed again, and went away.

Now Mary and Edmund had, by the will of God, been deprived of their dear parents, and, with another brother and sister, were left alone. But they were all older than Edmund, who was of a random turn of mind, and would be a soldier in spite of the advice of his sisters, and brothers, and friends; so one day he went to the barracks and enlisted.

It was many years after that he returned home from the wars to his native town, with only one leg. As he came down the street with a crutch, and faint and weary, he blushed when he thought of the poor old man he mocked when a boy. As the big tears ran down his sunburnt cheek, he at last arrived at the home of his brotbers and sisters, where he lived and died a happy and sincere christian.

Let this tale be a warning to those of my young readers who have ever mocked or laughed at a cripple, for who knows but that some day they too will be in the same condition?

My dear young friends, the soldier felt deeply, when he was himself deprived of a limb, the ridicule he had made, when a boy, in laughing at that poor old cripple. Now pray remember, when beholding a deformed person, how gracious the Lord has been in granting you the use of all your limbs, and daily let your praises ascend unto Him for these, and all the blessings continually showered upon you. God careth not for the outward appearance, but all who love Christ in their hearts are heirs of the kingdom of heaven; where all will be perfect.

JOHN BUNYAN'S SLOUGH OF DESPOND

NOT FILLED UP YET.

We expect that all our readers have read Bunyan's wonderful book—"The Pilgrim's Progress"—and remember how "Christian," when setting out on his pilgrimage, got stuck fast in the "Slough of Despond." Honest John, by that, wished to point out, that when a man begins to feel that he is a great sinner against God, that God will never forgive him, and the more he thinks so the more he flounders and the deeper he sinks in the mud of the slough, until the Saviour comes and says, "Take hold of my strength," and so helps him out.

A Minister relates the following fact of a young lady, who was in great distress of mind about her soul and its salvation. She regularly attended religious services with her pious parents, and observing how distressed she always appeared he went to see her. They lived in the country, and on the evening when he arrived at her father's house he had a long conversation with her, but she only said bitter things against herself, and could not be comforted.

Next morning (he says) "I was just about to take leave of the family, when I found myself, suddenly, under the influence of an impression that my work in this family visit was not yet done. I felt constrained not to leave without further conversation with Emeline. Apparently with an anxiety to hear more said to her, she had taken her seat in a weeping posture, and a younger sister also sat near her, who had witnessed the conversation the evening before, and appeared solemn. My mind led me to resume the same train of thought which had been dismissed the evening before.

'Emeline,' said I, 'the devil is a liar, and the father of lies, for Christ has so declared. And yet this old deceiver has made you believe that Christ himself is not able to pardon and save you. Listen to the voice of your Saviour in his holy word—'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Emeline, you are one of those heavy laden sinners that Christ invites to come to him. You are conscience-smitten, soul-distressed, helpless and hopeless, without his mercy. You are heavy laden under a sense of your supposed unpardonable sins. And yet, your blessed Saviour

invites you to come to him for rest. The only condition he requires is comprised in his invitation to come, and accept of his mercy freely—yes, *freely*. Submit to Jesus on the terms of the gospel, and pardon, rest, peace, and heaven will be yours.'

'O,' said she, 'what must I do to submit?' I replied: 'To submit to God on the terms of the gospel is nothing more nor less than to believe in Christ, and trust in him alone for salvation; then love and serve him, and the Divine promise is, thou shalt be saved. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ now, and you shall find rest from your burden and be blessed for ever.

I paused. All for a moment were still, and then, with flowing tears, she broke silence (her sister also weeping), 'O, my sins are too great to be forgiven! O, this distress, this burden! O, this indescribable load! What shall I do? What will become of me? How can Jesus forgive the unpardonable sin?'

I replied: 'You have not committed the unpardonable sin. Every sigh, and tear, and groan of distress, and anxious inquiry about what you must do to be saved, attests the fact. From the guilt of all other sins Christ will cleanse and save you, if you submit to him. 'He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.' Now, Emeline, will you believe satan when he says that Christ cannot pardon and save you? Can you any longer believe satan's lies and be chained down in despair? Or will you believe that Jesus your Saviour, who died for you, who saved a penitent dying thief, a trembling jailor, a persecuting Saul, and millions of other guilty sinners, is able, also, to save you, a trembling, despairing sinner at his feet, pleading for mercy?'

Here I discovered that the delusive foundation of her unbelief and despondency began to be shaken. Trembling, and overwhelmed with anxiety, she exclaimed, 'I do believe in Jesus. O that I could give up my heart to him.' Her sister also, who sat and heard the whole conversation, appeared to be deeply and solemnly affected.

The thought occurred that now was a favourable season for special prayer. Prayer was proposed. We all fell on our knees. God was there, and the mighty power of the Holy Ghost was felt. When prayer was concluded, both the sisters continued on their knees, and broke out into agonizing cries

for mercy. The younger appeared to have the greatest anxiety. Prayer was made for them again and again, interspersed with solemn appeals, urging them to renounce every other help but God alone, and cast themselves entirely on the blood of the atonement for salvation. I endeavoured to keep their minds fixed on their sins, their danger, and Christ their only deliverer from condemnation and wrath. And emphatically I applied to their present condition the apostolic exhortation, 'Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'

These exercises continued more than two hours, during which time the sisters, of their own accord, remained on their knees, while their distress and anxiety appeared unabated. But now the scene suddenly changed. The younger sister cried out, 'Jesus is precious! I have found Jesus. I have found my blessed Saviour.' She arose from her knees praising the Lord; and though Emeline responded, 'Glory be to God!' she remained in her kneeling position in most distressing agony. The youngest daughter ran to her mother, and exclaimed, with accents of the most tender affection, 'O, mother, I have found my blessed Saviour.' The affectionate mother appeared overjoyed at the prospect of another child hopefully added to the Lord.

But there was another object before her, calculated to move all the tender sympathies of a mother's heart. There was her Emeline, over whom her soul had yearned, for whose deliverance from the power of the adversary she had prayed, still under chains of darkness, groaning in distress. The mother, observing that she was much exhausted, proposed that she should rise and take some refreshment. But it was not without much persuasion that the mother succeeded, such was the anguish of her soul.

Her distressed state of mind became now, more than ever, the subject of family alarm. I have reason to believe that different rooms in that house were that day converted into closets, from which cries for help ascended to the Throne of mercy. Most fervently did the sister who that day had hopefully found her Saviour, kneel by the side of Emeline, and pour forth her soul in supplications for mercy for her distressed sister. One expression of Emeline must not be omitted. I was speaking of the love of Christ in his condescension to die for a world of sinners under sentence of death, when she exclaimed, 'O this

I own my guilt, my sins confess,
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.

Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died,
'T would only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at thy side.

Lord, at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And—if thou spurn me from thy throne—
I'll be the first who perished there.

Anecdotes and Selections.

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID.—Ten years since there was a little town in the mountainous regions of Pennsylvania, which had about six hundred inhabitants, but not a single church or house of worship, nor, so far as known, a single individual in it who made any pretences to personal religion. About that time a lady who resided there was called to visit some friends in the west, and during her absence was brought under religious influences, which resulted in her conversion. Immediately her heart became interested in the spiritual state of the place of her residence, and she returned to it determined, by the grace of God enabling her, to undertake something on its behalf. Accordingly, she spoke to several, but received no encouragement, but was rather repulsed. At length she resolved upon commencing a sabbath school. One morning she met the gentleman who made this statement, and told him her purpose, but he, too, discouraged her. She, however, went on, had two scholars that day, the next sabbath six, and before the summer was closed, *one hundred and sixty*. Shortly after the school was well started the public began to be interested, many became personal inquirers after Christ, a minister was sought, and now—as the population had steadily increased, and religious duties have been persisted in—there are five organized churches in the place, three sabbath schools with about six hundred children in them, and six young men have gone out from that place, and from this effort, into the christian ministry.

NEGLECTING SALVATION.—Most of the calamities of life are caused by simple neglect. By neglect of education, children grow up in ignorance. By neglect, a farm grows up to weeds and briers; by neglect, a house goes to decay; by neglect of sowing, a man will have no harvest; by neglect of reaping, the harvest will rot in the field. No worldly interest can prosper where there is

neglect; and may it not be so in religion? There is nothing in earthly affairs that will not be ruined if it is not attended to; and why may it not be so with the concerns of the soul? Let no one infer, therefore, that because he is not a drunkard, or an adulterer, or a murderer, that he will be saved. Such an inference would be as irrational as it would be for a man to infer that, because he is not a murderer his farm will produce a harvest, or that, because he is not an adulterer therefore his trade will take care of itself. Salvation would be worth nothing if it cost no effort—and there will be no salvation where no effort is put forth. Christ, the Son of the Most High God, has died to save us. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" How?

Seeking a Better Country.—When a christian truly lives by faith, and has clearer views of the grandeur of his calling, and the final consummation of his hopes, he lives above the world, and is insensible to its charms, and superior to its fascinations. A christian does not turn his back upon the things of this world because he has no natural capacity to enjoy them—no taste for them; but because the Holy Spirit has shown him greater and better things. He wants flowers that will never fade; he wants something that a man can take with him to another world. He is like a man who has had notice to quit his house, and, having secured a new one, he is no more anxious to repair, much less to embellish and beautify, the old one—his thoughts are upon the removal. If you hear him converse, it is upon the house to which he is going. Thither he sends his thoughts; and thus he declares plainly that he is seeking a better country.

God's Plan the Best.—The natural man is disposed to murmur at the dispositions of Divine providence. This is a species of rebellion which ought to be abhorred. Never complain of your birth, your training, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something, if only you had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most deplore as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines.

The Road to Heaven is Open to All.—A man may go as straight from the store, shop, or deck, to heaven, as if he kept weary watch in a cloister, or had shivered himself to death in a cave. It is a man dying with his harness on that angels love to take up. I hope those old water-logged saints that died soaking in damp stone cells were taken to heaven. They had hell enough on earth, and it would be a pity for them to have a continuation of it in the other world; but I think they were the poorest of all human commodities ever taken in!

A PLACE FOR PRAYER.—"Where do you find a place to pray in?" was asked of a pious sailor on board a whaling ship. "O," he said, "I can always find a quiet spot at the mast-head." "Sam, do you find a spot for secret prayer?" asked a minister of a stable boy. "O yes, sir, that old coach is my closet, and it is the best spot on earth." Where there is a heart to pray, it is easy enough to find a place.

The Fireside.

EARLY INFLUENCE.

THERE can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful loving home. It not only ensures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution—but it almost makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh young heart in old age. I think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and of childhood's proper joyfulness; and I never see children destitute of them, through the poverty, faulty tempers, or wrong notions of their parents, without a heart-ache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind, or heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked; but children must have love inside the house, and fresh air and good play, with some companionship, outside — otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering or growing stunted, or sour and wrong, or at best prematurely old and turned inward on itself, which is bad.

FAMILY REFORM.

FAMILY reform is the very pivot upon which every other reform turns. Principles have their birth in the family circle; it is the great school for power, love, wealth, and friendship. The smallest beginnings have great endings, and the spirit of charity, instilled into the bosom of a child, bursts forth enlarged in the actions of the man, and perhaps may have a large share in the future policy of a nation. We may look to the difference betwixt a man brought up from his earliest infancy in a thoughtless or extravagant household; and another who had lived in peace, and felt the glow of filial love; contrast them, how different the bearing of their minds. Often do we hear a penurious man exclaim, by way of a compromise with his conscience, as he turns his back upon some starving wretch, "Charity begins at home!" How little is that man aware of the mighty truth which he utters? Charity *does* begin at home, but by no means *ends* there; it is nourished carefully, and in its leading-strings, amid kindred spirits, and makes man a more kind

and thinking being; more ready to forgive by thinking on the possible *cause* of offence, by placing himself in the same position; more ready to endure uncomplainingly, because he is aware that there are annoyances which cannot always be remedied; more peaceful, because knowing the value of peace; more loving, by having love bestowed on him; more pitying, because in the fulness of his own contentedness he can afford to pity rather than hate; in short, imbued with all the better feelings, because he daily enjoys their blessings. And what is the best promoter of Family Reform—the BIBLE.

The Penny Post Box.

THIS STORMY SUMMER.

HERE we are, when I sit down to write this, getting fast on to the middle of August, and a great deal of the hay not got in yet; indeed many fields are not yet cut. As for the corn, it has scarcely yet changed colour, and when some of it, just coming into ear, will be ripe, who can tell? Yesterday I passed over 200 miles of country in the middle of England, and I could not but notice these things as the train glided along. And then I have also noticed that this summer the garden fruits have not ripened in due season. Indeed I do not recollect, for the past fifty years, such an unfavourable spring and summer. It seems as if this kind of weather would last until the time of the year when it began in October, 1859; at all events it seems now likely to last until the autumnal equinox in September.

I thought I would write about this "bad weather," as some people call it, just to remind those who may read what I write, that the seasons are in the hands of God, and that by them he often teaches men lessons of their dependence upon him, for we are all too apt to forget or to presume on his goodness. This is the lesson he is teaching us now, and we ought to regard it; viz., OUR DEPENDENCE UPON HIM.

But His judgments are always tempered by mercies. We have just heard that there have been abundant crops of corn in the United States; hundreds of thousands of bushels of which are already on their way to this country; into which, through the repeal of the corn taxes, they may now come freely, at only a small charge for admission.

And so God provides for the wants of one country by the abundance of another. Let us praise Him for his goodness; and let us be thankful that our food can come to us untaxed from all parts of the world where the people have more than they want for their own use. I am sorry that some men do not seem to think of these things at all, but is it not wise in us to notice and consider them?

A TRAVELLER.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE POTATO PLANT.

THIS now well-known plant was unknown in Europe until some time after the discovery of America. It was called "openauk" by the Indians. Herriot, a follower of Sir Walter Raleigh, when describing Virginia in 1588, calls it "a kinde of root of round form, some of the bigness of wallnuts, some farre greater, which are found in moist and marish ground, growing many together, one with the other, in ropes, as if they were fastened with a string. Being boyled or sodden, they are verie good meate."

Sir Walter, on returning from America in 1586, gave some to his gardener in Ireland to plant. They grew, and taking the apples he went to his master and said, "Is this your fine fruit from America, Sir Walter?" His master, pretending to be ignorant, told the gardener to dig them up and throw them away if he found nothing else. He did, and soon returned with a basket full of round roots.

At first they were only cultivated in the gardens of the rich and noble for their tables, as a rare and curious foreign food; but they soon were got hold of by the people. They were first cultivated in cottage and farm gardens in Lancashire, and spread from thence into Yorkshire and all over the kingdom, and to France and Ireland. Now they are a common food all over Europe.

There is another good quality about the Potatoe; for, like corn and rice, we are never tired of it; we have always a relish for it. Here we see, too, the goodness of God in giving us most of that food we can always eat.

Hints.

ABOUT TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

Temporal.

"Using this world as not abusing it."

Wish for them moderately.
Ask for them submissively.
Wait for them contentedly.
Obtain them honestly.
Receive them gratefully.
Manage them prudently.
Employ them lawfully.
Impart them liberally.
Forego them resignedly.
Give them up willingly.

For they are all for this life only, and the fashion of this world passeth away, and the desire thereof.

Spiritual.

"Set your affections on things above."

Desire them earnestly.
Seek them diligently.
Prize them inestimably.
Ponder them frequently.
Wait for them patiently.
Expect them hopefully.
Receive them joyfully.
Enjoy them thankfully.
Improve them carefully.
Retain them watchfully.
Plead for them earnestly.
Grasp them resolutely.
Hold them tenaciously.

And they shall be thine eternally. For he who thus doeth the will of God abideth for ever! And so sit down and sing—

"I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls rich or great;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

Father, I wait thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide my portion still:
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
'Till death and heaven reveal the rest."

Gems.

ADNESS.—The Gospel is that only, which restores rs to their right mind.

OU ALL THE RICHES OF u would not be satisfied. who made the soul can

IS A FALSE PEACE. Try ill it be sickness-proof, of, judgment-proof?

FER THE CREATURE BE- is like lighting a candl a darkened room, instead the shutters to let in the

RITY should be as oil to s of obedience—adversity to fill the sails of suppli-

ST DIED FOR OUR SINS."— nger on this text, and it thy conscience, smooth thy low, and extract the sting

NESS OF CHRIST.—To ll we compare it? It is ew on flowers, the rain on r herb, or like a flake of n infants cheek.

OVE OF JESUS is deeper deepest sea, higher than st heaven, as old as eter- as enduring as the Throne

NOT LOVE CHRIST AT ALL not love him above all we or knew, above all we de- above all we can think.

DRAW NEARER TO GOD." words are written on th e of a young wife. Per- y were her last, and her thus preserved them for of others, and for the nore we copy them.

HY SHOULD WE NOT draw God? He is our Father ; and what obedient child of coming to its Father?

Poetic Selections.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

CONTEMPLATE when the sun declines,
Thy death with deep reflection!
And when again he rising shines,
The day of resurrection!

THINK!

YES, think that for the joys of vice,
Indulged without control,
That thou must pay a fearful price—
That price will be—*thy soul!*

A FRENCH CEMETRY MOTTO.

THESE dead once lived,
And thou who liv'st shalt die;
Thou heed's it not,
Yet that dread day draws nigh.

AN OLD PRAYER.

TEACH me to feel for others' woe,
To hide the fault I see
The mercy to others show,
That mercy show to me.

BE THOUGHTFUL.

UNTHINKING men oft waste their strength in vain,
The thoughtful will with ease their end attain.
Be thoughtful whether thou be rich or poor,
Thy hands may help thee, but thy head will more.

DECEPTION.

OH! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive.
Deception ruined our race,
And drove them from their Maker's face.

GIVING YET GAINING.

A MAN there was, though some did count him mad,
The more he gave away the more he had.
He who bestows his goods to help the poor,
Shall have as much again and ten times more.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

FRIEND, dost thou ever for salvation crave?
Here, and here only, is the power to save.
Here no delusive hope provokes despair,
No mockery meets you, no deception here!

THE BOUNDLESS LOVE OF GOD.

COULD we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
Were every stick on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade—
To write the boundless love of God,
Would drain that ocean dry,
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretch'd from sky to sky.

The Children's Corner.

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR'S SONG.

Oh! yes, we would gladly give thanks and rejoice,
With the thoughts of our heart and the sound of our voice;
We would thank thee, O Lord, for the Word thou hast given,
To tell us of Jesus, and lead us to heaven.

We would thank thee for friends who have loved us so well;
For a home and a shelter wherein we may dwell;
For the blessing of peace in the land of our birth;
For the spring and the summer—the beauty of earth.

And we thank thee that now, in the morn of our days,
Our lips have been taught to unite in thy praise;
And still we would seek that as older we grow,
So more of thy mercy and truth we may know.

And then we shall thank thee whatever befall,
If we feel that our Father apportions it all,
And e'en when affliction may silence our voice,
Our hearts in the hope of thy love shall rejoice.

And, oh! we would thank thee, thou Guide of our youth,
For the patience of those who would teach us thy truth;
We cannot repay them, our Father above,
But thou wilt remember their labour of love.

Oh, yes! we will gladly thy praises proclaim,
The fruit of our lips giving thanks to thy name,
Till we in thy glory at last shall arise
To give thanks to thy name in the songs of the skies.

THE CUCKOO CLOCK.

MARGARET Mason sat in her elbow chair beside her peat fire, with her well-read Bible, the guide book of her journey, lying open on her knees. The glow of a summer evening streamed through the small window panes, and rested on her. It illustrated that promise, "At evening time it shall be light."

"Margaret," said I, after a pause, "my little folks begged me to bring them into your pleasant room this evening, to hear the striking of your famous cuckoo clock. Harry complains that when he came last to see you it was one o'clock in the afternoon, and therefore the cuckoo, true to the hour, only shouted once, and jumped back again, slamming his door, before Harry had time to see him flutter his wings and open his beak. Now I see it wants just half an hour to eight; and perhaps you will kindly let us wait here till the cuckoo shall shout the hour. Meanwhile I want its young admirers to hear something better than the clock. Supposing you fill up the time with telling us about your own life, and how the Lord 'has brought to pass all the good things he has promised.'"

Margaret did not immediately reply. Her memory seemed to be silently moving over the past. At length she said gravely, "I should like to tell of the goodness of the Lord towards a poor sinner like me; but, may be, I had better not. I'm afraid that while I ought to be only lifting up Christ, I may be secretly lifting up myself. It is no easy thing to keep self out of sight, when telling others of the exact account which the Lord takes of all our doings. In one sense, I am but dust and ashes: in another sense, I am so precious in his sight that no price was large enough for my soul's redemption but the blood of God's own dear Son. In one sense, I am nothing—less than nothing: in another sense, I have been as tenderly cared for, comforted, strengthened, and guided, as if there had been but one creature to be cared for in God's whole creation, and that one creature—I.

"Before I begin my story, there is one truth which I wish to take note of. The more fully we place our trust in Christ, the more surely will he stand by us and help us. Trust is strength. But then it is the striving servant, and not the slothful whom he loves to help. He mostly gives his blessings not to the slack hands that hang down, but to the hands that are stretched out to do his will.

"I have always been a hard-working woman; God has so ordered my lot. Rest in heaven will be very sweet—all the sweeter, may be, for my long toils. My mother brought me up to love work; not exactly for its own sake, but because it is God's appointment. I cannot say when I first learned to love his will before my own. I cannot, like many christians, state any exact time more strongly marked than other times by awful convictions of sin, and by the pardoning word of Christ. The same Lord deals somewhat differently with different minds. Almost as far back as I remember, I knew myself to be a sinner, and Jesus the Saviour. I sometimes think that I was like a little child wakened early in the morning with her father's kiss. So gentle were the Lord's dealings with me. Ah! I have had sterner work since then with my own heart.

"When I was scarcely twenty years of age I fell into a grievous error. I must not pass it by, because this one grave fault is the iron hinge on which my whole after-history has turned. No doubt this mistake has to be reckoned amongst the 'all things' that have worked together 'for good.' But then it has been through fiery trials that the 'good' was, slowly and painfully, worked out.

"They all said that I was taking a wrong step when, in the face of my mother's entreaties and my father's frowns, I determined to marry Frank. Poor fellow! I knew him to be no right husband for a girl who knew something of the love of Jesus. But my will was bent upon the step; and I so deceived myself that I thought it was for his soul's good, and not for my own content, that I consented to marry Frank. As if I had any grace to spare, out of my own emptiness, for the use of another. Oh, the poor blind girl that I was, thus to throw myself into a wrong path, with the daily prayer on my lips, 'Lead us not into temptation,' and with the precept graven on my memory, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.' Children, do ye mark what I am saying? Never take a wrong step that good may come; never set your foot in any path where ye cannot look up and say, Lord, be with me.

"Well, I married poor Frank; and from that time forth I have been a chastened woman. It is like bruising life's bitter herbs again, to remember the sorrows I have passed through.

"Though I toiled hard—harder, they said, than any woman ought to toil, we were always poor. My husband used to

waste nearly all our earnings at the public-house. Many a time have I gone secretly to the brook to eat a handful of water-cresses, or to the hedges to gather sloes and blackberries, to stay the cravings of hunger.

"Poor though we were, there was still one household treasure, besides the Bible, which I never could bring my mind to part with. This was that cuckoo clock. The cow went, the pig went; one after another, our best pieces of furniture went to the broker's: but I still kept the cuckoo clock. It was Frank's own making, and his first gift to me before our marriage. Though he had changed his name for an English one when he settled in this country, Frank was a German by birth, and had served his apprenticeship to a clockmaker at Nuremberg. Many a time has the voice of that senseless little bird spoken to my heart of spring and sunshine, in the depth of winter and darkness. Many a time has it reminded me of that eternal springtide which will soon overflow every sorrow.

"One evening, poor Frank came home, tipsy as usual, and asked for more money. I had none. He grew as furious as a wild beast, and swore he would have his revenge. Worn out, at last, with terror and distress, I fell asleep; and in the morning found myself alone, with every article of wearing apparel taken away to the pawn-shop. The drawers and boxes were all tumbled out, and everything gone but the Bible. It seemed as if his hand were held fast from taking away my heart's best treasure. It was an hour of extremity; and, therefore, God's opportunity. I lay in bed, knitting and weeping by turns; and praying all the time. By-and-by, I heard a sharp tap at the window; it was the pawnbroker's wife herself, a woman whom I had always thought as hard-hearted as a millstone; a woman from whom I used to turn away whenever we met, to avoid speaking to her. She was come with a large bundle of my clothes under her arm, and a small can of warm coffee and a loaf of bread. It was Elijah's God who sent her. 'Mrs. Mason,' she said, in her own hard-sounding voice, 'I half guessed how you were faring. These clothes are yours, not mine. I got them cheap enough. Now, dont thank me; but just speak my name sometimes, will you, in your prayers?' And she was gone. I did not forget her request.

"Another time, I had nothing with which to pay the rent of our little cottage, and quarter-day was on the morrow. I wondered within myself how I was to do, for the landlord

had declared that he would turn us out on the common rather than forego his rent. I dug up our last potatoes; stowed away, in a basket, several things of my own, and some couples of chickens and some eggs; tied up some fresh posies of flowers from the little bit of garden which I always kept so trim, that people used to stop to notice it in passing; and set forth for the nearest market town. It was a heavy load, but my poor back was fitted for the burden; and presently a market gardener overtook me trudging along, and gave me a lift in his cart. My things sold wonderfully well that day. I got a sovereign and a few pence. The landlord's due was exactly twenty shillings.

"But my faith had to undergo a further trial. It wanted further strengthening. I reached home late, wet, and weary. And what was my anguish on finding that I had clean lost my precious sovereign? That coin for which I had been toiling, and praying, and trusting, and giving thanks—it was gone! For a few moments I sank down in very despair. But again the pitiful Saviour seemed to draw nigh, and to whisper, 'Daughter, be of good comfort.' So I rose up straight and strong, wrapped my wet cloak round me, and set out to retrace the long and dreary way to the town. It was a stormy evening in autumn; but the rain had now ceased, and the moon shone out, now and then, through the rents in the driving clouds. There was an old fir-tree near the roadside, where year after year a pair of ravens had built their nest. The storm had kept them awake later than usual, and I could hear them croaking to one another. The Lord of Elijah again made the ravens message-bearers of peace. The lovely words of Jesus stole softly into my heart. 'Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have store-house nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls!' 'How much more!' The words went through my heart, and brought me just the cheer I needed.

"I walked forward with a firm step, carefully examining every foot of the way. I thought I saw something bright and glistening near the roadside. Can it be?—My heart fluttered within me.—Yes; there was indeed the lost piece, standing up on its edge, in a wheel-rut, with the moonlight glinting down upon it like a star. Was I not a happy woman then? Didn't I run home as lithely as a girl? Didn't I thank God, more with tears of joy than with words of praise? He did not want the words, for he saw the heart.

"Time passed on. I think the bitterest herb of all was still to be tasted. Ay, it was so bitter that, but for Him who once drained 'the wormwood and the gall' in my stead, I think I should have murmured. My neighbours all declared that it was a good riddance for me when my poor husband finally disappeared from the neighbourhood, and left no clue. They did not know how my heart loved him still; how it yearned over him; how it hoped for his reformation against every fear and disappointment. And now he was clean gone, and I did not know where to find him with my prayers, whether on sea or on land, sick or well, changed or unchanged; or whether out of the reach of prayer altogether.

"As to outward things, I now maintained myself without much difficulty. I took in washing; made willow baskets for the market gardeners (for my fingers had grown as hard as a man's); tilled my little plot of garden; and got some prizes at the show for the best pansies and the second best carnations. When resting, I filled up the time with knitting comforters and children's worsted jackets for the shops. My things always fetched a good price, for people said they were well put out of hand. Little by little, I surrounded myself, as in early life, with household comforts. I had redeemed the clock, and bought an elbow chair, some new blankets, a dresser, and a chest of drawers. Above all, I subscribed for this beautiful large-printed Bible; for my eyes were failing, and could not now spell out the words of my dear old Bible, the companion of my youth. Outwardly, Providence seemed to smile; but there was a sore heartache for the sight of one whom I had promised to love to life's end. And almost every thought was mixed up with the prayer, Lord, if it be thy will, bring home—bring home the lost one.

"I was sitting up very late one night, finishing some worsted comforters for the village shop. The cuckoo had just sung twelve. The Bible was lying open on my table, that I might catch a comfortable word, now and then, between the stitches. My eye had just rested on the verse, 'When he was yet a great way off,' when I heard a rustling outside amongst the bushes in the garden; and then I heard a step—a step whose sounds I never shall forget. It was more like the creeping of some poor lame animal than the walk of a man, but something in my heart told me whose step it was. I hurried to the door, and there he lay, my own poor old Frank, stretched

out stiff and motionless. He had come home to die; and had fainted at his own door from weakness and excitement. Quick as thought I pulled him in, took off his frozen clothes, wrapped him in warm blankets, and forced some teaspoonsfull of gruel between his clenched teeth. He soon revived sufficiently to see where he was.—'Gretchen,' he whispered. He used to call me by that name when he first courted me, fifty years ago. I had not heard the word through all his evil courses, and the sound of it now was gentle as the falling of a morning dewdrop.

"I cannot go on with the story of that night. What passed was between him and me, and God. Before the morning sun arose I was a widow.

"I dare not say that the poor lost wanderer was undoubtedly found; I dare not. But as long as that beautiful story lives on the page of this true old book, about the one thief, and the one Saviour, I will not cast away hope. I have held it fast through all the lonely years of my widowhood; and I believe that my pitiful Saviour will let me cling to it still, till I find myself in that happy country where it will no longer be hard to say, Thy will, O Lord, be done."

Margaret's voice had dropped to a whisper, as if she were speaking not to us, but to her Lord.

The children had been listening with such riveted attention, that they had forgotten the poor Nuremberger's clock, and had failed to notice that, during the last five minutes, the chink in the cuckoo's little door had been widening and widening. And now it was jerked wide open; and the bird jumped out, bowed to the company, and shouted, eight times, his two-syllable word. His duty being accomplished, he retired, as usual, slamming his door. So we rose to go.

"Mrs. Mason," said Harry, "may we come again? We dont care so very much about the cuckoo; but we want to hear more of your life." We never went again.

The next morning the neighbours wondered why the shutter was still closed across the kitchen window. Hearing no sound, they easily effected an entrance. The candle that was to have lighted Margaret to bed had burned down into its socket and gone out. The cuckoo clock had run down. And the waiting disciple, seemingly without a pang or a struggle, had received her Master's message, "Friend, come up higher."

She was already in that happy country where it is no longer hard to say, "Thy will be done."

Anecdotes and Selections.

MAN AND HIS SAVIOUR.—A very old German author discourses thus tenderly of Christ: "My soul is like a hungry and thirsty child, and I need his love and consolation for my refreshment; I am a wandering and lost sheep, and I need him as a good and faithful shepherd; my soul is like a frightened dove, pursued by an hawk, and I need his wounds for a refuge; I am a feeble vine, and I need his cross to lay hold of and wind myself about it; I am a sinner, and I need his righteousness; I am naked and bare, and need his holiness and innocence for a covering; I am in trouble and alarm, and I need his solace; I am ignorant, and I need his teaching; simple and foolish, and I need the guidance of his Holy Spirit. In no situation, and at no time, can I do without HIM."

AT JESUS' FEET.—A young female, who was on her dying bed said to her minister, "I have little to relate as to my experience. I have been much tried and tempted, but Jesus has said, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out! I now come to him, and I expect that he will be as good as his word. Poor and unworthy as I am he will not trifle with me, it would be beneath his greatness as well as his goodness; I am at his feet,

"'Tis joy enough, my All in all,
At thy dear feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly."

MY FATHER'S WILL.—A pious old man was one day walking to the sanctuary with a New Testament in his hand, when a friend met him and said, "Good morning, Mr. Price." "Ah! good morning, "replied he; "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along." "Well, and what has he left you?" said his friend. Why he has bequeathed to me a hundred fold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting." This beautiful reply was the means of comforting his christian friend, who was at that time in sorrowful circumstances.

THE BIBLE.—Out of the Bible have come all pure moralities and holy influences. From it have sprung all sweet charities. It has been the motive power of regeneration and reformation to millions of men. It has comforted the humble, consoled the mourning, sustained the suffering, and given trust and triumph to the dying. The wise old man has fallen asleep with it folded to his breast, and the simple child has breathed its last happy sigh with its finger on the sacred text.

The Fireside.

DEATH'S PRIME MINISTER.

This should be read at every Fireside.

THE great King of Terrors appointed a day
To choose a prime minister, I have heard say;
He summon'd his courtiers, a pale ghastly train:
At their meeting each strove that honour to gain.
That great disease Fever, 'tis said spoke the first,
That thousands he'd slain by heat and by thirst.
Cold Palsy then answered, "to you 'tis known well,
By shaking the limbs how many I kill."
Then Gout hobbled up, and said, "I am quite sure,
By racking each joint, I've slain many more."
Then Asthma urg'd claim, though with a voice weak,
That he had great power, though he scarcely could speak.
Then said Colic and Stone, "by violent pain
We have of mankind a greater number slain."
Consumption then said, "though my progress is slow,
Yet many I've slain, as you very well know."
Then said Plague, "though I am behind in the train,
By a much quicker way I have myriads slain."
Many others, 'tis said, were waiting to tell,
How they in their way did a vast number kill.
Ere to speak they had time, a female drew near,
With her countenance flush'd, and bold wanton air,
And with her a troop of both aged and young,
Who all to sweet music uproarously sung—
Her name was *Intemperance*, and thus did she say,
"By making men drunkard's I first pave the way
For all those diseases which now urge a claim,
And numbers beside, I will not now name;
No more ye pretenders with me dare to vie,
All your much vaunted power I boldly defy;
Without my assistance but little you'd do;
That power you boast of I gave unto you."

The grim monarch grinn'd; to him it was plain,
She had by strong drink more than all others slain.
"Prime Minister," said he, "Intemperance shall be,
Because of the great service she renders to me."

Although those diseases their thousands have slain,
That Intemperance kills more, I boldly maintain.
Then of strong drinks beware, and the madd'ning bowl,
Which destroys health and life, and ruins the soul.

Newport, I. W. J. D.

The Penny Post Box.

TWO CURIOUS THINGS.

I CALL them "curious things," and because I think they are I send them for the *Pioneer*, and when your readers have perused them, perhaps they will think they are too.

The True Gentleman.—The following sketch is called the portrait of a true gentleman. It was found in an old manor-house in Gloucestershire, written and framed, and hung over the mantlepiece of a tapestried sitting-room:—"The true Gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his *own* man; virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward; God is his father, Jesus Christ his Saviour, the saints his brethren, and all that need him his friends; devotion is his chaplain, chastity his chamberlain, sobriety his butler, temperance his cook, hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, charity his treasurer, piety his mistress of the house, and discretion his porter, to let in or out, as most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of virtues, and he is the true Master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a Man and a Christian."

Epitaph on a Watchmaker in Abercromby Churchyard.—Here lies in a *horizontal* position the *outside case* of Peter *Pendulum*, watchmaker. Integrity was the *mainspring* and prudence the *regulator* of all the actions of his life. Humane, generous, and liberal, his *hand* never *stopped* till he had relieved distress. So nicely *regulated* were all his *motions*, that he never *went wrong*, except when *set a-going* by people who did not know his *key*; but even then he was easily *set right* again. He had the art of disposing of his *time* so well, that his *hours* glided away in one *continual round* of delight, till an unlucky *minute* put a *period* to his existence. He departed this life, *wound up* in hope of being *taken in hand* by his SAVIOUR, and of being thoroughly *cleaned and repaired and set a going* in the world to come, where he will never want *winding up* again, but will *keep time true* for ever!

ENVY.—I have no desire to envy any one, least of all the rich and the great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in a morning to work for his wife and children, and bringing them home his wages at night.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

RAGS FOR PAPER.

PAPERMAKING demands a supply of rags, and the Continental duties at present curtail that supply. England requires at least 120,000 tons yearly, of which she supplies but 40,000. The question is, can that home supply be enlarged? I am confident that it can, and to an extent more than adequate to all its demands. The collection of rags has hitherto been by a small traffic in the hands of petty dealers; and the general carelessness of collection and the lowness of price have equally diminished the quantity. It has been ascertained that in scarcely fifty houses out of every 100 is any collection ever made. This negligence arises partly from mistakes as to the nature, value, and manner of the proper collection. It has been commonly supposed that white rags alone are of use in papermaking. But coloured rags generally are useful, and even waste paper can be valuably employed in the manufacture. Every housekeeper ought to have three bags—a white one for the white rags, a green one for the coloured, and a black one for the waste paper (the three might be furnished for 1s.), which would prevent litter, waste, and the trouble of collecting when the demand came. A suitable agency formed in the towns and villages would settle all demands, arrange the contributions, and reduce the whole into a regular trade. Parochial officers would find attention to this subject a very effectual mode of increasing the means at their disposal for charitable purposes. The general apprehension that we require French or foreign rags for our manufacture is a mistake; we have a sufficient supply at home if we will but make use of it. There are more rags wasted, burnt, or left to rot, than would make our paper manufacturers independent of all assistance from abroad.

Hints.

SOME MAGNIFY FAULTS which they see in others for the sake of despising or degrading them, or to exalt themselves in comparison with them. Never be so mean.

THAT MAN must have spent a sad life who has no comfort in the review of it; and who, in doing that, would be miserable.

BAD HABITS.—If we grapple with these in our own strength the devil may leave us alone and go to sleep. It is when a man asks God to help him that satan is most active.

HE IS A PROUD MAN, be he rich or poor, who, ignorant of his own failings, is unwilling to be told of them. Such a man must have a tumble.

NOTHING IS MORE GRATIFYING to a vain man than praise from others. True, he catches what he fished for, but what is it worth?

MORE READILY will a man take a reproof from a book than a tongue. The book does its work silently and tells no tales, but the tongue may.

TIME WAITS UPON YOU every morning, saying, "Now what wilt thou do with *me* to-day?" What answer do you give? Would it be a shame to tell it?

ONE REASON WHY there is so much wants doing to make the world better, is, that every man thinks another should make a beginning and not himself. Let him try too: every little helps.

Gems.

GOD'S WORK AND MAN'S DUTY.—He who expects to be saved without an effort on his own part, expects what God has never promised: God has promised to work *for* us, *by* us, *with* us, *in* us, but not *without* us.

THE RECORD ON HIGH.—Whether we keep a diary or not, our Lord keeps one for us, a journal of all our thoughts, words, and deeds.

GOD FIRST HUMBLES US that he may exalt us in due time. Man often flatters us that he may more easily knock us down.

MAN'S RIGHTEOUSNESS! What is it but a filthy ragged garment that has been trailed through the mire of sin? Christ's righteousness is a robe of spotless purity and beauty. Seek for it.

PROFESSORS OF RELIGION ought now-a-days, when, as honest John Bunyan would say, religion goes in her silver slippers, to remember that it is much more easy to join themselves to a sect than to God.

BOASTING PROFESSORS who swagger that they sit on the highest form in Christ's school, are most likely to be put back by him to learn the A. B. C. of humility in the lowest.

SIN KEEPS NO SABBATH. It is a restless thing, just like the sea whose waters perpetually cast up mire and dirt. But we know who once calmed such waters; and he alone can subdue sin and give rest to the soul.

IF WE WOULD KNOW the heighth, and depth, and breadth, and length, of the love of Christ to our own souls, we must first measure the dimensions of our own sins.

IF I KNOW CHRIST LOVES ME it will be little matter to me who hates me. But I do know this, that none who love him will ever hate me. I am quite sure of that.

Poetic Selections.

THE RIGHT TO DISDAIN.

How shall I gain
The right to disdain?
The right to look down
With a Pharisee frown
Upon sorrow and sin?
How shall I win
The right to scorn
My brother forlorn,
Or pass him by
With reproving eye,
As much as to say,
"Get out of the way,
And taint me not
With the poison spot
That comes from thy heart, and sits on thy brow
To me, much holier far than thou!"

Were I far more bright
Than the heavenly light,
More pure than the snow
Where the glaciers grow,
And as undefiled as a little child
Dead and forgiven
And gone to heaven,
I should not gain
The right to disdain,
Or to stand apart
From my brother's heart,
Or turn my face
From a sinner's place,
Or breathe one word of hate or scorn
To the wickedest wretch that ever was born.

Chas. Mackay.

REST IN HEAVEN FOR THEE.

SORROWING saint now cease thy grieving,
Cheerless though thy lot may be;
Firmly trust, in hope believing
There is rest in heaven for thee.

Poor, afflicted, broken hearted,
Toss'd on life's tempestuous sea,
Mourner over joys departed,
There is rest in heaven for thee.

Time is but a stormy billow
Rolling to eternity;
Rude thy couch, or hard thy pillow,
There is rest in heaven for thee.

Christian soldier! be not weary,
Thou shalt gain the victory.
Pilgrim, though thy path be dreary,
There is rest in heaven for thee.

Sorely tried by fierce temptation,
Ever longing to be free;
Oh! be this thy consolation,
There is rest in heaven for thee.

Tuttle Hill. W. A.

The Children's Corner.

SOME GREAT FACTS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

God works by means, and he sometimes employs very feeble ones to promote his ends. A fact of this kind was related not long since, the substance of which is as follows:—

A little girl, some ten or eleven years of age had her mind deeply impressed with the truth of God in the Sabbath School. Upon retiring to rest one night, she was in trouble about her soul; and at midnight her anxiety had so increased that it waked up the servant girl, who was sleeping in the same apartment. Upon asking as to the cause of her trouble, the little girl replied that she felt she was a great sinner, that she could not help herself, and that unless she obtained help, she must go down to hell. She then requested the servant girl to pray for her. But she replied that she was not a Christian—she could not pray. The little girl then sent for her father. Upon entering the room, she asked him to pray for her. But he made the same reply; he was not a Christian—he could not pray. But sympathizing with his child's anxieties, he called her mother to the bedside.

This good woman had often been to the throne of grace; but never on an occasion like this. She poured her soul out in prayer to God for her child. God heard and answered her. During the same night, in the same room, by witnessing the melting scene, the servant girl was arrested, and in a few days the father became a Christian.

Some years since, a minister, one Lord's-day afternoon, visited the sabbath school connected with his congregation, and conversed with some of the children. He desired them to point out, from the scripture histories which they had been taught to read at school, some one whom they particularly admired. One named "Noah, being saved in the ark;" another, "Abraham, offering up Isaac;" a third "Joseph and his brethren;"—all of them very delightful stories to be sure: but one dear little girl said, "I like that best, sir, 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." In a very few days that dear little girl was called to die, and a pleasing hope was indulged concerning her, that she had sought an interest in that dear Saviour of whom she loved to hear. My dear child, have you done so too? You know you are a sinner: you do not know how soon you may be called to die, and then there is nothing that can make you safe and happy, but having your sins forgiven by the death of Christ, and your hearts made holy and fit for heaven by his Holy Spirit. May such be your early experience, and then, whether your life be long or short, to you "to live will be Christ, and to die gain."

THE PAWNBROKER'S WIFE.

"'Just speak my name sometimes, will you, in your prayers?'"

You have heard of Margaret Mason and her Cuckoo Clock, and how she died in peace. You have heard too how the wife of the Pawnbroker took back to her the things Margaret's poor drunken husband had pawned.

It would seem as if the whole village had turned out to attend Margaret Mason's funeral. There was a controversy between eight elderly people and eight children, as to who should bear her coffin to the grave. The minister decided in favour of the old folks: so the children went before, singing, with their young sweet voices--

"Sister, thou art gone before us,
And thy happy soul hath flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown:
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Every one mourned for her as for a friend. Margaret, though poor woman, and very reserved in speaking, both of her own affairs and of those of others, was as important a person in her sphere as a duchess is in her's. If there was a sick neighbour to nurse, or a restless child to soothe, or a stubborn one to manage, or a baby expected, or a mourner to be comforted, there this hard-working woman might be found, with a step as quiet, a hand as gentle, and a voice as subdued, as if she had been nurtured in the palace of a queen. No wonder, therefore, that the tears which fell on the day of her burial were tears of true sorrow, flowing fresh from the heart.

But there was one mourner standing apart from the rest, who seemed almost bowed down with grief. No one seemed to notice her. She was a woman advanced in years, and had certainly come from a distance, and on foot; for her shoes were powdered with the white dust of the road, and she looked way-worn and tired.

When the funeral had dispersed, the stranger still lingered near the grave. And when it was filled up, and the hillock smoothed, she took a young rose-tree from beneath her cloak, and planted it on the grave. With a quickened step she then passed down the village, stopped for an instant at the gate of

Margaret's little garden, plucked a sprig of sweet-briar and a flower which our villagers call the "everlasting," but which Margaret herself always used to call "the lasting flower," (because, as she said, no flowers are *ever*lasting but those of heaven), then tucked up her gown, as if in preparation for another long walk, and turned away.

"Dear me!" exclaimed one of the old people, "if that isn't Mrs. Stainton, the pawnbroker's wife, who used to live at the end of the village. Why, it must be well nigh five-and-twenty years since she and her husband left the place."

"Nay, nay," said another elderly person, "it isn't she. Sally Stainton was a hard, grinding woman, and never had a tear to spare for the living or for the dead."

I heard no more, for I had hastened to overtake the wayfarer. "We are strangers to each other," I said, "but we are fellow-mourners to-day. You must go home with me to rest yourself and have a cup of tea."

She hesitated a little at first, but was soon persuaded to accompany me.

"Are you a relation of Mrs. Mason's?"

"No ma'am; at least not that sort of kin which you mean, though, in heaven, I believe, it will come out that we are very nearly related;" and the woman wept like a child. "I believe," she continued, "that it is owing to the prayers of that dear saint, whose coffin has been put into the grave this afternoon, that my soul was ever snatched from the wrath to come, and brought to Christ."

"Margaret herself would have told you," said I, "that the praise is due, not to her prayers, but to the saving grace of God. However, I believe we mean the same thing. There are no contradictions in the Bible; and we are there told that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

After tea, Mrs. Stainton entered into a fuller narrative. "Late one evening," she said, "long after the shop was closed, Frank Mason (Margaret's unworthy husband) came to our side-door, with a bundle of wearing apparel to put into pawn. At first I refused to have anything to say to him out of business hours; but he said he was going next day to a race, and must have money, on any terms, for betting on one of the running horses. So my greediness of gain prevailed, as usual. I advanced the money and took the things, rejoicing in my profitable bargain. In those days my heart was as hard as

flint. Yet, when I turned over the well-worn and carefully-mended clothes, that cloak which had faced so many a storm, those shoes which had trodden so many a rough mile in duty's path, those coarse petticoats always tidy, yet worn so threadbare, somehow my heart misgave me. When I slept I dreamed of the patient, long-suffering wife; when I awoke I thought but of her. I tried to fight it out with conscience, but it would not do. So I rose earlier than usual, tied up the clothes in a bundle, and hurried with them and some breakfast to the cottage. Hearing Margaret Mason's voice, I waited and listened for a minute at the window. I expected to hear reproaches and complainings; but the words I heard were these: 'Forgive him, Lord; lay not this fault to his charge. Thou who clothest the lilies, wilt thou not much more clothe me also? Thou knowest that I have need of these things. Yet, though the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither there be fruit on the vine, I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation.' I heard no more; but after giving Margaret the things—I hardly knew how it was—but something within prompted me to say, as I was turning away, 'Mrs. Mason, just speak my name sometimes, will you, in your prayers?' Till that hour I had never cared for prayer, and felt no reverence for it, and no need.

"I shall never forget that walk home. 'What is it?' said I to myself, 'that makes her to differ so from me? If I were in her place I should either be storming with rage or sulking in despair. But there she is, praying for the forgiveness of the man who has so cruelly wronged her. She talks to the great God as to a friend, and calls him the God of her salvation. I know nothing about the God of this christian woman. Oh, Margaret, Margaret! would I were like you, with all your griefs and all your wrongs.'

"As I drew near home the sun was shining on the three gilded balls, the pawnbroker's sign. They looked hideous in my sight. Their sparkle seemed to cut me to the heart. For the first time in my life, the thought shot through me that we were thriving on the wants and woes of others—that the very bread we ate was moistened with the tears of the poor. I went up stairs into an old lumber-room, and there I sat down by myself. There was a weight upon my heart which seemed crushing it to powder. I groaned aloud, though I hardly knew what I wanted. Presently I said to myself, I wonder if I can

pray; but no words would come. At last I fairly smote upon my breast, and cried (at hap-hazard like) 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!' I knew afterwards, but not for a good while, that God, by his Holy Spirit, had put those words into my heart; though I believe I had not heard them since I was at a Sunday school. Well: I rummaged out the only Bible we held in pawn (for we scarcely ever took Bibles), and turned over its leaves. I was as ignorant as a baby where to find the places. You will hardly believe it, but I searched all through Genesis to try to find that story about the publican, from which I had drawn my first prayer.

"Ah! for a good while, I do assure you, it was uphill work. But God did not let me slide back again into my old ways. He hedged me in with the terrors of the law 'as with hewn stones,' and would not let me get out till he had shown me a 'door of hope:' and that 'door' was Jesus Christ.

"But, in the meantime, God had been teaching me, in his word and by his Spirit, that I must not expect peace of mind while I continued to carry on a business in which we ground down the faces of the poor, and oppressed the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow. Could I expect my own soul's burden to roll away while I was daily heaping burdens on the heavy laden? Nay, nay, that would never do. So I implored Davie (that's my husband) to give up the pawn-shop, whatever it might cost us. At first he flew into a passion, and declared that he was not going to be 'hen-pecked' out of a good business by any woman. So, then, God showed me that my place was to wait a bit, and be patient, and to put the difficulty into Christ's own blessed hands; and so to shape my own conduct, and watch over my temper (a new undertaking for the like of me), that Davie might see that the law of the Lord is a rule of love and kindness.

"Well, to make a long story short,—Davie presently hated the business as much as I. He was never a hard-hearted man, and used to be kept up to the mark by my own covetousness and firmness of purpose. It was the happiest day of my life when I saw Davie take a ladder, and climb up, and knock away those three golden balls which had once been the glory of my covetous heart, but had now become its torment.*

* It seems that this man and his wife had taken advantage of the poverty of others to benefit themselves, and hence the reproaches of their conscience. Many others of that trade do so too, but it would be very untrue and unjust to say that all of them do. They did right to give it up if it was a temptation to them to do wrong.

"We left the place, and settled in W., where my husband had a few relations who might help us, we thought, into some honest calling. But though God always supplied our need, we have never abounded in this world's good things. He was minded, you see, to show us that they who would follow Jesus must cheerfully take up the cross and deny themselves. The sweetest of God's blessings are not in outward things, but in spiritual; and the best and brightest of his promises are not for earth but for heaven. He has taught us, at the same time, that the roughest road with Christ is pleasanter than the smoothest without him; and that a dinner of herbs sweetened by the love of Jesus, is better than a stalled ox with hatred to his law. I would not exchange one hard-working hour of these times for all the pleasures that could be put together, out of all the years of our former abundance.

"But there was still one desire, one little prayer, which used to slip in, like a whisper, between the soul's requests, and this was that I might see Margaret Mason's face once again, and tell her of the happy change. I could not afford the journey; so I put it off from year to year, always hoping that the time would come. Now and then I sent her a little token of love, some flower seeds, a silk kerchief, or a few yards of black 'love ribbon.' It was all I could afford; and she never knew from whom it came. I thought I would tell her all when we met. I had hoarded five shillings, and fixed to come soon. But the Lord has sent for her, you see. She was wanted in heaven. So she never knew, on earth, that her prayers for the pawnbroker's wife had been heard and answered. And yet I think she knows all about it, in that place where 'there is joy over one sinner that repenteth.'"

So ends the tale of the Pawnbroker's Wife. She was right. Those who are now in heaven hear of what is doing on earth. There can be little doubt of that. If those bright ministering spirits tell their fellow-angels of the conversion of one sinner that repenteth so as to cause joy in heaven, it is only reasonable to suppose that they also tell the glad news to those who were once on earth but are now perfect before God, and especially would those benevolent beings rejoice to tell the relatives and friends of the new-born soul, that the chorus of praise might be raised in louder and loftier strains to the Lamb that was slain, and who redeemed us to God by his blood!

Anecdotes and Selections.

SELF-CONTROL.—A merchant in London had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the account into court, a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly opposed, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called out from the top of the stairs, "Tell the rascal I am not at home." The Quaker looking up to him calmly said, "Well, friend; God put thee in a better mind." The merchant, struck afterwards with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right, and that he was wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you. How were you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?" "Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee: naturally I was as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper, was sinful: and I found it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always spoke loud; and I thought if I could control my voice, I should repress my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key; and by a careful observance of this rule I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper."

A NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN, upon returning home to his cabin, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, was stolen. After taking his observations on the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. Meeting some persons on his route, he inquired if they had seen a little old white man, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bob-tail? They answered in the affirmative; and, upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give so minute a description of a person whom, to them, it appeared he had never seen? The Indian replied, "The thief, I know, is a *little* man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon in order to reach the venison from the height at which I hung it while standing on the ground; that he is an *old* man I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a *white* man I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be *short* from the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the

tree against which it had leaned; that his dog is *small* I know by his track; and that he has a *bob-tail* I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting while his master was busied about my meat."

A Conversation about Missions.—A party of officers were assembled at the mess-table in India a few years ago. One of these, an officer of some consideration, on the subject of missions being named, commenced a tirade against all missionaries. "I dont," he said, "believe a word of their accounts of conversion; I dont believe there is a true convert in all India; I have been out here many years, and I know I have never seen one. Where are they? Show me them, I say!" A gentleman who had hitherto taken no part in this conversation now observed, "Excuse me, Captain. But have you not often spoken to me of the exemplary conduct of your native servant—the man who was just now behind your chair?" "Yes, sir, I have; and I repeat it, he is a faithful, honest, excellent fellow; I could trust him with gold. I should like to see one of your christians half as good as he." "Perhaps, then, Sir, you are not aware that that man is a christian convert?" The Captain looked extremely foolish, and dropped the subject as soon as possible.

Education in the Sick Room.—Of all the know-nothing persons in this world, commend us to the man who has "never known a day's illness." He is a moral dunce; one who has lost the greatest lesson in life, who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of humanity, the sick chamber. Let him be versed in mathematics, profound in metaphysics, a ripe scholar in the classics, a bachelor of arts, or even a doctor of divinity, yet is he as one of those gentlemen whose education has been neglected. For all his college acquirements, how inferior is he in wholesome knowledge to the mortal who has had but a quarter's gout or a half-year's ague! —how infinitely below the fellow-creature who has been soundly taught his tic-doloreux, thoroughly grounded in the rheumatics, and deeply read in the scarlet fever! And yet what is more common than to hear a great hulking florid fellow, bragging of an ignorance, a brutal ignorance, that he shares in common with the pig and the bullock, the generality of which die, probably, without ever having experienced a day's indisposition.

Helping a Preacher.—An elderly lady once said to Dr. Lyman Beecher, "I wonder the Lord permits me to live so long: I am of no use now." "Oh but you are; you are doing much good: you help me to preach." "How is that?" "Why, in the first place you are always in your place on the sabbath, and that helps me; in the second, you look right at me when I am preaching, and that helps me; and in the third place, I often see tears on your face, and they help me."

The Fireside.

ON TEACHING CHILDREN OBEDIENCE.

To Mothers.

There seems to have been a great deal said about teaching children obedience, but it really is the most important part of a parent's work! and, if well accomplished, it renders every other part light and easy. It must yet be added, that as children become capable of understanding, they must not only be used to obey by habit, but be taught to obey because it is their duty to do so; a duty enjoined on them by the command of God who made them, and claims a return of gratitude for the kindness and care of their parents in providing for their helpless infancy. It is a matter of great importance that a mother should accustom herself, before she utters a command, to consider whether it is right and reasonable in itself, and within the power of the child to fulfil. She should also take care to be consistent with herself, and not at one time blame and punish a child for doing that which at another time she permitted, and perhaps required it to do. This would be acting by caprice and whim, not by reason and principle, and will never be successful in teaching and enforcing true obedience.

Then, in teaching your child obedience, you must take care not to propose to it false motives. Do not bribe it to obey; do not make a bargain with it: if you do, even though the child may do what you tell him, he does it from selfishness, not from obedience. Neither is it well to threaten a child, but simply to express your command in a firm, yet gentle tone, which will convey to the mind of the child the idea that you intend to be obeyed. All scolding, threatening, and coaxing, even though they may gain their point at the time, never fail to leave injurious effects. They do not always succeed even in obtaining present compliance: in this sort of struggle, the child is quite as likely to come off conqueror as the parent; and every time he does so, his power of opposition, and his inclination to oppose, are both strengthened, and this is just the reverse of good training. Above all things, never employ deceit in dealing with children. Never, on any account, utter a promise or a threat that you cannot, or do not, intend to fulfil; and whatever you do, never make your child afraid of things that have no real existence, or which will not hurt them. There is nothing more wicked and dangerous than to terrify children with threats of putting them up the chimney, or shutting them up in a dark room, or giving them to an old man, or a chimney-sweeper, with other similar bugbears, which many foolish parents think absolutely necessary to make their children mind them. By these false terrors many children have

been thrown into fits, or reduced to idiotcy; and many more have had their tempers soured, their lives embittered, and their characters formed to ill-will, cowardice, and deceit; but none have ever thus learned obedience and honour to their parents.

The Penny Post Box.

THOUGHTS ABOUT WORKING.

Your invitation to working people to write something for your "Penny Post Box" induces me to send these few lines. I have to work for my bread, and I feel thankful that God gives me strength to do so. I was brought up to work, and I cannot bear to be idle, for I remember that the verse of a hymn I learnt when I went to school says,

> "In works of labour or of skill,
> May I be busy too;
> For satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

I always feel the happiest when I have the most to do, and while at work with my hands, I am also at work with my head.

As I have been working with my hands I have often thought—That was a great work our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ did, when he laid aside his glory, came into our world, took upon him our nature, led a suffering life, and died a shameful death on the cross, that poor sinners like me might not perish, but have everlasting life. And what a mercy it is that the blessings of salvation are free for all without money and without price; for it is by grace we are saved, through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God. I believe we must come to Christ as poor guilty hell-deserving sinners, confessing and forsaking our sins, and resting our souls entirely on the atonement of Christ. But we must not suppose that because salvation is God's free gift that we have nothing to do. God has done his part and we must do ours, or we shall never get to heaven. The Word of God says, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in you to will and to do of his good pleasure." O, may we be wise to flee from sin, to trust in the Lord, to walk in his commandments, to keep his word, so that we may be enabled to "read our titles clear to mansions in the skies," that when death comes we may be ready.

I must now conclude, for I fear you will think me an intruder on your pages. You have my name and where I live, for this is not my first attempt, as I have sent you a few of my thoughts before.

A Working Woman.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

STREET RAILWAYS.

RAILWAYS on the regular lines are now become common. They were a great wonder when first laid down, and they have brought about a great change, not only in our travelling, and in our business, and in our customs, but in our very thoughts. They have made us think faster than our fathers did, as well as helped us to go where they never went.

What next shall we have? Why we are told there is a man in America yonder, who talks of coming over to England across the vast ocean in a balloon! We think he had better not try. Such *high-flying* is dangerous.

But in America they have street railways. This is more reasonable. And an engineer from America has lately been permitted to lay down rails on a wide road at Birkenhead, near Liverpool. The carriages are drawn by horses, so they will not go so fast as the locomotives, or faster perhaps than cabs or 'busses, but they will move along more smoothly and that will be more pleasant.

It is said that they will soon lay down such rails on the wide roads at Liverpool, and Manchester, and London, and other large places.

We think this is more likely to be done and will be more safe when done, than locomotive engines and carriages on our old up hill and down hill roads. All moving machines of that kind should pass over a smooth surface, for if there be any obstructions where there is steam power, accidents may be expected. We should welcome all improvements, providing they are safe as well as cheap and easy.

Hints.

HOLD ON AND HOLD FAST.

HOLD ON your tongue, when you are just ready to swear, lie, or say a harsh or bitter thing. Hold on.

Hold on your hand, when you are about to strike, or to steal, or to use it for what you ought not. Hold on.

Hold on your foot, when you are asked to go where you should not with those who will lead you into mischief. Hold on.

Hold on your temper, when you feel a bad spirit rising up from your heart and urging you to do a bad thing. Hold on.

Hold on your heart, when it inclines you to do what your conscience tells you is not good, or just, or true. Dont let it. HOLD ON.

HOLD FAST to truth, and never for your own present advantage resort to lying or anything like lying. Hold fast.

Hold fast to virtue, for though you cannot be saved by it in the next world, it will be a safeguard and a blessing to you in this. Hold fast.

Hold fast to integrity, for though it is not money, it is worth more to your peace than all the riches of earth. Hold fast.

Hold fast to your own good name, for Solomon said, and he was right, it is rather to be chosen than great riches. Hold fast.

Hold fast to the Bible, and it will guide you safely in the way you should go, until you reach heaven, safe there for ever. Hold fast.

HOLD FAST TO CHRIST.—When he holds out his hand and says, "Take hold of my strength," grasp it firmly; and never quit your hold in storm or sunshine. In life or death,

HOLD FAST TO CHRIST.

Gems.

CLUSTERING THE CROWNS OF JESUS.

On his head are many crowns; and in his crowns are many gems; but those which sparkle with the brightest lustre in our eyes now, are the names he bears for us.

Am I hungry? He is my bread.
Am I thirsty? He is my water.
Am I wounded? He is my balm.
Am I sick? He is my Physician.
Am I naked? He is my clothing.
Am I exposed? He is my shelter.
Am I weak? He is my strength.
Am I poor? He is my riches.
Am I in debt? He is my surety.
Am I dark? He is my light.
Am I wretched? He is my comfort.
Am I to build? He is my Rock.
Am I on trial? He is my Advocate.
Am I guilty? He is my pardon.
Am I a slave? He is my freedom.
Am I sinking? He is my Saviour.
Am I weary? He is my rest.
Am I burdened? He is my relief.
Am I filthy? He is my cleanser.
Am I foul & ugly? He is my beauty.
Am I ragged? He is my new garment.
Am I in storms? He is my anchor.
Am I in fear? He is my hope.
Am I in sadness? He is my joy.
Am I left alone? He is my friend.
Am I a stranger? He is my home.
Am I bowed down? He lifts me up.
Am I in loss? He is my gain.
Am I a widow? He is my husband.
Am I an orphan? He is my father.
Am I dead? He is my life.

And so we might go on trying to think of all the wants and miseries of human nature, and fast as we put them down we should find every want supplied, and every misery removed by HIM who is our all in all. Verily: HE IS THE CHIEFEST AMONG TEN THOUSAND AND THE ALTOGETHER LOVELY!

IN HIM DWELLETH ALL THE FULNESS OF THE GODHEAD BODILY.

YE ARE COMPLETE IN HIM.

Poetic Selections.

THE SCRIPTURE LOOKING GLASS.

SHOULD any reader wish to know
What verdict on himself to pass,
Take my advice, and with me go,
And buy a Scripture Looking Glass.

For in it you may plainly see
What you are now, and how 'twill be
When you appear before Christ's bar,
The final sentence there to hear.

Christ says to all, "Come, learn of me,
For I am meek and lowly too.
In my example you may see,
A pattern fair, and good, and true.

If Christ was meek and lowly too,
Shall I a different course pursue?
And yet persuade myself I am
A follower of the lowly Lamb.

Many profess and make a show—
But mere profession will not do;
The tree is known by its own fruit;
Our actions with our words must suit.

Am I in Christ, the living vine?
Do heavenly graces in me shine?
Are my affections placed above?
Is Christ the object of my love?

Great gifts and knowledge will not do,
They will but aggravate my woe;
If love with faith does not abound,
My faith defective will be found.

O let me tremble at that thought,
And see if grace has in me wrought
That principle of life divine,
Which makes the works of grace to shine.

Which shine abroad and shine at home,
In every place where'er I roam,
That all may see I'm sound at root,
And that I do bring forth good fruit.

Do I believe with all the heart?
Do I from every sin depart?
Do I in holiness delight?
Then I may hope my heart is right.

That person much himself deceives,
Who nought else bears but worthless leaves;
He will be found at the last day,
A hypocrite, a castaway!

May all who look into this glass,
The Saviour's features clearly trace;
Then when before Christ's bar they stand,
He'll say, "Come dwell at my right hand."

Havant. W. W.

The Children's Corner.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

THERE are some big girls who are so silly as to believe that other people can tell their fortunes. They will give money to a sly black gipsy woman who comes to the back door and pretends to be able to tell fortunes. Or they will buy bad books which pretend to tell them. I say pretend, for it is all pretence. The gipsy comes for money, and the book is only made for money, and yet the silly girl does not see that.

I have heard of two girls who were talking in this way.

JANE. I wish I had a fortune-book, but I dont know where to get one. Do you?

SARAH. I have got one.

JANE. Have you. Oh, let me see it, will you? Is it a good one?

SARAH. Yes: very. It told my mother's fortune exactly. It is a very old one, but it always comes true.

JANE. Does it? Oh then I must see it.

SARAH. You shall. Come along.

So they went to Sarah's house, and she brought out a big old book, and laid it before her on the table.

SARAH. There it is, Jane; open it and read for yourself.

JANE. Why it's a Bible!

SARAH. I know that, but it tells fortunes and it will tell yours, and tell it true too.

JANE. That is too bad of you, Sarah. I wanted to know who I was to have for a sweetheart.

SARAH. Well it tells you that, for it says that all liars are of the devil, and all who love lies are like him. But it says if we love the Lord Jesus we shall be like him and be rich and happy in heaven, and that is the best fortune that can be told for us. So dont believe lying women and lying books, Jane, any more. Believe what God says in his word, for it is always true, and what it says always comes to pass.

Young people ought to have more good sense than to believe that any man or woman can tell them what is to come to pass. None can tell that but God. It is very wicked in such people to go about telling such shocking lies, and it is almost as wicked to believe them. If you read the Bible you will find that this was one of the great sins which made God angry with the people, and caused him to punish them. Take care, then, that you do not offend him as they did. The old devil went to Eve as a fortune-teller, and deceived her, and so ruined the world. All such cheats are the children of that great cheat—the devil.

HAPPY NANCY.

NANCY was a solitary woman. She was some thirty years of age, tended her little garden, knit and spun for a living. She was known all around, from village to village, by the name of "Happy Nancy." She had no family, no relatives; and was bad of sight, lame, and crooked. But the great God, who loves to bring strength out of weakness, was her portion and her joy.

"Well, Nancy, singing again," would the chance visitor say, as he stopped at her door.

"Oh, yes, I'm ever at it."

"I wish you would tell me your secret, Nancy—you are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant about you, what is the reason you're always so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I hav'nt got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see, rich folks, like you, depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to be thinking of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're always mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well, if He can keep this great world in such good order, the sun coming day after day, and the stars a shining night after night, and make my garden things come up just the same, season after season, He can certainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but, Nancy, suppose a frost should come, after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your little plants out; suppose———"

"But I don't suppose; I never will suppose; I dont want to suppose, except this, that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes some people unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now why can't you wait till the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah! Nancy, its pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There you are at it again," said Nancy, shaking her head, "always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart—he'll do you a desperate sight of mischief."

She was right. We do take the demon of care, of mistrust, of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, right into our hearts.

We canker every pleasure with this gloomy fear of coming ill; we seldom trust that blessings will come, or hail them when they do come. Instead of that, we smother them under the blanket of apprehension, and choke them with our over anxiety.

It would be well for us to imitate Happy Nancy, and "never suppose." Do whatever your hand finds to do, and then leave it. Be more childlike toward your heavenly Father; believe in His love; learn to confide in His wisdom, and not in your own; and above all, "wait till the 'suppose' comes, and then make the best of it." Depend upon it, earth would seem an Eden if you would follow Happy Nancy's rule, and never give place in your bosom to imaginary fears which may never come to pass.

But let us not make a mistake. It will not do for us to sit still and do nothing. Nancy did not do so. She was always at her work, knitting or spinning, or gardening. She did all she could herself, and then trusted in the care and blessing of her Heavenly Father.

Nancy did not like giving way to imaginary fears. She knew what her Lord had said, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Some people are always imagining evils to come; they frighten themselves in expectation of them, and suffer more, perhaps, than they would if they really did come. This is foolish. They had much better follow the advice of the good old Book. "Be careful for nothing; but in everything with prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. Casting all your care upon Him, for he careth for you."

Poetry.

"I SAY UNTO YOU ALL, WATCH."

WATCH, for the time is short;
Watch, while 'tis called to-day;
Watch, lest temptation overcome;
Watch, christian, watch and pray.
Watch, for the flesh is weak;
Watch, for the foe is strong;
Watch, lest the bridegroom knock in vain,
Watch, though he tarry long.

Chase slumber from thine eyes;
Chase doubting from thy breast;
Thine is the promised prize
Of Heaven's eternal rest.
Watch, christian, watch and pray,
Thy Saviour watched for thee,
Till from his brow the blood sweat flowed
Great drops of agony.

Take Jesus for thy trust;
Watch, watch for evermore;
Watch, for thou soon must sleep
With thousands gone before.
Now, when thy sun is up;
Now, while 'tis called to-day;
Oh! now, in thine accepted time,
Watch, christian, watch and pray. G. S.

Anecdotes and Selections.

Overdoing in Welldoing.—Matthew Henry, in his Life of his father, the Rev. Philip Henry, says, "I have heard him often blame those whose irregular zeal in the profession of religion makes them to neglect their worldly business, and let the house drop through, the affairs of which the good man 'will order with discretion;' and he would tell sometimes of a religious woman whose fault it was—how she was convinced of it by means of an intelligent, godly neighbour, who, coming into the house, and finding the good woman, far in the day, in her closet, and the house sadly neglected, children not tended, servants not minded, 'What!' said he, 'Is there no fear of God in this house?' which much startled and affected the good woman that overheard him. He would often say, every thing is beautiful in its season: and that it is the wisdom of the prudent so to order the duties of their *general calling* as christians, and those of their *particular calling* in the world, as that they may not clash or interfere. I have heard it observed, from Eccles. vii. 16, that there may be *overdoing in welldoing*."

Paid in his own Coin. If one is dishonest to others, he cannot complain if he is treated with equal dishonesty. Here is a good illustration: A shopkeeper purchased of an Irish woman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, he weighed in the balance and found wanting. "Sure, it's your own fault if they are light," said Biddy, in reply to the complaints of the buyer; "it's your own fault, sir, for wasn't it with a pound of your own soap I bought here myself that I weighed them with?" The shopkeeper had nothing more to say on the subject.

"Sold to the Devil."—A young married man who had professed religion, was reproached by his old companions for being too religious, and they persuaded him to give them "a treat." He pawned his clothes, and feasted his companions with the money. He was now stricken with remorse, for his foolish and wicked conduct. "Tell him," said a Lady who proved to him a guardian angel, "tell him that I shall stay here till he comes," taking her seat in the room of the house where he lodged. A long time passed, and he did not come. At length a step was heard on the stair. He came in and sat down with a sullen and desponding countenance, and made no answer to anything. At last he said, in a low but determined voice, "It is no use at all; I have sold my soul to the devil." "But he shall *not* have it, William," said the lady, "it is not your's to sell, Jesus Christ has bought it with his own blood. Oh! William, I must and will have it for Jesus Christ." She could not say any more for her voice failed. Soon his whole countenance altered, like the face of a man from whom an evil spirit had gone out. The strong man bowed his head and wept. "What shall I do? what *can* I do?" "You can pray; let us pray now." He laid his head on the table as he knelt, and cried like a child. He was recovered from the snare of the devil. God, for Christ's sake, forgave his great sin, healed his backsliding and loved him freely.

Believe that God loves you.—Believe that Jesus Christ died for your sins. Believe "that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." Go in deep humility to God, as the hearer and answerer of prayer; ask, that you may receive; seek, that you may find. This belief of God's true word, this view of your once crucified and now exalted Saviour, and this sense of God's love to you *personally*, under the teachings of the Holy Spirit, will bring you to deep repentance towards God for sin, and dependence upon Christ Jesus for present and everlasting salvation.

The Next Year.—We may consider the year before us as a desk containing three hundred and sixty-five letters addressed to us, one for *every day*, announcing its trials and prescribing its employments, with an order to open daily no letter but the letter *for the day*. Now we may be strongly tempted to unseal beforehand some of the remainder. This, however, would serve only to embarrass us, while we should violate the rule which our owner and master has laid down for us: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought of the things for itself."

A Negro Preacher, of forty years standing, addressing his hearers on the grace of God, observed, "I will now tell you my bredren what dis grace is. It is just dis, *giving something for nothing*." He might have gone further and said, it is giving everything for worse than nothing.

The Fireside.

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS, for some trifling offence, most foolishly put a child into a dark cellar for an hour. The child was greatly terrified and cried bitterly. Upon returning to her parents in the evening, she burst into tears, and begged that she might not be put into the cellar. The parents thought this very strange, and assured her that there was no danger of their being guilty of so great an act of cruelty; but it was difficult to pacify her, and when put to bed she passed a restless night. On the following day she had fever, during which she frequently exclaimed, "Do not put me in the cellar." The fourth day after, she was in a high state of fever, with delirium, frequently muttering, "Pray don't put me in the cellar." When the surgeon inquired the reason, he found that the parents had just heard of the punishment to which she had been subjected. He ordered what was likely to relieve her; but she died in a week after.

Another case is of a child, ten years of age, who wanting to scrape her slate-pencil, went into the school in the dark to fetch her knife, when one of her schoolfellows burst from behind the door to frighten her. She was much terrified, and her head ached. On the following day she became deaf, and continued so.

A boy fifteen years of age was admitted an inmate of the Dundee Lunatic Asylum. When twelve years of age, he was apprenticed, and some trifling article being one day missing, he was, along with others, locked up in a dark cellar. The children were much alarmed; and all were let out, with the exception of this poor boy, who was detained until past midnight. He became from this time nervous and melancholy; and sunk into a state of insanity; from which he may never recover. The missing article was found on the following morning, clearing the boy from the crime he was charged with.

The Penny Post Box.

WE have only space at this time to say that we have received several communications, for which we have not yet been able to find room. It is our desire to let all our readers who are working men and working women say in our pages what they think will be for their own good, or for the good of others; and we hope that none of them will hold back from doing so because they feel incompetent. If they will only try to tell us their thoughts, we will take care that they are made fit to appear in print. So let none of them be discouraged. If they do their best, that will be enough for us.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATIONS AMONG WORKING MEN.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS, of Edinburgh, in giving an account of the late great Social Science Meeting at Glasgow, says:—

"It may be recollected that last year, on our return from Bradford, we visited Rochdale, and gave an account of the marvellous systems of co-operation which have there been organised entirely by working men. At the Glasgow meeting, we heard with inexpressible satisfaction, from a paper by Dr. J. Watts, of Manchester, that the Rochdale associations continue to flourish, and that the plan of co operation was rapidly spreading throughout Yorkshire and Lancashire. No candid listener could hear the explanations given, without feeling that here, for the first time, is a solution of that mighty problem—the elevation of the working classes. Undeniably, there must be intelligence with prudent self-denial to begin with; but these being assured, all the rest is easy. Nothing is wanted in the way of coddling and coaxing from the upper classes. Thinking as well as acting for themselves, the co-operatives enjoy the pleasure which naturally springs from self-respect and a consciousness of independence In our account of the Rochdale concerns, we mentioned that the principle of co-operation had begun to be extended beyond the comparatively limited sphere of store-keeping and flour-grinding, and was about to embrace a cotton-factory at a cost of £50,000—a factory the property of the workers, who consequently were to be their own employers. It appears, from the paper of Dr. Watts, that there are now, either wholly at work, or in progress of erection in Lancashire, thirty-one manufacturing establishments got up by operatives. The least costly of these is set down at £5,000; the greater number vary from £20,000 to £40,000; several are £50,000; and two reach even to £100,000: the total outlay being one million and eighty-eight thousand pounds—a striking proof of what working men may do by their accumulated pence! Travelling out of the safe routine of store-keeping, and undertaking the risks of capitalists, the co-operators will need to exercise the skill and caution that ordinarily belong to manufacturing enterprise. Should they, in the long-run, weather this difficulty, it may almost be averred that a new phase of society has been successfully achieved."

Hints.

SHAKE OFF THE WORLD.—If, in the season of health, we strive to shake the world off, it will most tenaciously cling to us; but when, in the hour of death, we would cling to the world, it will unfeelingly shake us off. Hence, as the separation must some time take place, unless we shake it off now it will shake us off hereafter. Most men, to their cost, wait for the latter; but those who adopt the former, find, to their surprise and joy, that they have removed out of their way one of the chief difficulties of dying. No one ever yet travelled with alacrity to the kingdom of heaven with the world lying heavily on his back or his heart; this incumbrance once laid aside, the journey is performed with comparative ease. This is a thought worth pondering by the

pilgrims of earth. They need little baggage for their journey—the less of this kind they have, the better.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

RICHES CANNOT BUY CONTENT.—A man diseased in body can have little joy of his wealth, be it ever so much. A golden crown cannot cure the headache, nor a velvet slipper give ease from the gout, nor a purple robe fray away a burning fever. A sick man is alike sick wheresoever you lay him—on a bed of gold, or on a pad of straw; with a silk quilt, or a sorry rag on him. So no more can riches, gold and silver, land and livings, had a man much more than ever any man had, minister unto him much joy, yea, or any true or sound joy at all, where the mind is distracted and discontented. Without contentment there is no profit, no pleasure in any thing.

Gems.

SAYINGS OF AN OLD WRITER.

From a Broad Sheet in the British Museum.

WELL may those sins draw tears from our eyes which drew blood from Christ's body.

We should always abhor sin, more in regard that it is hateful to God than because it is hurtful to us.

Let, O Lord, the greater change be wrought in us before the great change comes upon us.

If we cannot make others better, it should be our special care that others should not make us worse.

As we have, by our sins, taken away our beauty, so do thou, O Lord, take away our pride.

O how shall we appear before God, who have so often appeared against God?

More of these sayings soon.

Poetic Selections.

BE IN EARNEST.

TIME is earnest,
Passing by:
Death is earnest,
Drawing nigh
Sinner! wilt *thou trifling be?*
Time and Death appeal to thee.

Life is earnest:
When 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest
Never more.
Soon to meet Eternity,
Wilt *thou* never serious be?

Heaven is earnest:
Solemnly
Float its voices
Down to thee.
O thou mortal, art *thou* gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day?

Hell is earnest:
Fiercely roll
Burning billows
Near thy soul.
Woe for thee! if thou abide
Unredeem'd, unsanctified.

God is earnest:
Kneel and pray
Ere thy season
Pass away—
Ere be set his judgment throne,
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

Christ is earnest,
Bids thee "come!"
Paid thy spirit's
Priceless sum.
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

Thou refusest!
Wretched one!
Thou despisest
God's dear Son!
Madness! dying sinner, turn!
Lest his wrath within thee burn.

When thy pleasures
All depart,
What will soothe thy
Fainting heart?
Friendless, desolate, alone,
Entering a world unknown?

Oh, be earnest!
Loitering
Thou wilt perish:
Lingering
Be no longer—rise and flee;
Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee!

The Children's Corner.

WHERE ARE THE FLOWERS?

"WHERE are the Flowers mother?" said Jane Jones, as she looked out of the window on a frosty morning. "They seem all dead and gone! How beautiful they all seemed last Summer, when you took me and told me their names and pointed out their beauties. How sorry I am they are all dead and gone."

Thus did little Jane lament her absent flowers, and long to gaze on their unfolding beauties, and smell their sweet fragrance again.

Mrs. Jones smiled as she heard her little daughter's remarks, and calling her to take a seat, thus wisely and kindly explained the matter to Jane.

"I don't wonder, my dear, that you think the pretty flowers are all dead and gone, but I, who have lived longer than you, and have seen them come back many times, know they are not. The rose trees look dead, and you see nothing of the tulips, but they are only as if they were sleeping—they are not dead. In a few weeks, when you see the sun rising up higher in the heavens, they will begin to peep out, and in Summer they will again spread forth all their beauties.

"And so, Jane, will our dear little Henry, who, last winter you know we put into the cold grave, spring up again at the morning of the resurrection. God Almighty teaches us by plants and flowers that our bodies shall not always lie in the cold grave. 'Thy brother shall rise again.'

"Will he mother!" exclaimed Jane, "How can that be?"

"How? why should he not. The Great Being who made all things from nothing, can surely gather up his sleeping dust and give it a new form and new life. Just as easy to him will this be, as to make all the sleeping beauties of flowers, which now lie hidden in the earth, come forth in their season. JESUS shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself. Yes, thy brother shall rise again. If we love Jesus we too shall follow him to that happy place. I shall see him again, and though he now moulders in the grave—

'Those eyes shall speak in softer blue,
Love in the Paradise of God.'"

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